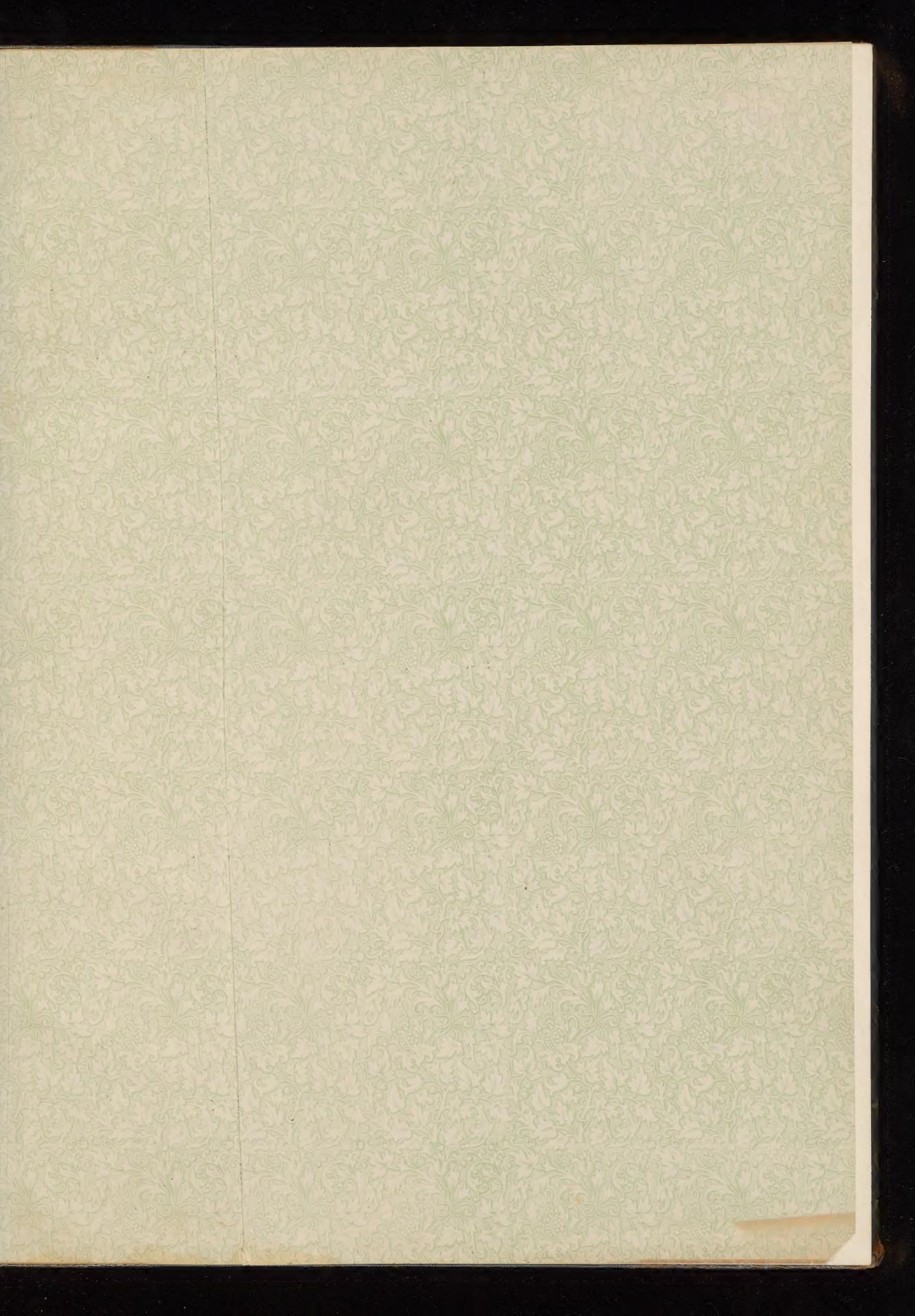
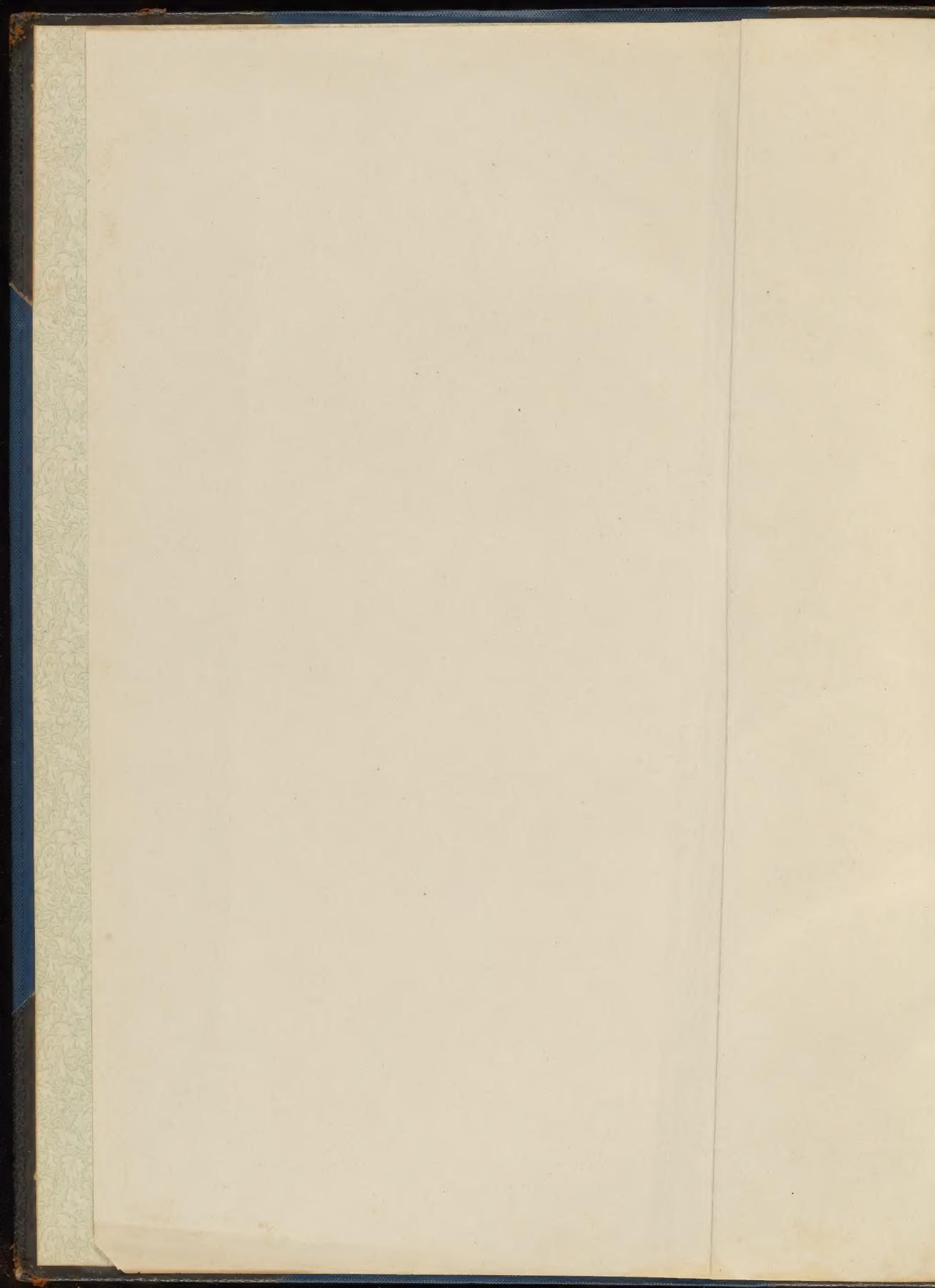
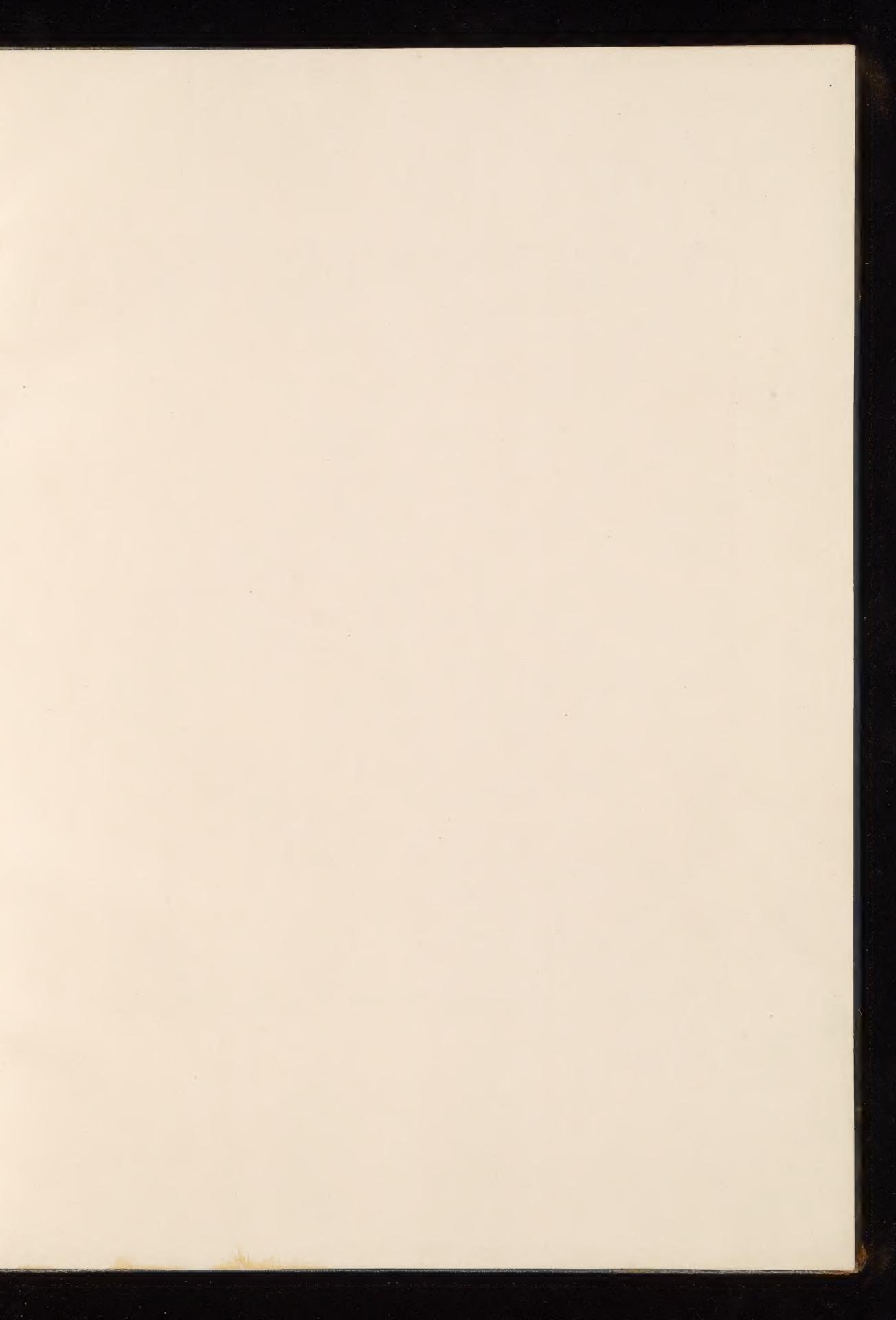
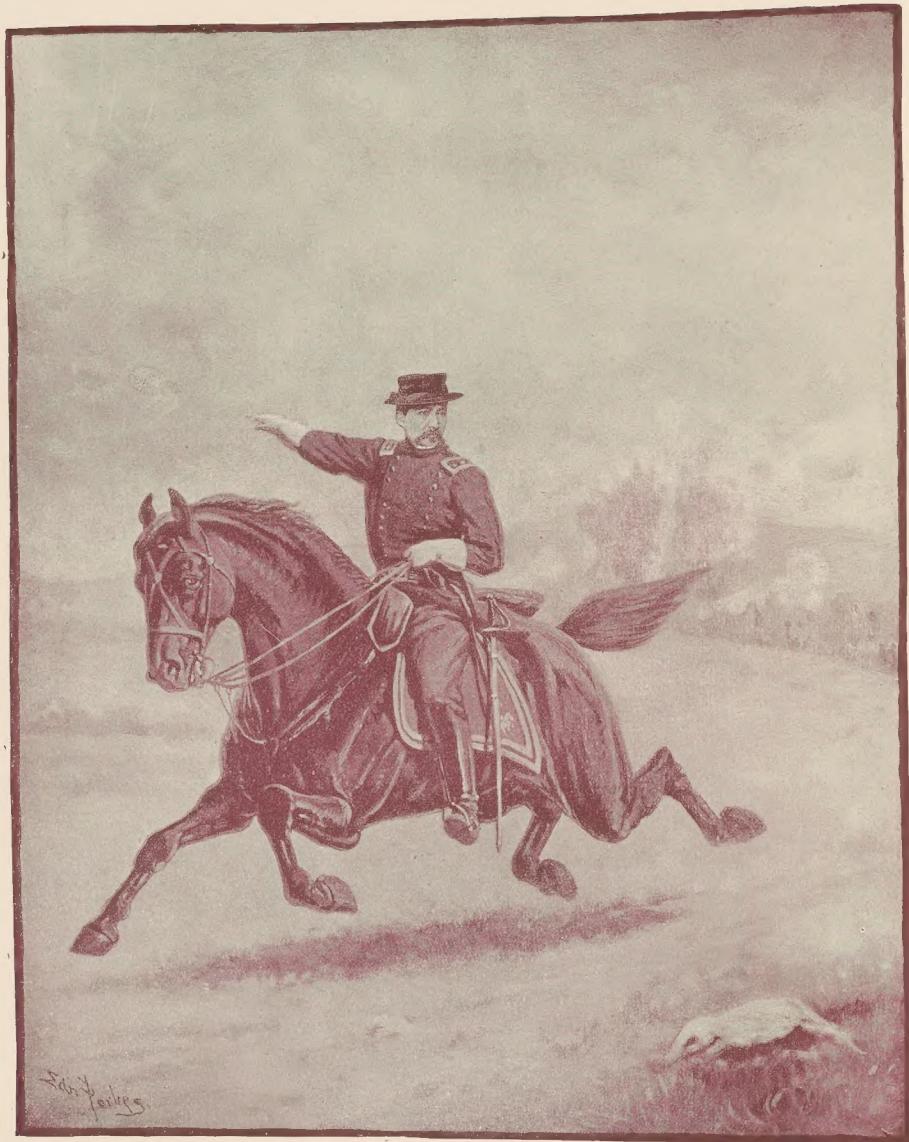


AN
ARTIST'S STORY
OF THE
GREAT WAR
—
FORBES



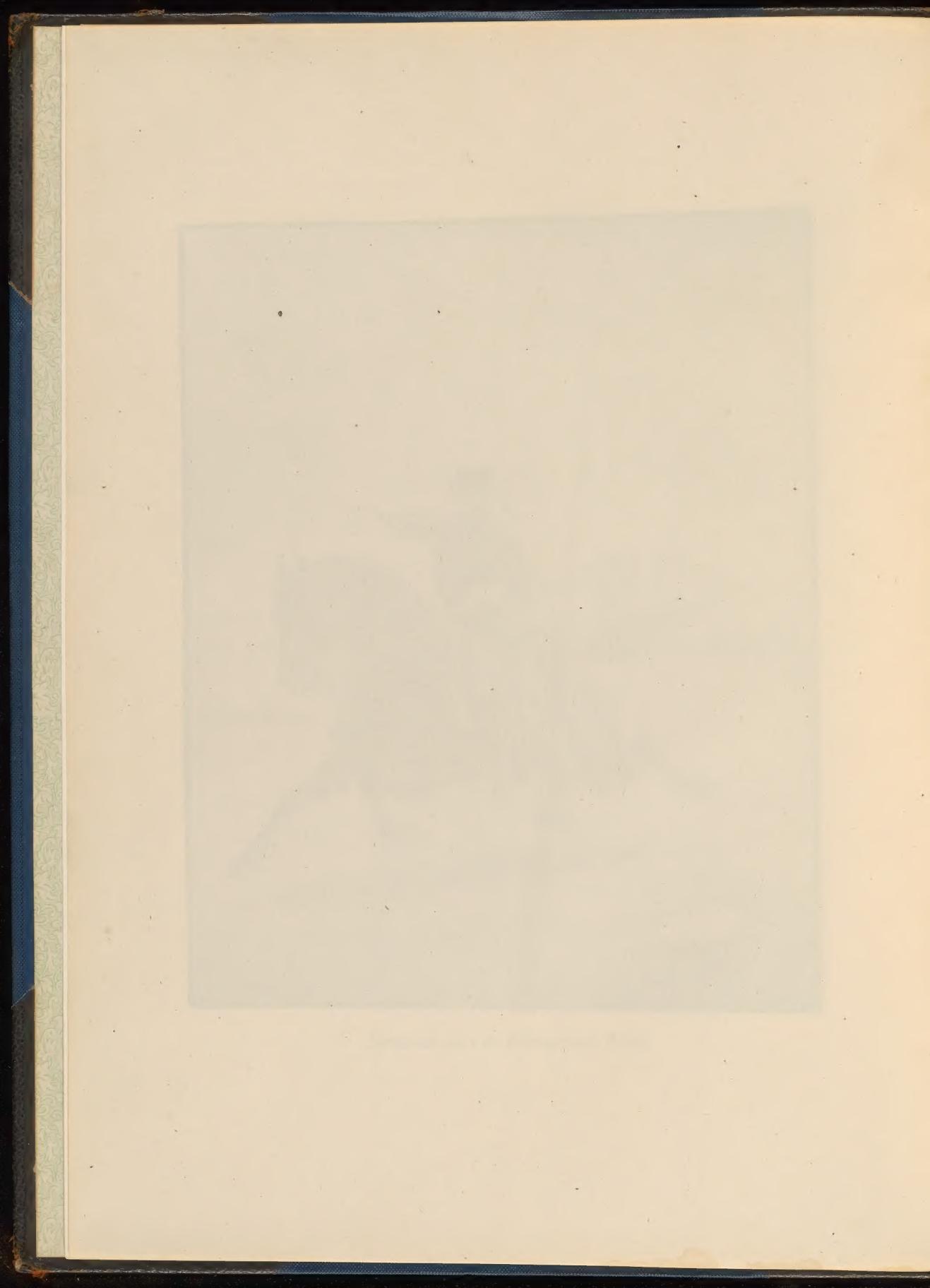






SHERIDAN ON THE WINCHESTER ROAD.

THE
GREAT WAR



THIRTY YEARS AFTER



AN
ARTIST'S  STORY

OF THE

GREAT WAR

TOLD, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY 300 RELIEF-ETCHINGS AFTER SKETCHES
IN THE FIELD, AND 20 HALF-TONE EQUESTRIAN PORTRAITS
FROM ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS

By EDWIN FORBES

AUTHOR "LIFE STUDIES OF THE GREAT ARMY;" MEMBER FRENCH
ETCHING CLUB; HON. MEMBER LONDON ETCHING CLUB;
CENTENNIAL MEDAL—HIGHEST ART AWARD

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TRAFFIC BETWEEN THE LINES.



URING the early part of the war men on both sides entertained the mistaken idea that because those on the opposing side were enemies they ought to be shot at and killed, no matter what the conditions might be; but as time advanced they learned to realize the cowardice there was in firing upon individual men, and by tacit, mutual consent all shooting of pickets and outposts was abandoned. This rule made much better feeling, and many who read in the papers of the terrible rancor that existed in

hearts of the men of the contending armies could not conceive of the really pleasant intercourse that existed at times between the hostile troops.

During the winter of '62 and '63, while the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia confronted the Union Army of the Potomac, which was posted on the opposite side of the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg, friendly communication between the pickets along the banks was of almost daily occurrence. Confederate soldiers would cut a shingle into boat-like shape, and rig it with a mast and paper sail. They would then freight it with a hank of leaf tobacco, and would address a note to "The Yanks," in which would be a request for the return of a ration of sugar or "real coffee." The little craft was usually returned re-laden. The Virginia tobacco was of good quality and most acceptable to "the boys." Sometimes the gray-coats would attach the name "Virginia" to the little boat before launching her, this being the Southern name for the ironclad "Merrimac," but the "boys in blue" were not to be outdone, and would, good-humoredly, return the miniature vessel marked "Monitor."

This and other pleasures were indulged in during the winter, and served to brighten the dull monotony of camp.

During the long siege of Petersburg a truce on the picket line was of quite frequent occurrence. The main line of forts and breastworks were but a few hundred yards apart in places, and the advance pickets were thus brought within speaking distance.

During active hostilities the men were under cover in pits, in front of which were slight rail or log breastworks to protect their heads, and during the long, hot days of the summer of '64 interchange of shots was kept up across the sunburned fields.

Several times when news of a truce was passed along the lines the soldiers were more

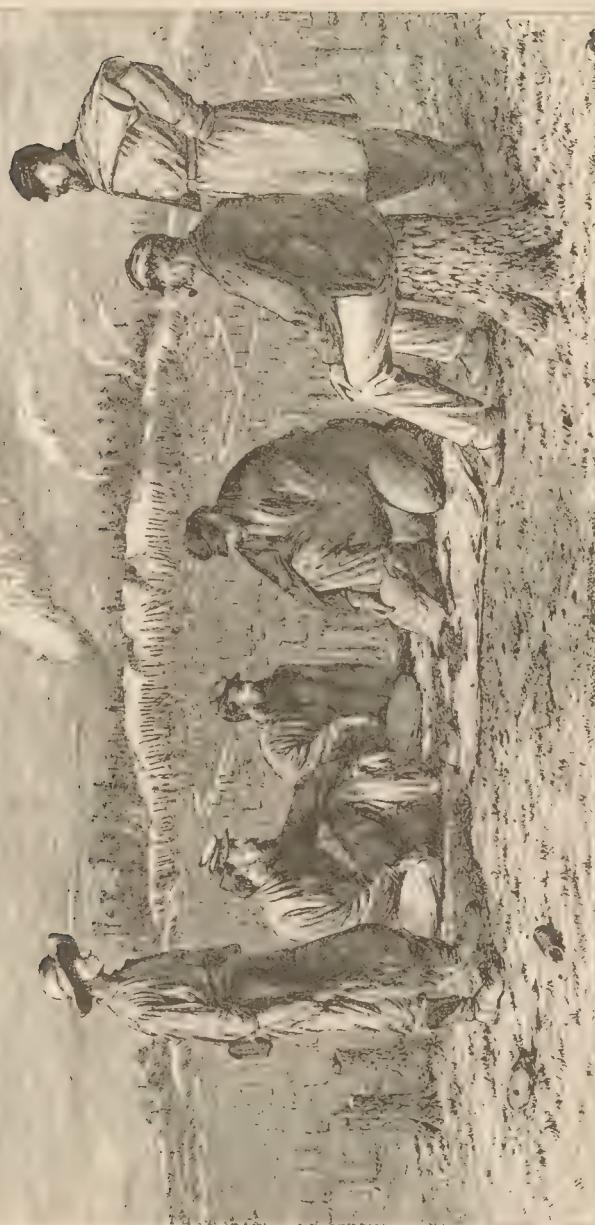


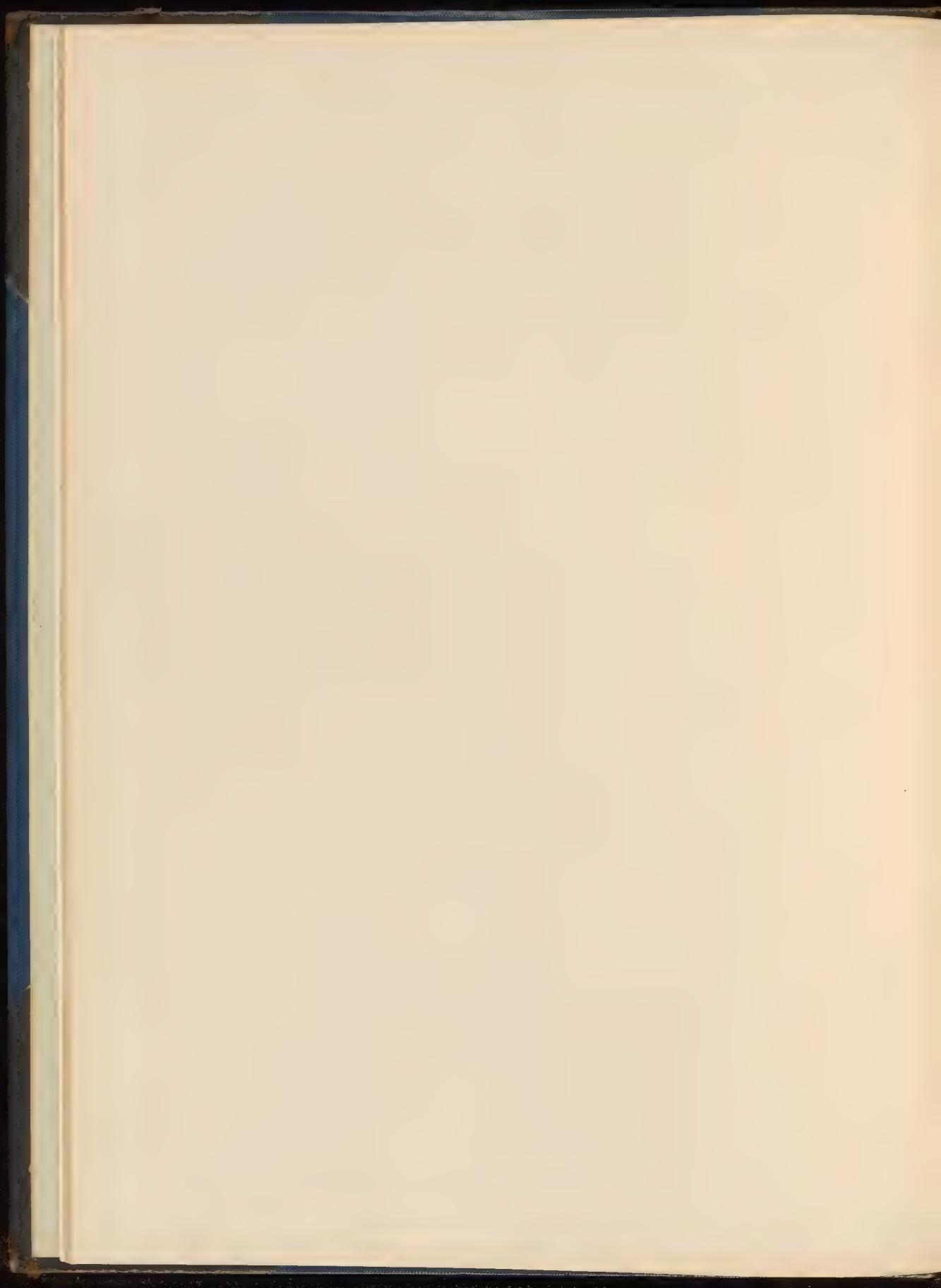
than glad to creep out of their cramped positions. On one occasion a gray picket (evidently belonging to the class known as "poor whites") called out: "Yanks, hev you 'uns got any newspapers? 'Cause, if yer have, I will give terbaccer for 'em; and if you 'uns has got coffee we 'uns would like to git some." "All right, Johnnie," came the reply; and, leaving their guns behind, several pickets from each side advanced and, seating themselves on the ground and stumps of trees, soon made a satisfactory trade.

The Southerners were especially cut off from news owing to the scarcity of paper in the Confederacy, many publishers being reduced to the extremity of printing their sheets on the backs of wall-paper rolls; so that a few newspapers from the Northern soldiers were a treasure indeed when they could be had, and were eagerly received and read. Many a joke would be passed at such times, and brief discussions were often held on the possibilities of the war; but when word was received that the time was ended the Rebs would shout, as they hurried toward their own ranks, "Git back to your holes, Yanks;" and the good-natured reply would be, "All right, Johnnie; don't fire till we're under cover."

Such incidents as these served to mitigate the cruel and savage elements of war; and, when the conflict was over and those who had been spared returned home, the feeling of antagonism that was so intense in the beginning was no doubt alleviated in recollection of the many pleasant exchanges. To this day, if you hear a man breathing out particularly hot talk about the South or "Confederate Brigadiers," two to one you will find that during the war he was snugly at home making money or earning promotion in politics. Such self-seekers cannot conceive the fraternalism that grew up even between opposing armies after hearty fighting, followed by the fellowship of traffic between the lines.







XLII.

THE HALT OF THE COLUMN.



HE sight of the army upon the march, with the columns of troops stretched along the road, would probably lead one who had not been there to think that a certain number of miles should be regularly covered in a given time. The average speed of infantry in heavy marching order on fair roads was about three miles an hour, but there were many causes to impede progress and prevent an even movement. Perhaps the heavily-laden wagons would become mired in soft ground, or the ascent of a long, steep hill would cause the drivers to "double-up" teams, and thus compel troops in the rear to halt until the difficulty was over.

It was impossible in a long column to have a uniformity of movement. Perhaps at one point men would be pushing along rapidly to close a gap in front, and at another point a halt had been ordered because men were exhausted, and they could be seen scattered in shady places on both sides of the road. Often when the march had not been severe but a halt for some other reason had been needed, the men would gather in groups and amuse themselves story-telling, card-playing or in lurching from the haversack till the order to "fall in" was given. Then there would be a scrambling back to the ranks, and the long blue line would soon resume life and motion.

During a severe campaign, when marching and fighting were continuous, the fatigued men would welcome a rest of but a few moments. At the word "Halt!" column would be quickly broken, traps unslung, and, dropping upon the ground, the men would fall asleep in an instant. Many times I have ridden along the road where ten thousand men who had been briefly halted were lying as if dead. Dust-covered and powder-stained, and with the hot sun beating upon their faces, they lay stretched upon the ground oblivious of surroundings or conditions.

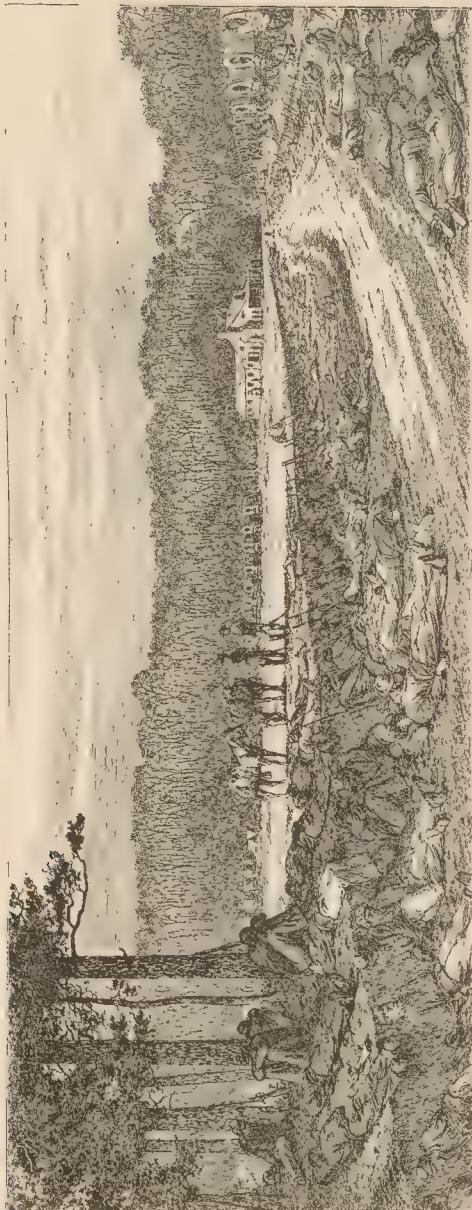
Sometimes, when time would permit, an hour's halt was made at midday; then fires would be built, coffee made and cooking done. The pipes would be afterward lit and card-playing be indulged in by many. Some would take the time to fill their canteens with water, while others would stroll off in search of fruit or vegetables. No apple orchard was ever ignored, for although the quality of this fruit was poor at the South it was much more acceptable than the meagre ration; cherry trees were stormed and stripped; in fact, every eatable thing was devoured that came within grasp.

The saddle-horses appreciated the long halts, for they were allowed to graze by the roadside after oats had been eaten from the nosebags. The rest was none the less welcome to the mule-teams, and they "he-hawed" and "he-hawed" until the midday meal was forthcoming. When the order was given to "fall in" it seemed, in the confusion of slinging knapsacks, blankets and canteens, as if to get into column and on the march would be a work of hours; but in a few moments of time the men would be in order in the middle of the road, and at the command "Forward!" would tramp along in the best of cheer.

A halt was oftentimes obligatory, and instead of being an interval of rest would be a

period of severe labor. A swampy spot in a road was sometimes reached that could not be crossed until corduroyed. Then axes were distributed, and the men, under the direction of officers, would cut down trees and, dragging them forward and placing them side by side across the road, would make it passable for the wagon trains. Or perhaps the Rebs had been indulging in their well-known accomplishment of burning a bridge; then both the labor and skill of the Union troops would be called into requisition. In a limited time their willing hands would get together a bridge which, if not in architecture "a thing of beauty," was a structure over which they could march with safety.





WASHING DAY.

*A Tale of a Tub.*

OLDIERS' clothing became much soiled and worn, especially during an active campaign; yet they were expected at all times to keep their uniforms in reasonable repair and all of their clothing as clean as circumstances would admit of. The facilities of winter camp made their duties of easy performance, but when on the march the task became a much more difficult one.

A soldier's cabin was considered incomplete in its appointments unless furnished with a home-made washtub. These were made from barrels, cut down half way, with the exception of one stave at each side, which were left longer than the rest, to have holes cut through and serve as handles. The tubs when complete were much lighter and more convenient to move about than those made for household purposes.

No special time was set aside for washing, except that fair weather was taken advantage of. It was quite an amusing sight to see the stalwart fellows scattered about in the camp streets, bending over the washtubs. In most instances the gray shirt sleeves would be rolled to the elbow, and the clothes washed and rinsed with the skill of a laundress. After being deftly wrung out, coats, trousers and under-clothing would be laid over logs to drain, and afterward hung upon lines stretched from hut to hut. The great numbers of garments as they fluttered in the wind and dried into brightness made an odd and pretty scene.

Ironing was a luxury that had to be dispensed with; all the soldiers could do after the clothing was washed was to stretch and smooth it into as respectable an appearance as possible.

As might be expected, there was much mending to be done, and most of the soldiers carried a supply of needles and thread. They were able to mend, darn and sew on buttons, and many, by constant practice, were able in time to do quite expert work.

During the summer march, sun, rain and dust and the contact with twigs and briars soon ruined the uniforms, and the men often presented a forlorn and battered appearance, as opportunities for cleaning and repairing were few. Washing was done hastily during the short halts, the clothes getting only (as the soldiers put it) "a lick and a promise." Time for drying was not to be thought of, and shirts and socks and bandanna handkerchiefs were often attached to the muskets, and fluttered and dried in the breeze as the soldiers marched along. The ever-rising clouds of dust



did not improve the color of the washed garments, but the brave fellows learned early to live without the luxuries of private life, and accepted gratefully any comforts that came to them, however slight they might be.

Many times when moving along behind the Union breastworks I have seen a great variety of clothes hanging out to dry. Some would be hung across the top of the pup tents, some on the ends of the ridge-poles, and others scattered about on low limbs of trees. Advantageous as these opportunities seemed, however, the clothes were often perforated by bullets.

Clothing of the officers was washed by the colored servants; and as there were no "boiled shirts" and no ironing the duty was easily performed.

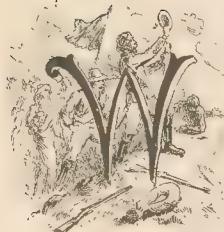




CLOTHES-DYING ON THE MARCH

XLIV.

CONFEDERATE CHARGES.



HATEVER else may be said of the Southern soldiers, their soldierly qualities were very remarkable. One of their finest characteristics was the dashing bravery with which they would attack the most formidable positions or forces, so that their charges—while often withstood, effectively met, or successfully countered by our own men—were always regarded with a wholesome respect, even a reasonable fear.

The magnificent charge of the Rebel army under Albert Sydney Johnston at Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, almost destroyed the Union army on the first day, and gave to our Western soldiers the first significance of the desperate bravery of their antagonists. The attack by Van Dorn on the fortifications of Corinth, held by Gen. Rosecrans, was also a brilliant charge. The Southerners fought with reckless spirit, and retired after terrible slaughter with naught but honor left. The charge and turning movement of Bragg's army upon ours at Stone River will always deserve mention in military history as one of the most effective efforts of the war.

The advance of the Confederates under Bragg at Chickamauga was perhaps the greatest of all charges made in the West, and would have been fatal to the Union army had it not been for the heroic defense of that great soldier, Geo. H. Thomas, appropriately named the "Rock of Chickamauga." The charge by Gen. Hood on our works at Franklin, though an ill-judged and reckless movement, will hold prominent place in the annals of our war, for defeat could not sully the record of men who had made such noble sacrifices.

The Army of the Potomac also experienced the prowess in attack of the Confederate armies. The first of the great series was the charge made at Fair Oaks, when our army was made to realize that to capture the Rebel capital would be no child's play. The charge at Beaver Dam, and the terrific attacks made at Gaines' Mill, Glendale, Charles City Cross Roads, White Oak Swamp, and on other fields during our change of base from the Chickahominy to the James gave further evidence of fearless fury; while the culminating charge on the Union position at Malvern Hill, even though disastrous to the Confederates, proved that defeat did not lessen their valor. The charge of Longstreet's veterans at the battle of the Second Bull Run, when he turned and drove back the left wing of General Pope's army, was perhaps as bloody an attack as any made by the enemy, but victory, as in other instances, compensated for the terrible loss.

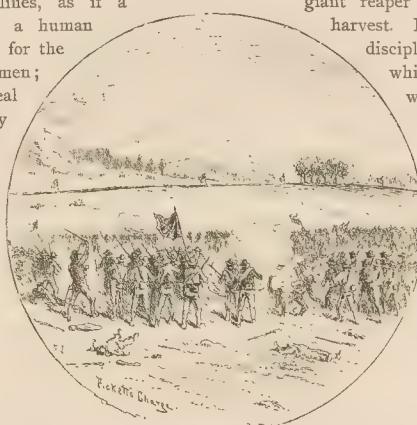
The great charge made by Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville was second only to Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, and was a success because the over-confidence and carelessness of General Hooker and some of our corps commanders made a surprise possible. This advance and attack were made with bold valor, and promised for a time to destroy the Union army. Troops were brought later, however, from other portions of the field, and our position was at last maintained.

The battle of Gettysburg is famous for more desperate and gallant charges than any single battle of the great war. Here came the culmination of the efforts of Lee's army when it for the last time threw itself so recklessly against the Union line. Subsequent battles occurred in other localities, but never again was life so prodigally spent.

The charge of the first day on the position held by our First and Eleventh Corps at Seminary Ridge, although finally disastrous to us, gave time for General Meade in retiring to secure the much more advantageous position of Cemetery Ridge. Although our force was inferior, the losses of Lee's advance corps were enormous, for our men made one of the most gallant defenses of the war. The charge of General Longstreet on the left of the Union army on the second day was just as valorous as that of the first, but not so brilliant in results; circumstances were against the Confederates, as the most of our army had then concentrated on the field. The charges made upon the position at Cemetery Gate and Culp's Hill at nightfall were bloody and stubbornly prolonged, but fate was against the attacking forces; for, although success first promised, the tenacious courage of the Union troops turned the tide.

The charge of Pickett's force on the third day will go down in history as the most resolute and daring attack ever made against the Union armies. Lee has often been criticized as lacking judgment in allowing this attack to be made, but there was another side to the question before the event settled it, and Lee, although a bold commander, was not a reckless one. Even when the splendid army of brave men under Pickett were ready to advance, both Lee and Longstreet hesitated to give the word, fearing that the desperate venture would prove a forlorn hope. But after two hours of cannonading our center from a hundred guns the word was reluctantly given, and a gallant body moved to death, never wavering till our converging batteries and the showers of bullets from behind the Union breastworks cut them down in ranks.

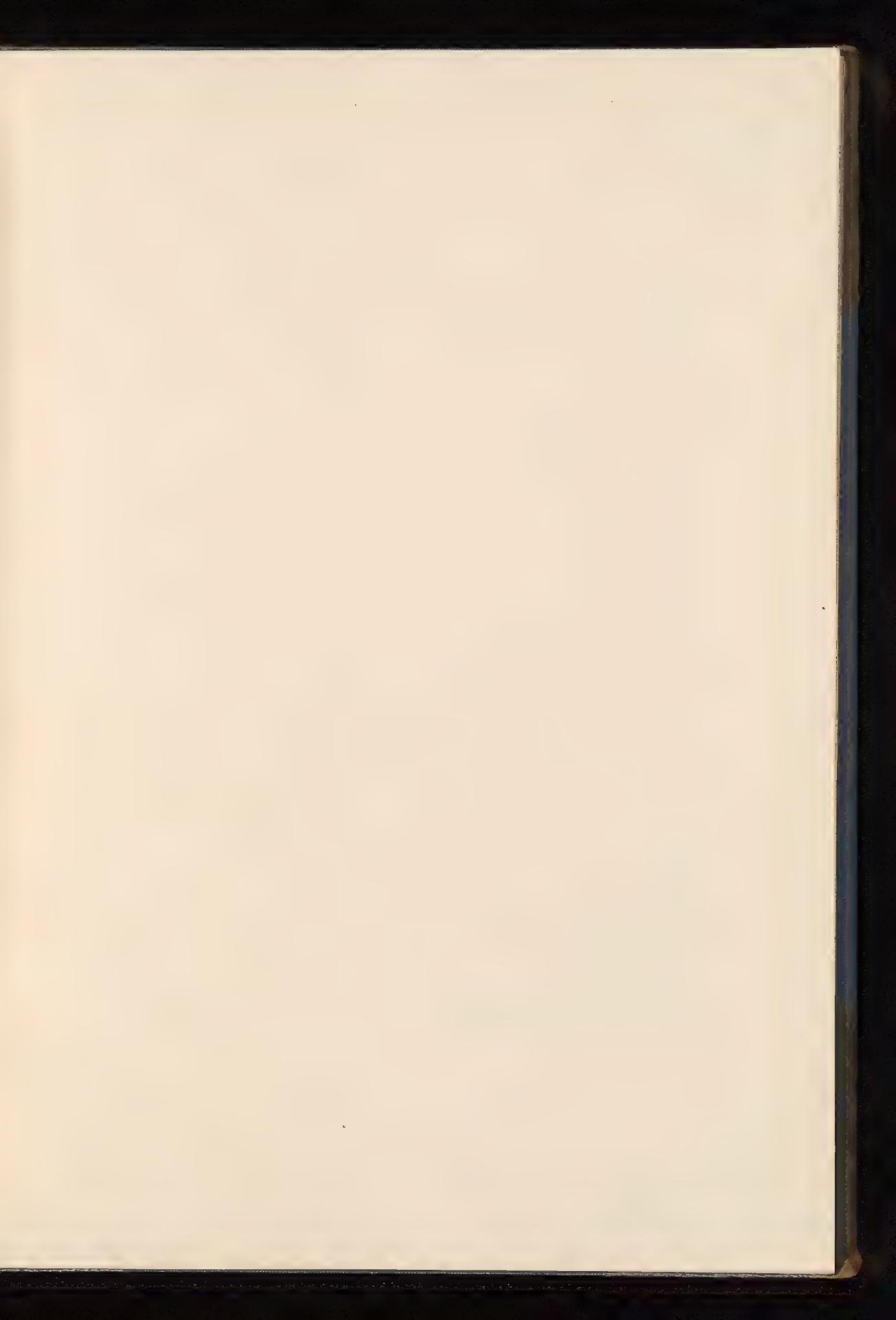
The after-sight, at the point where they turned, was simply terrible. The Confederate dead lay in long lines, as if a giant reaper had been driven over harvest. Nothing but admiration discipline, the splendid courage while posterity will wonder which brought forth such a cause. We shall gain another view of this grand charge on Field Artillery.





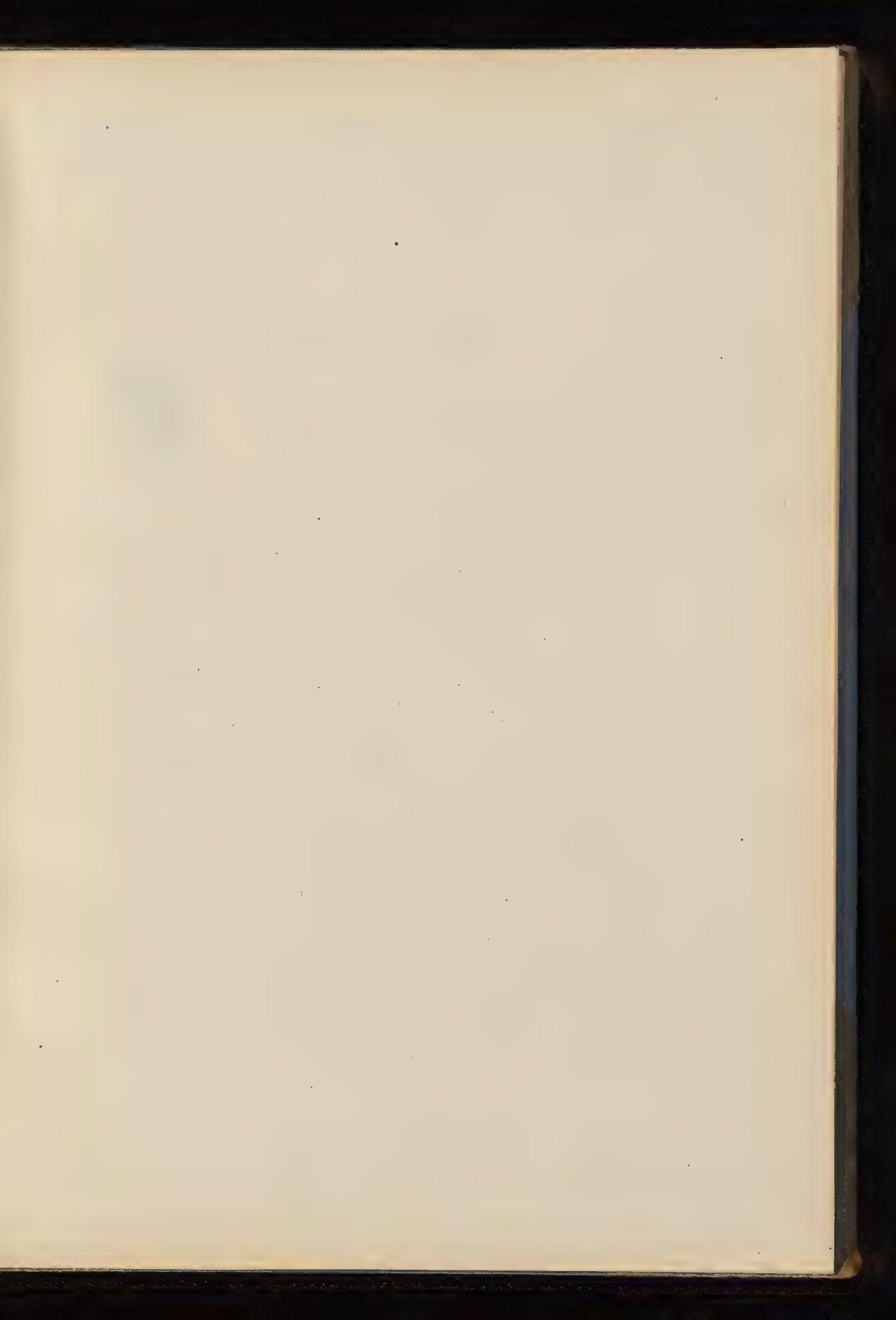
Printed in New York - July 3, 1863.
From the Stone of Ross,

A GALLANT DEED OF ARMS.





BUELL AT PITTSBURG LANDING.



AMONG THE BATTERIES.



HETHER in camp, on the march, or on the field of battle, there was a strength, an evident power in the artillery service that left an impression on the mind of the spectator not liable to be effaced, and no scenes in war are more terribly suggestive than an array of batteries in position, ready to open fire at the word of command. The preparatory movements are full of excitement and anxiety as the guns are wheeled into battery and unlimbered. Each man and horse knows his allotted position, and performs his duties with the exactness of an automaton, but with an elastic intelligence.

Perhaps the battle of Gettysburg afforded the best opportunity for study of this branch of the service, for owing to the splendid defensive position and the open ground in front our artillery was able to show more fully the effect of its power than at any other engagement during the war. On the first day, July 1st, the Confederates had the advantage, driving back our advance from the village of Gettysburg and securing the best position, on Seminary Hill; on the second day there was much hard fighting, but the enemy made no serious gain, while our line was concentrated along Cemetery Ridge.

I remember most vividly the third—the last—day of the great battle. Just at daylight, with the morning's red glow in the east, and the country covered as yet far as the eye could reach with a veil of smoke from the camp-fires, we were sitting about, eating breakfast and discussing a continuation of the fight by the enemy. Suddenly a faint sound of cannon was heard from beyond Culp's Hill, and the crash of a shell above the guns posted between the hill and the cemetery instantaneously followed. It seemed like a morning greeting from the Rebs—an inquiry, "*Are you at home?*" No return was fired for several minutes, and the enemy continued a persistent dropping of shells on the crest of the Cemetery Ridge, as if insisting upon a response to their summons. But the Union line soon awoke, and sent a few shots forward; then, as if by common consent, both sides settled down to steady fire, and the ground trembled with the continuous concussion.

To the right of our line of guns, in the woods of Culp's Hill, deadly work was doing, for the noise of musketry was incessant now, rising to a grand roar, then dying down to an intermittent rattle. It was a fierce, wild music, with crash of cannon and shell for the tremendous bass. I watched the line of guns through my glass, and wondered at the discipline and coolness displayed in that iron hail. I could see the stricken ones go down—men and horses attached to the limbers and caissons; and could distinguish the efforts of the survivors as they dragged the dead and wounded to one side.

Behind the batteries were long lines of infantry in support, hugging the ground for protection, as no breastworks sheltered them. Further to the left could be seen a nest of batteries posted around the Cemetery Gate—the center of our position—which presented the appearance of an active volcano as the clouds of smoke rolled away in masses. The white tombstones, among which guns were scattered, could be seen quite distinctly, and one could but wonder at the strange commingling of the living and the dead. From four o'clock in the morning until ten I watched this giant double cannonade, and then saw it gradually lessen and die down as if the enemy had become disheartened. The terrific musketry fire along Culp's Hill soon receded too, and by midday the sun looked down on a comparatively

peaceful scene. Upon Seminary Hill, the ridge beyond the town of Gettysburg from which we had been driven on the first day, could be seen with the glass the enemy's line of guns, mere dots in cultivated fields. They stretched for miles to the left in a great circle, quiet for the time but ominous of disaster. Facing them, on Cemetery Ridge, toward Little Round Top Hill, stood our continuous line of guns, silent and grim; and down the slope in front were our blue lines of infantry, with tattered flags softly fluttering.

The varied fighting of the morning having made no essential change in relative positions, General Lee determined to disable our artillery, and then carry the Cemetery Ridge by assault. He placed 115 guns on Seminary Hill in front of Longstreet's and Hill's corps; these fronted our 80 guns in line and 120 more held in reserve. Quiet prevailed until about half-past one o'clock, when a sudden roar broke out along the center of the enemy's line; and in an instant of time our whole front, from Culp's Hill to Round Top, was belching fire and smoke. Great columns of flame shot up from bursting caissons, and for more than a mile on the crest of the hill innumerable shells from the enemy's guns sought out the weak places in the Union lines. The terrible cannonading failed to shake our lines or cripple our artillery, and when it died down a new feeling of security came to the infantry. Although it had been of but two hours' duration it had seemed like an age.

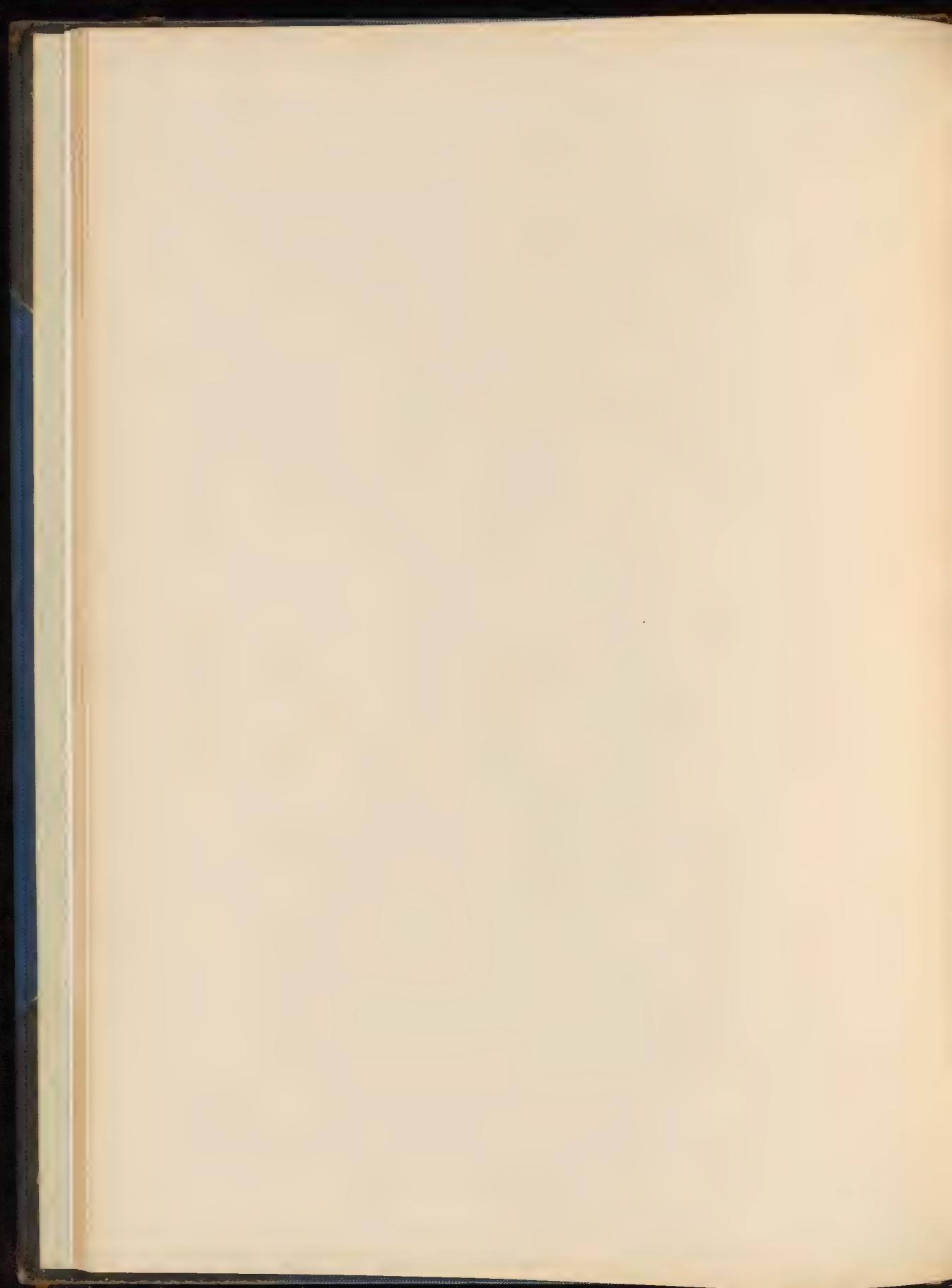
A pause ensued. I could not see what was going on below the front of our ridge, but soon, from the rapid recurrent fire of the Union artillery along the crest, it was reasonable to conclude that the enemy were attacking the front of our position—as indeed they were. It was the magnificent charge of Pickett's division. The awful roar of our musketry in front of the guns now crashed in with the bellowing batteries. Pickett's division of 4,000 Virginians, with 9,000 supporting troops, came straight at our artillery center on Cemetery Ridge and into the focus of our converging fire from right and left wings. It was a gallant deed of arms—the crisis of the great battle; but doomed to be a splendid failure. Even such a column could not withstand the terrific Union fire of artillery and infantry—front, right and left. It melted away—killed, wounded, captured, retreating. And the battle was ended.

I could not visit this portion of the line until the next morning, but even then the sight was ghastly. A great convulsion of nature could not have made more universal destruction; everything bore the mark of death and ruin. The whole slope was massed with dead horses—sixty-two lying in one battery. Most of the human dead had been buried, but even yet in front of a line of slight breastworks, where infantry had been posted, the ground was so covered with Confederate dead that it was difficult to step without treading on them. The earth was ploughed and torn by the terrible artillery fire, and under fences and in corners, and anywhere that slight shelter offered, the dead lay in dozens, showing the spots fought for. The destructive effect of artillery fire, both on animate and inanimate opposing force, could never have a more effective and frightful illustration.





10. 1600-1700



XLVI.

RETURNING FROM OUTPOST DUTY.



INSTEAD of thinking it a hardship, soldiers looked forward with pleasure to detail for picket duty. There was a fascination about the life on the line that came of the relief from routine duties of winter camp; and orders for return to camp—even though they meant more comfort—would be sorrowfully received. The men were often soaked with rain and half-frozen with sleet and snow, even when not in danger from the foe; and the reserve pickets were perhaps roused up in the night to prepare for anticipated attack: but the newness and novelty of this life seemed to compensate for the hardships, and the knapsacks were always sadly packed for the return.

The new detail (usually a regiment) would be sent to take possession of the rough shelters; and squads would be sent out to relieve the pickets, who would march back with knapsacks, blankets, and other traps slung over the shoulders. With a regretful look at the old shelters where so many pleasant hours had been spent, they would start on their way back in column formation, and, arms at will, they would tramp over snowy roads and fields till camp was reached.

At last the old camp home was sighted, and a former line of associations began to arise. Footsteps quickened in the approach of the last half-mile. Then they came to the general camp. As they marched through the camp streets, past the huts, many a jest was heard on their soiled and bedraggled appearance, for soldiers never miss a chance for a joke. How familiar it looked as they halted at the end of their



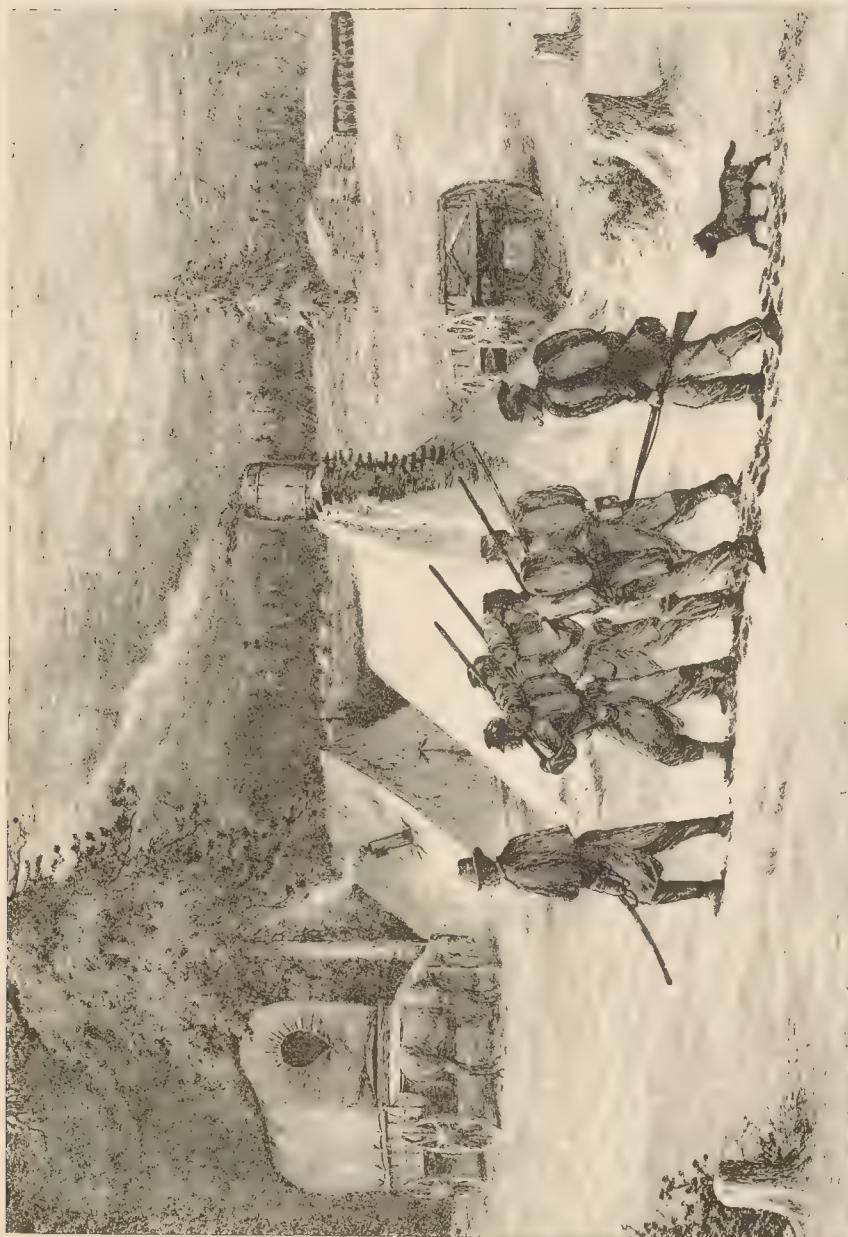
own company street, although no smoke was seen issuing from the mud chimneys and the old log shelters had an air of desertion! But on dismissal "the boys" quickly proceeded to set their houses in order. The cheerless heaps of cold gray ashes were removed from the hearth, and soon a roaring fire glowed in their place, and the cheap newspaper pictures on the walls, in the light of the blazing pine wood, appeared like old friends.

Knapsacks and traps were soon unpacked, the pine needles in the bunks shaken up, and blankets spread. The canteen was hung on the proper peg; the musket found its old place on the wall; and, last of all, the old frying pan and tin cup were hung near the fire, ready for use. By this time the men became possessed of the usual soldier's appetite, and made their way through mud and slush to the sutler's tent, at the lower end of the camp. Others were there before them, and, as the whole throng stood clamoring over the pine counter, quite an interesting picture was made. Canned goods and other luxuries were quickly bought at perhaps a cost of half the monthly pay; and then, eager for a feast, all hurried back to the huts. Supper was hastily prepared, and the soldiers revelled in the enjoyment of a hot and substantial meal.

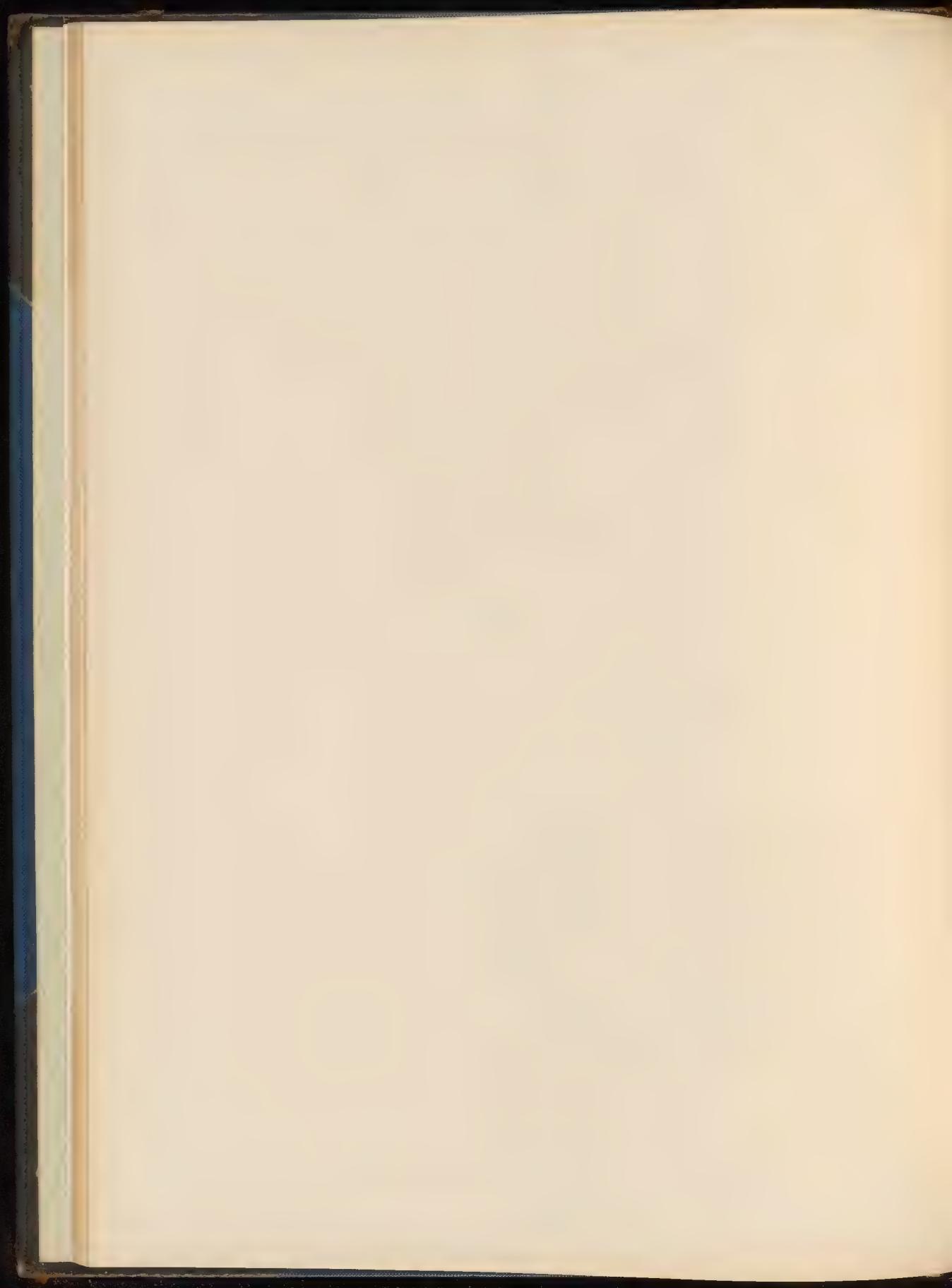
Officers' houses had meanwhile been put in order by the servants, and were soon in readiness to receive any friends who might call to partake of the hospitalities of the mess. Crackling fires and savory odors spoke of the cook's endeavor toward hospitality, and the announcement of a ready dinner came none too soon. Old comrades dropped in; stories of picket-life were rife, and the atmosphere of camp was not long in resuming its former attractions.

Old camp-work was now renewed. Drills, guard-mount, and dress parade at first seemed irksome: but force of habit quickly made ancient duty the natural thing; the recreations and pleasures of the camp brightened the routine; and before many days the tour on the picket line became a memory.





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XLVII.

ARMY UNIFORMS.



A Spinetree Print

TYLES and varieties of uniform, in both the Union and Confederate armies, were numberless during the war.

In the long interval of peace that preceded the secession of the Southern States, the military force of the country consisted of a small regular army, scattered about on the frontier among the Indian tribes and at the ports on the seacoast. The uniforms then were quite plain and substantial. The infantry wore dark blue coats trimmed with light blue cord and brass buttons, light blue trousers with full spring over the instep, and dark felt hats ornamented with black ostrich plume and badge in form of a brass bugle. The cavalry uniform was a dark blue jacket with brass buttons and yellow trimmings, light blue trousers with yellow trimmings, and dark blue cap with badge of crossed brass sabres on the top. The artillery uniform was similar to that of the cavalry, except that the trimmings were red and the badge on hats and caps was composed of two small brass cannons in crossed position.

The militia of the different States were uniformed in various ways, but gray was the prevailing color. When the war note sounded out, the volunteers from loyal States moved toward the front in an infinite variety of uniforms. Most of them were based on the stylish and natty chasseur costume of the French army. A few regiments adopted the Zouave costume, or modifications of it. Southern uniforms were generally of gray color, with but little variety of shape. Blue, yellow or red trimmings were used, however, to indicate the different arms of the service.

In the early part of the war young men were much taken with bright uniforms and glittering trappings, and when recruiting at the North the ranks of a command were soon filled when a showy uniform had been adopted. Of course in the early pride that filled the young men's breasts neither officers nor men dreamed of change; and when the authorities at Washington, for economy's sake, issued the plain blouse and trousers, loud lamentations were heard at relinquishing the fine uniforms.

Regiments from large Eastern cities indulged more in showy uniforms than those from the West, and when they started for the front made a striking appearance. Among the handsomest were the Fifth New York (Duryea's Zouaves), the Hawkins Zouaves, the Fire Zouaves, the Brooklyn Fourteenth, the Collis Zouaves, and many who wore the French chasseur costume of dark blue coat, flowing blue trousers and "kepi," or small blue cap with straight visor. Time proved these showy uniforms to be less serviceable than the plainer ones, as a few months of field service dulled their brightness, and marching and fighting in woods and underbrush tore and destroyed them. Bright costumes were also a mark for the enemy, and many of the gaily caparisoned regiments that went early to the front suffered the penalty of heavy loss. The Western regiments wore the regular army uniform and black felt hat.

One of the most conspicuous badges was worn by the Pennsylvania Bucktails. Attached to the side of hat or cap was a buck's tail, with the white side turned outward, which served for so positive a mark that many of the troops fell, shot through the head.

Many soldiers indulged individual taste in the ornamentation of uniforms; among

other conceits several well-polished buckles were fastened on the strap of the cap in front. Many regiments wore leather leggings over the lower part of trousers and shoe; but those not possessed of such luxuries thrust the trousers into their heavy gray stockings, and thus escaped the mud which, when caked on the inside of the trousers leg, was a great impediment to marching—to say nothing of cleanliness.

A long light blue overcoat was given to the troops in winter. It was made with a cape, which was generally thrown over the head in stormy weather. An India rubber poncho was also issued, and lent great protection when the men were obliged to sleep on wet ground. In a driving storm it served good purpose also when buttoned around the neck and allowed to fall over the shoulders.

The general officers of the Union army in most instances wore a dark blue frock coat, with brass buttons and shoulder straps denoting their rank; dark blue trousers and riding boots; and a black felt hat, with black and gold mixed cord and tassel, and brass laurel leaf encircling the letters "U. S." on the front. Members of staffs suited individual taste as to headgear, but as a general thing wore the regular army uniform.

The general officers of the Southern army wore a dark gray uniform, with sleeves heavily trimmed with gold braid, and the designation of rank on the collar instead of the shoulder; a gray felt hat with gold cord and tassel was worn also, or a gray cap with visor. Top boots were desirable when obtainable, but money often failed with which to make the purchase; the Rebs, however, never disdained to confiscate any that came in their way. The color of the Confederate uniforms oftentimes lent protection from Union fire, as it was impossible to distinguish them from rocks, fences and trees, especially when the battle smoke was dense; but in the bright uniforms of the Union army the contrasts in color only brought them out in greater relief. As the war advanced the Southerners found it difficult to obtain clothing, and would often exchange their rags for the good clothing of the Union prisoners. Even the dead and wounded were stripped, and it was not an unusual sight to see dead figures lying perfectly nude. In all cases shoes were taken. This was, no doubt, a fair and often necessary spoil of war. In both armies, however, there were too often those who hesitated not to search the pockets of the dead merely for the chance of gain; but when there was opportunity the dead were decently buried, and the parties in charge of this duty protected their helpless bodies from desecration.

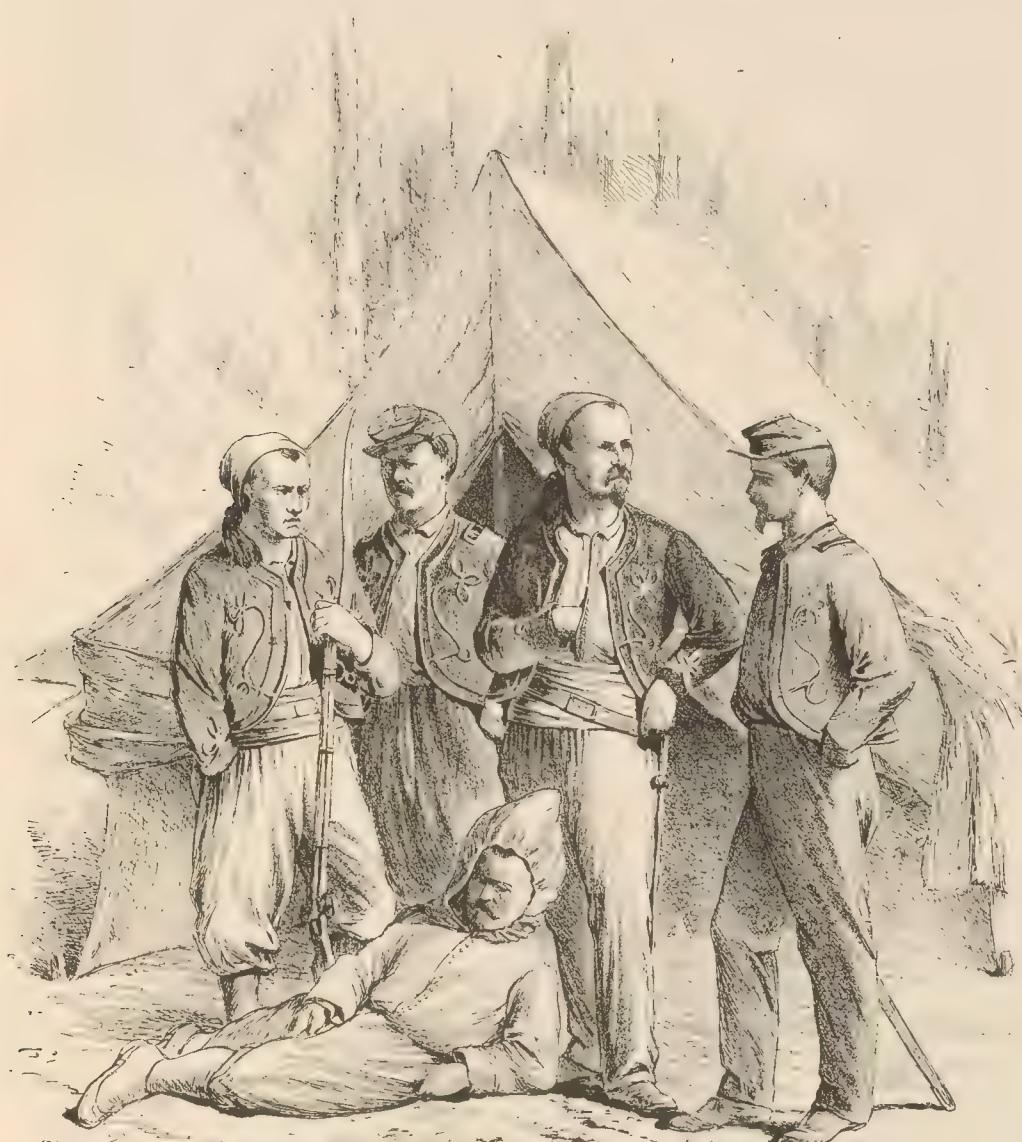
However varied and gay for service, it did not take and war to reduce all to "shoddy," so far as color days of "shoddy" ad- the North the veterans "boys in blue" or came gradually soft- to a soft butternut



AN OLD CAMP-FIGHTER.

ONE OF THE RECASTS

the uniforms started out many months of weather "pretty much of a much- was concerned. As the vanced in the shops of of the field, whether "boys in gray," be- eued and harmonized brown.



Officers 8. N.Y. Com.

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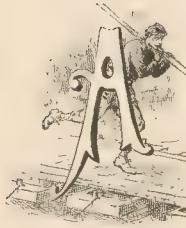
Camp Pardee Va April 17th 1862

2/1862

A. GAGE in C.R. F.A.T.S.

XLVIII.

CROSSING THE PONTOONS.



Sharp & Worn

To a casual glance a pontoon bridge seemed a slight affair, but the greater part of them used during the war were carefully and substantially constructed. In the early days, however, a style was adopted which a few trials proved to be insecure. Its supports, instead of being made of wooden scows, were formed of inflated India rubber bags. A scene comes back to me where one was laid across a river, and the general in command came down with his staff to the bank to witness the crossing, as did many stragglers, wagon men and others not doing military duty. A cavalry band of music first made its appearance, followed by a brigade of

mounted troops, who were glorious with fluttering guidons and bright colors and noisy with jingling accoutrements. The band struck up "The Mocking Bird" as it marched on to the bridge, and the column followed in order. They had gone but a short distance when the motion and weight of the horses caused the bridge to sway from side to side. Great consternation prevailed. The music suddenly ceased; the musicians carefully dismounted and stood for a few moments, that the bridge might settle into place; then they cautiously moved on, followed by the cavalrymen slowly leading their horses, and all reached the opposite bank in safety. All this was fun for the spectators, from whom came peal after peal of laughter until the journey across the river was accomplished. I believe this was the last time that style of bridge was made use of.

A most interesting movement in my army experience was the crossing of the James River during the advance of the Army of the Potomac on Petersburg. The longest pontoon bridge that was built during the war was here made use of, and was crossed by the left wing of the army, while the right wing made use of steamboats further up the river near City Point.

I took position near the head of the bridge, and watched the column in its course. Regiments of infantry came surging along at route step, ragged and footsore, their faces much discolored with powder-stain and dust. Officers were scarcely discernible from privates. The latter were laden with all kinds of traps and plunder, and the pack mules and horses had more than the usual burden. Everything bore the terrible imprint of a month's hard fighting, and made sad contrast to the hopeful men who in new uniforms had so recently started out from the winter camp near Culpepper, under the great commander, Grant. The forces had been terribly reduced in numbers, but with the same determined spirit that always pervaded the troops, even in defeat, the column marched promptly and cheerfully forward. Out from the shore was a fleet of war vessels to protect the bridge, and upon one of them was a group of newly and jauntily dressed sailors, who had evidently



experienced no hard service. With open-eyed wonder they watched the progress of the column, and laughed loudly at the grotesqueness that misfortune had given to many groups of soldiers. There was indeed great contrast in the two arms of the service, but my heart went out in sympathy to the poor fellows with tattered clothing and blackened faces. All day the throng poured over the bridge, and with each moment came changing scenes. This was heightened by the many steamboats and sailing crafts anchored in the river, and on the steep bluff of the farther bank arose Fort Powhatan, an abandoned earthwork, which had been thrown up by the Rebs to dispute the ascent of the stream. Low muttering like distant thunder was after a time heard from the southwest; the advance had arrived at Petersburg.

But before long the sun sank to rest, and evening brought a beautiful picture. Hundreds of bright camp fires on the river bank lit up the bridge, which, with the colored lights flung out from the vessels, looked like fairyland. The trains clattered noisily along, and the many sounds of a moving army rose in the still night air, and were accompanied by the boom of distant cannon—that solemn suggestion of deadly conflict. Long into the night I watched this moving panorama, until from sheer exhaustion I sought repose.

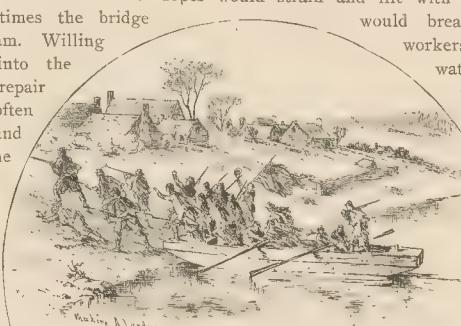
Sometimes the crossing of a river was a matter of grave difficulty, and accomplished only with heavy loss. The building of the bridge and crossing of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, under General Burnside, preliminary to the great battle, brought about serious encounter, and was the bloodiest event of like character during the war.

The enemy's position was a strong one, being under cover of houses and commanding both banks of the river; so that, from the time the first pontoon boat was pushed into the water, our men were compelled to work in a shower of bullets, which came without warning through the dense fog. As fast as the poor fellows fell others promptly took their places, and the structure gradually crept out on the still water until progress was no longer possible, it having become absolutely fatal to approach the line of completion.

Then a terrific bombardment was ordered, and for more than an hour an awful shower of shot and shell was poured into the ill-fated town. But most of the missiles passed over the heads of the Confederates, as they crouched behind outhouses and fences. When the fire was slackened, the following plan was adopted: A number of boats were filled with troops who, on command, pushed for the opposite shore and, with a yell, bounded out on the slippery bank and, with quick formation, charged up the steep ascent. They soon cleared the ground of Rebs, who retreated to a plain in rear of the town, where they awaited the advance of the Union columns. It was a successful but costly crossing.

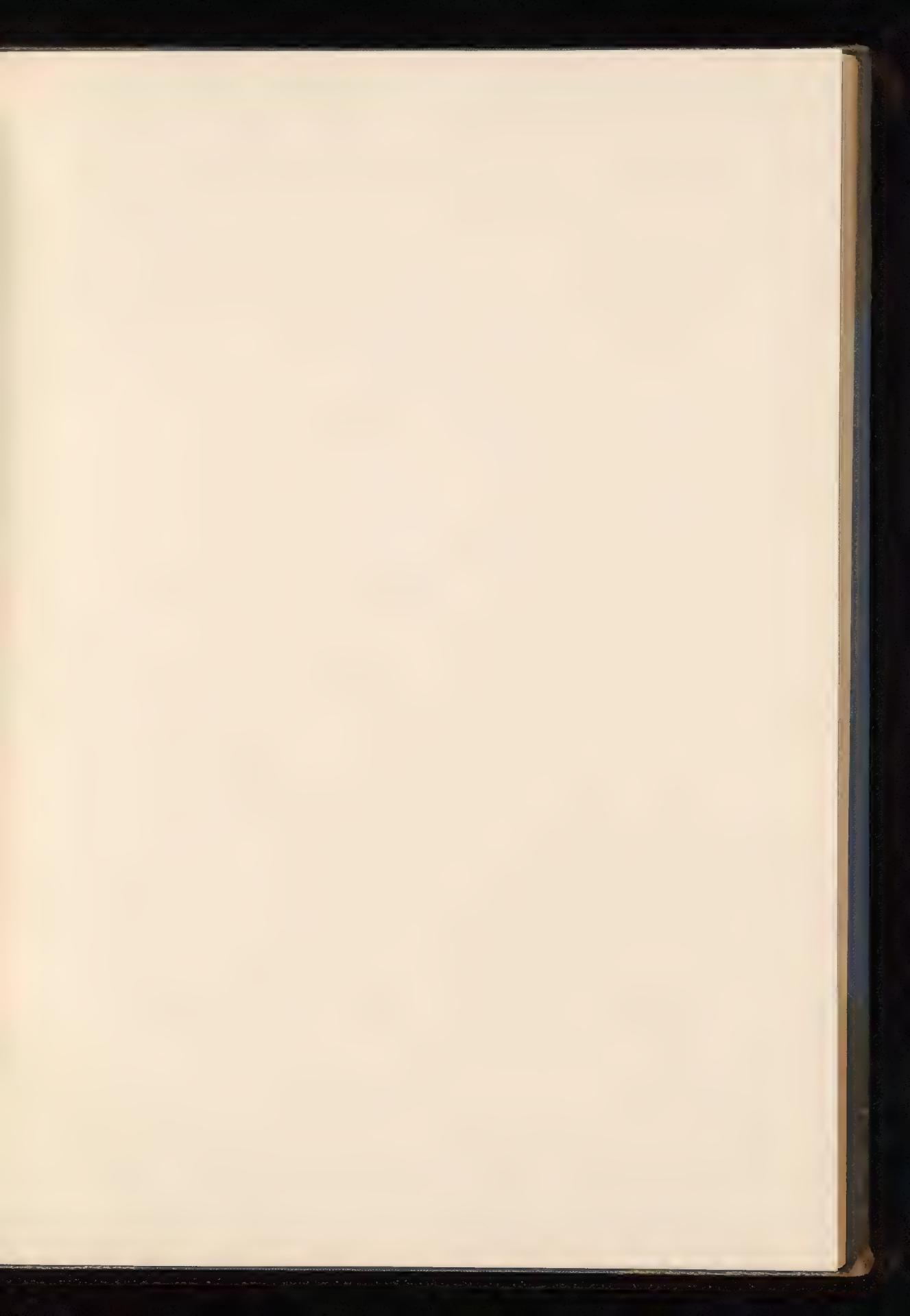
There were other dangers menacing pontoon bridges, which were difficult to guard against. Most of the Southern rivers were narrow, and rapid in times of flood, and the eyes of the workers were always cast up stream in apprehension of tree trunks and other dangerous drift of a torrent. Anchor ropes would strain and lift with the tremendous pressure, and sometimes the bridge would break and a section be swept down stream. Willing and, dashing into the water—often waist deep—the workers were in readiness to repair the damage.

I have often heard veterans refer to these scenes and say they never could forget the crossings, with the guns on the frail, sway-



the tramping rumbling of the plank floor of ing structures.







ROSECRANS AT STONE RIVER.

XLIX.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

*On the Mountain Top.*

O those unfamiliar with the method of transmitting news by flags, which was made use of in our late war, it had much that was interesting; for, when railroads had been destroyed and telegraphic communication cut off, it was often the only means of sending information; and in many instances it enabled a commander to frustrate the plans of the enemy.

The signal corps of our army was composed of soldiers who had received special training for the service. They moved mounted, with the advance of the army, squads locating themselves on the way in elevated positions, at intervals of about seven or eight miles. They were thus enabled to signal back from one station to another until intelligence reached headquarters. They were provided with the usual soldiers' supplies, also flags, telescopes and torches.

The sign-language is made by three movements of a flag or torch—one to the right, one to the left and one downward to the front. This seems almost too simple to be intelligible, but the repeated and combined movements are so complicated as to make a complete alphabet, and full messages can be sent and comprehended.

The upper left-hand sketch (1) of the group on page 195 represents a signal station on the summit of Pony Mountain, near Culpepper, Va., during the spring of 1864, just before the advance of the Army of the Potomac into the Wilderness. The signal station was made of pine logs, with a rough flooring on top, and was surrounded with a hedge of pine branches, which broke the wind and served the purpose of a partial screen from the enemy. It was made quite substantial and picturesque, from the fact that the soldiers were in winter quarters and had ample time to construct it; but when the army was on the march the roughest kind of stations were improvised.

The signal officer in charge invited me to spend a day with him, and on ascending the station I could see the picket lines of the Union army in the foreground and camps stretched to the right and left for miles. Beyond the Rapidan River, at the foot of the distant mountain, a distance of eight miles, General Lee's army was encamped. Through the telescope I could plainly discern the figures of the Confederate soldiers as they moved about camp, performing their duties. I could see men cooking their meals over fires, others feeding their horses; and at one point close to the river a body of men was throwing up breastworks, evidently preparing for a possible advance of our army. On the summit of this mountain was a signal station (indicated by black dot in sketch), and the men could plainly be seen waving their flags. Our flagman, whose flag appears at the bottom of this sketch, was more cautious, flagging all intelligence behind the station, out of sight of the enemy.

The sketch (2) immediately below the foregoing is a scene in the attic of a farmhouse near Williamsport, Md., during the pursuit of Lee's army by General Meade. This position was on the advance lines of the Union army, and through the glass could be plainly seen the Confederate columns three miles distant, beating a hasty retreat toward the Potomac River. Their wagon teams moved slowly and heavily, as if laden with spoils captured from the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania. The flagman who waved the news from this to the next station sat in the scuttle-hole above the observing officer, with legs and

feet only in view. While making my sketch I noted the old spinning-wheel and bits of quaint furniture that the attic contained, and thought the turmoil of the moment a heartrending contrast to the peaceful days of patient spinning in the past.

The lower right-hand sketch (3) illustrates a signal officer and men whom I met just after the commencement of the battle of Gettysburg. They were hastening to the top of a high hill known as Little Round Top, to locate a station.

The signal station in the tree (4) I sketched at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. Very little of either army could be seen at this point, as the battle was fought in dense woods surrounding the hamlet. Yet it was a wonderful sight. Woods that had been set on fire by the cartridges were burning for miles, and as the light smoke ascended to the clouds it looked as if a great city was being consumed. High up in the air were round puffs of white smoke, made from the bursting of shells, and the continuous roar of cannon and musketry made the earth tremble.

The station shown in the upper right-hand sketch (5) on the roof of a house, was established at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., and was directly on the line of battle. While shells exploded and bullets rained about the brave men on the roof, the family of the house fled in terror to the cellar, and I, after making a hasty sketch, retreated into safety.

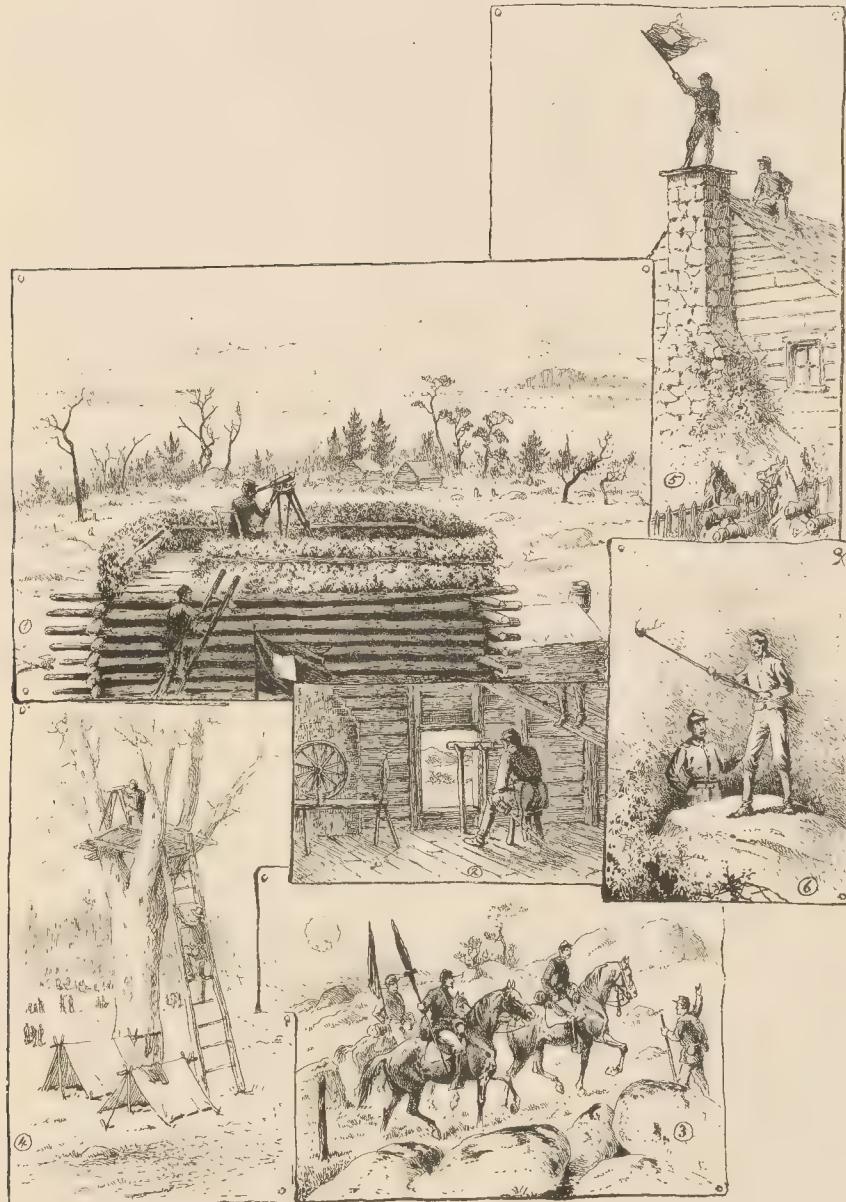
The manner of signalling with a torch is also illustrated (6) in the group of sketches. The lights could often be seen all night throughout the mountains, and except for the regular movements which an observer in time takes note of, one might think them mysterious balls of fire moving about from some unknown cause.

The signal corps did important service during General Hood's raid in the rear of Sherman's army, then occupying Atlanta, just before the "March to the Sea." The enemy, upon positive orders from Jefferson Davis, sought to disable Sherman by destroying railroads and seizing supplies in his rear, the most of which were at Altoona. Sherman signalled at Vining Station over the heads of the Southern army for General Corse, who was at Rome, to hasten back to the assistance of the garrison at Altoona; but when Sherman reached Kenesaw Mountain he learned at the signal station that there had been no response to his call. This gave him at first great anxiety, but he soon caught a glimpse of the tell-tale flag, which signalled "Corse is here." Some hours after news came that the enemy had been repulsed, but Corse wounded. It was not known how severely, but the next day, amid apprehension of his danger, the following characteristic note was received from Corse: "I am short a cheek bone and an ear, but can whip all hell yet."

During the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, General Sherman noticed a group of the enemy observing him and his surrounding men with glasses. Anticipating a fire from them, he ordered a battery close by to fire upon the group, and rode down the line. He heard the volleys fired; but had no knowledge that the shots had taken effect until he returned at night to a signal station. The signal officer then he had learned the enemy about noon read a signal balance for General they knew that General learned afterward that he time of General Sherman, however, could tance that the men were any of them were. The matter of course, and fore his orders to fire



near his headquarters. told him that by study my's "key," and had of theirs, "Send an am- Polk's body." From this Polk had been killed, and had been struck at the man's order. General not even tell in the dis- officers—much less who order was simply a Sherman rode away be- were executed.



GROUP OF SIGNAL STATIONS

L.

ABANDONED PICKET HUTS.



Buzzards' Roost

THE sudden coming upon an old picket hut bereft of its inmates gives rise to many tender thoughts and memories. Where are they who had so carefully fashioned the shelter and sat in comradeship about the door? Groaning in hospitals perhaps, or scattered in lonely graves by the wayside. Silence pervades the little structure, and naught remains to mark the interior save the dead gray ashes from their last bright fire. Crows and turkey buzzards haunt it now, making a perch of the roof and passing in and out without fear. A regret, too, comes over one that the result of so much hard labor should serve so temporary a purpose.

In many instances the characteristics of the former occupants of deserted huts could be determined by the way the structures were built and finished, some being carefully made to shed rain and effectively protect the inmates from snow, while others were carelessly thrown up with only the roughest consideration of comfort.

Strolling out in the woods one day I found an abandoned hut which was built near a road where a small stream crossed. It was quite a substantial structure, and had been made by first driving into the ground twelve feet apart two posts with upper ends forked; a stout pole with ends resting in the forks had been placed across, and from this slender poles rested and slanted to the ground. Over these, pine boughs had been scattered, which gave to it an air of completeness; but desolate it looked now under the red sunset sky. The pine beds inside were just as the occupants had left them, and among some large round stones were ashes and débris of the camp fire, with the improvised support for the kettle still in place. A rabbit startled by my steps darted off through the bushes and across the stream, and a flock of crows rose disturbed in the twilight and sailed away, slowly uttering their dismal cry.



Thus it was wherever the army had camped for a length of time, these deserted shelters stood as remembrancers, and their lonely and forsaken aspect had a living significance that pen could not indite or language portray.

A WAGONER'S CAMP.



Building the Shanty

THE characteristic class of men known as "wagoners," were not subject to that strict discipline that restrained the men in line, and in the freedom which their occupation permitted, many peculiarities were manifested. Disagreeable elements would sometimes come to the surface and exasperating conditions cause gruffness and discontent, but as a rule they were most untiring workers and in emergencies were always to be depended upon.

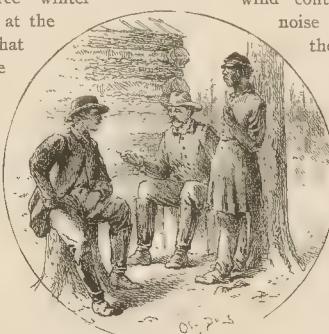
Much of the wagoner's time in camp was occupied, hauling supplies being one of the most severe duties. Then, it was no slight task to keep the mules groomed and fed, and there were continual repairs to be made on the shelter huts. These were always substantially built of logs chinked in with mud and provided at one end with a generous mud-chimney and fire-place. At the front were oftentimes a door and a window with glass sash, which made quite a homelike appearance and gave much comfort to the occupants. Such suggestions of civilized life were secured from abandoned houses in the neighborhood of camp, and were looked upon as luxuries by the soldiers. There was much variety in style of the wagoner's huts, as they were not restricted to lines as closely as the men in military camps, and indulged individual taste in architecture.

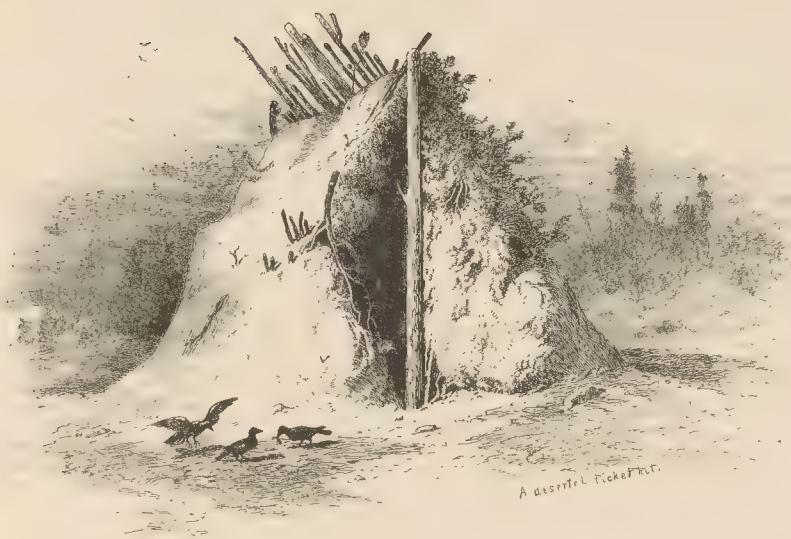
Many of the men were expert carpenters, and constructed bunks, chairs and tables, that made the interior of the huts comfortable and attractive. Pictures from the illustrated papers were pasted about in great numbers, and served the double purpose of brightening the interior and covering the mud-plastered walls. When the men were off duty the huts were bright and cheerful, and I passed many chilly nights in their good company grouped about the blazing logs or engaged at some game at the rough table. Story-telling was much indulged in and a Muuchausen romancer often caused much mirth.

Music and dancing were often a part of the entertainment. The negro drivers were fond of this jollity, and would group themselves round the fire in front of their huts and watch in great glee the improvised break-down danced to the strains of an old violin. Indeed the wagoner's life was much like the private soldier's, except that he was freer and less restricted by rules of discipline.

Wagons when not in use were parked in long lines in some sheltered valley. The mules were tethered to poles, fastened across the tops of sunken posts, and a space of ground corduroyed to give the mules good footing and more comfortable rest than the wet ground afforded. A shelter of pine boughs was often built overhead, which, although not rainproof, served to break the fierce winter camp. I was often amused at the who seemed to think that kick and bray. Each one sively kicking his nearest would repay the favor a along the line, like boys

wind continually sweeping over the noise and antics of the mules, their chief duty in life was to seemed to delight in aggress neighbor, who in turn hundred-fold, or pass it at play.





DEAD AND LIFE.

LI.

EXHAUSTION.



Winslow Homer

CAME upon a most pathetic picture of an exhausted soldier as I was riding along a road to Petersburg during its siege, whose attitude suggested utter abandon, and whose pallid face caused me to think him dead. I dismounted and found him motionless upon his back, with bare feet and legs hanging over the bank. His old grey blanket was around his body, a gun was slung over the left shoulder, and his haversack, containing untouched rations, rested on his hip. I began to sketch so interesting a subject, and at first supposed him to be a white man; but as I carefully drew his lineaments I noticed the unmistakable fulness of feature and wavy black hair which showed him to be a mulatto, and probably a member of a negro regiment in the Eighteenth Corps.

As I continued my work I was suddenly startled at a trembling of the eyelids and the languid opening of his eyes. He looked at me in a dreamy fashion, then drowsily closed his eyes again as if too exhausted to interest himself in anything, and remained motionless. I finished my sketch and left him in the care of those who would look after him.

With no reference to the many who died in the service, of deprivation and exposure, this was but one of thousands whose strength was taxed to the utmost and health no doubt permanently impaired. With slight rations to sustain strength for arduous campaign work, on the move from daylight till nightfall, over rough roads, through storm and swamps and underbrush, skirmishing and fighting at intervals, was it a marvel that thousands dropped by the wayside? Pitiful indeed they often looked as they lay stretched upon the ground with haggard, upturned faces, utterly indifferent to surroundings. When nearly overcome with sleep, they would often refuse to fall out, but resolutely stagger on with eyes half-closed, and after a time regain self-control until camp was reached at night. And perhaps even that halt would bring no respite, for orders to fortify the lines were often given. Picks and shovels were then distributed, and without an interval of rest the brave fellows would work at that. There were times when this work of marching and entrenching had to be continued for weeks, and under the strain I have seen officers and privates reduced to shadows of their

The life of cavalry and of suffering, and I have seen from side to side on their instinct of their animals Typhoid fever claimed was in most cases the many poor fellows were there to meet a linger-

strain former selves. artillermen was just as full the men asleep, swaying horses, and trusting to the to keep them in column. numberless victims. It sult of over-exertion, and taken to the hospital, ing death.



Winslow Homer

PARADES AND DRILLS.



DISCIPLINE in the army was never wholly relaxed, and to keep the troops up to the mark, routine of military work was necessary and continual. The infantry battalion-drill generally took place in a level pasture near camp. The troops would be first drawn up in line and then put through the manual of arms by the Colonel. Then they would break into columns of companies and go through a most interesting practice, though of complicated appearance to any but the professional soldier.

The cavalry drill was very fascinating and exciting, and the arrival of a brilliant regiment at the parade-ground always called forth the enthusiasm of spectators. The breaking into column, the advance at a trot with the accompaniment of the bugles, was a brilliant sight; even the horses seemed susceptible and dashed about with dilating nostrils and glittering eyes. But the charge was the grand culmination of the movements. Moving slowly across the ground at a walk, the regiment would wheel into line at the further end, then at the sound of the bugle would first advance at a walk—break into a trot—and finally, at the sound of "charge," the whole line would dash across the field at a gallop, sending up a cloud of dust and shaking the solid earth. The artillery-drill, although equally interesting, was not as rapid as that of the cavalry, because of the weight of the guns, but there was a grandeur in the movement of so many spirited, well-trained teams and heavy pieces, not seen in the other branches of the service. Target-firing was also practiced to a high degree of excellence.

Dress parade at close of day had also many attractive features both to troops and spectators. Regimental inspection brought forth erect figures, bright horses and clean guns; and when the inspecting officers dropped the ramrods in the soldiers' guns the sharp metallic sound, which proved them to be clean, fell cheerfully on their ears. Both inspection and guard-mount, however, showed the peculiarities of the different regiments. Some were poorly disciplined and slovenly, while others would appear in white gloves and orderly condition generally, and perform their duties with military dignity.

Still, lack of discipline and shiftless attire was not always a criterion of effectiveness on the field, for I call to mind a regiment whose appearance on parade-ground resembled that of a mob of tramps, but whose bravery shortly afterward against Stonewall Jackson at the battle of Port Republic was unequalled. Not always do "Fine feathers make fine birds." There is another saying, about the "deceitfulness of appearances,"—and sometimes, even under the yoke of laziness and thriftlessness, "a man's a man, for a' that!"





Double Yank March.



Planned Out

LOGS AND SHADOWS.

E. Forbes.

THE FODDER QUESTION.



The Forage Bag

MOST difficult problem in our war was how to feed the animals attached to the different branches of the service. Facilities were better in the winter season, as most of the forces were connected with the base of supplies by railroads. There were exceptions to the rule, however, when all stores had to be hauled long distances over poor roads. This was often a terrible strain to the animals, and the dead horses and mules lying along the road attested the severity of the task.

When Chattanooga was besieged by Bragg, it was almost impossible to obtain supplies for man or beast, and hay and grain became so scarce that draught-animals died by hundreds. Those that survived were so weak that had a retreat been ordered all trains and batteries would necessarily have been abandoned, and it was not until communication had been established by the "Cracker Line" on the Tennessee River that the army was rescued from its perilous predicament.

The difficulty of hauling supplies over the mountains of East Tennessee was one of the greatest obstacles in holding Knoxville. But little could be obtained in the surrounding country because of its broken and wild character, and also because of the persistency with which bushwhackers attacked foraging parties.

During summer marches, animals were fed on standing grain, in fields by the roadside which in a few hours looked as if there had been a flight of locusts; and fields of standing corn would disappear like morning dew. Grain would sometimes be found cut and shocked. This was a most acceptable sight to the army, and would soon be swept away; but the poor farmers were pictures of consternation when they stood helpless and saw a whole summer's harvest disappear in an hour. In many instances grain had been gathered and stored, but the soldiers had no respect for the wayside barns and corncribs, and captured their contents when necessity urged and opportunity offered.

The passage of a great army was a severe lesson to the farmers of secession proclivities, and had many of them realized what war would bring them, I think they would have been less hot-headed in the political movement that brought it on. Although Sherman's march was a comparatively bloodless one, it brought more significance to the planters of the interior South than all the fighting that had previously taken place along the Border States, for, with the wide swath of destruction cut through nearly a thousand miles, came a realization and terror that distant descriptions could not have effected. It was long years before the damage of the marching columns was repaired, and solitary chimneys to this day still mark portions of its course.

One could form no conception of the quantity of forage necessary for an army until visiting a depot of supplies. Then could be seen thousands of bags of oats, stored under long sheds, and bales of hay piled almost "mountain high." And what scenes of noise and confusion the depots were! Long lines of trains of empty wagons would come from all directions, and amid shouts of drivers and braying of mules would be loaded and despatched to camp. Immense trains of cars packed to the doors would arrive continually and their stores soon melt away like snow in the warm south wind.

One unfamiliar with the labor of handling supplies would readily conclude that, after

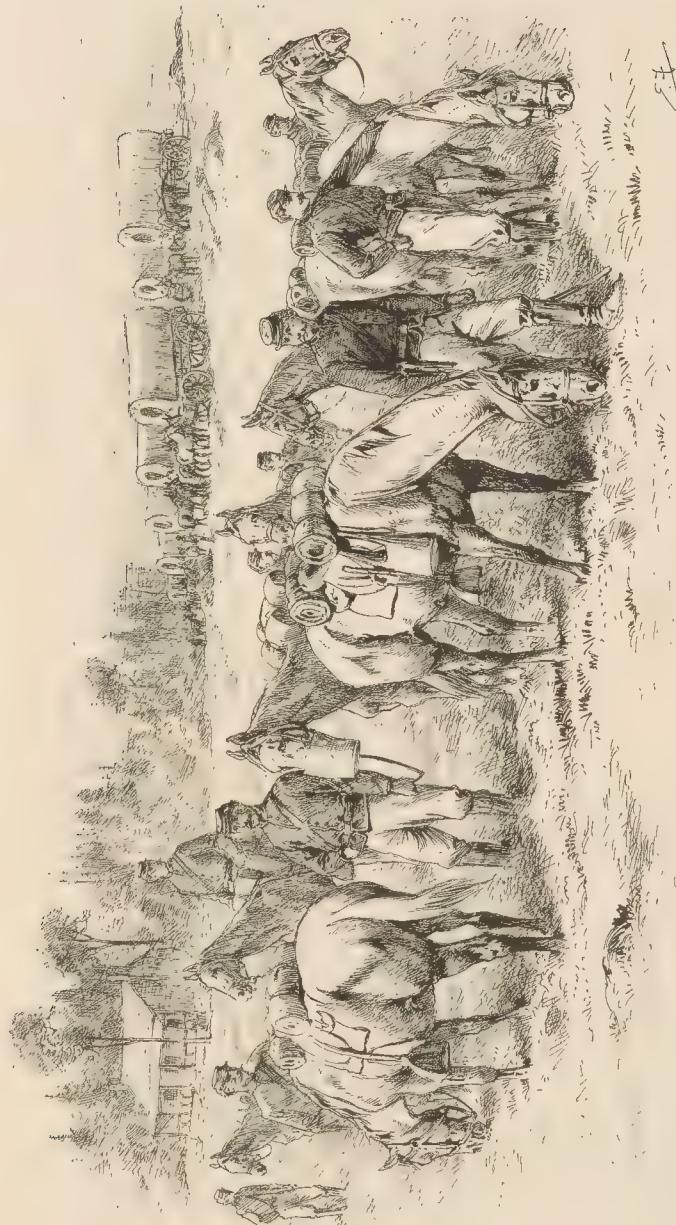
delivery at a camp depot, distribution would be easily accomplished; but in reality this was the most difficult part of the work, for the army corps were scattered over a great extent of country, and the mud in the roads was often so deep that wagon wheels sank hub-deep. I have watched them labor along at snail's pace in the yellow mire, through valleys and over barren hills, halting when a team was stalled, and then plunging and tugging slowly onward until camp was reached.

During an active summer campaign, although the roads were in better condition, the task of feeding the animals was an arduous one, and a never-ending source of anxiety to the officers and men of the quartermaster's department. When the armies were engaged in a rapid forward movement it was not always possible to bring up supplies of forage by rail. Then the country was scoured in all directions and all grain and forage was requisitioned. It was a perilous work, and many a lively fight ensued before the loaded trains could be driven back to camp. Sometimes when hay and grain were not attainable, animals were grazed in the pastures or in fields of rye and oats; but such fodder was a poor substitute for creatures so hard worked as the army draught-animals.

Often during a hard march the cavalry columns would leave the road and file into the fields. At the sound of the bugle each man would dismount, and holding the horses by the bridles would allow them to feed until hunger was satisfied. Then, at the order, they would mount, fall into line and take the road again, refreshed and ready for emergency.

Cavalrymen become much attached to their horses, and I have been much interested in watching their anxiety to get a nibble for the faithful beasts; and the real comfort they seemed to feel in their horses' enjoyment often made them careless of the enemy's horsemen within gunshot.





A HALT BY THE ROADSIDE.





BURNside AT FREDERICKSBURG.

LIII.

A MUD MARCH.



O CLAMOR of press and people during the great war became so exasperating to commanding generals and the authorities at Washington as "Why don't the army move?" The cry was incessant, and all except those in the service seemed to think that the great hosts could move in any direction, at any time, irrespective of local conditions or existing circumstances.

Thus matters stood in December, 1863, when the Army of the Potomac under General Burnside lay camped on the Heights of Falmouth, confronting General Lee, who was camped at Fredericksburg,

on the opposite side of the Rappahannock River.

Our army at this time was in snug winter quarters, and cries for an advance came urgently from all directions. Roads were yet in good condition, for winter frosts with intervening rains had not rendered them impassable. Army officers realized that a few hours of changing weather might greatly transform conditions; and, when a command to advance came from Washington, orders to break camp were given with great reluctance. But the die was cast. "On to Richmond!" was the cry. So, huts were dismantled, tents struck, impedimenta packed, and the different corps marched on the roads towards the upper fords of the river. The warm December sun shone through the winter haze, and the air was as calm and peaceful as a June morning; yet the silvery cirrus clouds that stole across the sky looked inauspicious.

The troops were in fine spirits, and as I watched the columns of brave men hurry by I thought I had never seen them more vigorous and cheerful. The artillery and cavalry were in grand form, the animals especially so, having become much improved by the weeks of rest, no suggestions of the gaunt look—which came from previous strain—remaining. The mules looked well,—as in fact they always did—and were invaluable to the service, for they seemed scarcely susceptible to ill-fortune and were always a reliance. Altogether the Army of the Potomac was a magnificent column as it moved along the road toward Kelly's and the United States Ford. By afternoon the sun was dimmed by dense clouds, but the columns pushed on till nightfall. Then a halt was made for camp, and soon the fires lit up the country for miles around, and noises of the great throng resounded through the woods. But late in the evening pattering rain drops foreshadowed the morrow's march, and the blanket-wrapped troops lay down to sleep with doubts of what was to come.

They rose with early promptness, however, and, with steps somewhat less quick than the day before, filed into the roads which had not yet become difficult to travel. But the strong east wind soon brought the rain in torrents, and the roads that had been passable became quagmires. The infantry picked their way as they could, but were soon covered with yellow mud and soaked to the skin by the blinding rain. The artillery horses plunged onward, dashing up showers of yellow paste, which stuck to everything upon which it fell. Drivers and horses assumed the same color, and the guns almost lost distinctness of form. Witnessed through the clouds of vapor which rose from the overworked teams, the scene was a weird one, and sympathy went out to the poor animals who plunged along with such willing effort in the emergency. The cavalrymen were a sorry sight, dripping with mud and

water, all trace of the jaunty appearance of the day before having disappeared. But the wagon trains met with terrible difficulty, for the heavy loads were more than the animals could draw through the churned mass of mud and water. In spite of the frantic efforts of the negro drivers, a line of teams would be stalled at intervals of two or three hundred yards; mules would sink in the mire to die, and by midday everything was at a standstill; nearly one hundred thousand men with guns and transportation mired; and the long-sought-for opportunity of a battle postponed perhaps for months. Never was there a more disheartened body of men.

But the problem of how to get out of this dilemma now presented itself. The distance back to the old camp was not great, but difficulties increased each moment, and it was doubtful if the teams would be equal to the task of extricating the trains from their predicament. Word soon came from headquarters that the movement was abandoned, and the troops were ordered to return to the old camp. Simple enough instructions, but how difficult of performance!

The brave infantry, however, bedraggled and demoralized, soon took up the backward march; the artillery turned about and toiled through the swamp-like roads, losing horses by the dozen in the mire. Order was not thought of; the only consideration being to get out of the sad predicament. Pontoon-trains were come upon in some places securely anchored, and in others whole regiments of infantry tugged at long ropes in the vain effort to move the unwieldy boats on their trucks. Slowly the great army retraced its steps, and the men revived in spirits when the old camp-ground appeared to view. But what a motley body they were as they drew up on the parade-ground facing the dismantled huts! How unlike the splendid array of a few days before! Even the flags looked dispirited as they hung limp and dripping from the staffs.

But soldiers are proverbially light-hearted, and order soon began to manifest itself. Tents were pitched, old huts re-roofed with canvas, and the blue smoke ere long ascended from the mud chimneys as of old. Slowly the trains returned, and for days dejected "coffee coolers" appeared with their original pleas for delinquency. In a week, perhaps, matters were again set to rights, and except the relating of incidents of the "mud march" the men resumed the "even tenor of their way."





LIV.

ON THE RIVER BANK.



A River Picket

WHEREVER among the mountain ranges or on the flatlands near the sea, rivers of the South possessed a dreamy and poetic character that would not be easily forgotten by one who appreciated scenic beauty or had sought adventure upon their banks. From mountain to seashore, down rocky slopes and through swampy flats, they moved leisurely along, and their peaceful murmurings were often a deep contrast to the sounds of struggles near their banks.

During the summer of 1863, while the Army of the Potomac was lying in peaceful camp upon the north side of the Rappahannock, I thought one day I would ride along its beautiful shore. Starting on horseback just after dinner I moved toward the stream, riding along through shady roads and pleasant lanes. I arrived at a hill overlooking a lovely valley, through which the stream wound in and out on its way to the sea. Pausing awhile to take in the beautiful landscape, I saw two blue-coats coming up the hill, whom I accosted, to gather what news I could of things along the line. I was assured that a visit to the pickets would be perfectly safe, as no firing was allowed on either side. I followed a winding road down the hill and soon came in sight of a post near the river. Men were lying about lazily under improvised bough-shelters, and were so indolent and happy that one might suppose a menacing enemy the most remote thing in the world.

Noticing the rising blue smoke of a camp-fire in an orchard beyond the stream, I inquired what it was, and was surprised to learn that it belonged to the enemy's pickets, with whom our own men were on the most friendly terms. This was soon proven, for looking across I saw a party of gray-coats on the bank, one of whom was fishing, with the hope, I suppose, of hooking a stray perch to add to the mess. I could see their faces plainly, and was surprised at their youthful appearance. They were quiet in manner, but a laugh now and then suggested enjoyment; and the sun glistening on their muskets was the only thing that spoke of war. Seated around the camp-fire mentioned were a party of men and boys who decided that I was a stranger, for they rose from the ground and sauntered toward the bank with a look of interest. I retired back among the trees, not feeling quite secure in such close proximity to a foe, and took a seat by the camp-fire among the Union pickets. They assured me that Lee's army was most certainly moving toward our right, evidently intending to take advantage of our reduced numbers, as nearly forty thousand men had been discharged since the battle of Chancellorsville. A negro from Culpeper had crossed the river that morning and he reported that large bodies of cavalry, infantry and artillery were marching toward Chester Gap in the Blue Ridge. This was important news, and I watched with renewed interest the men on the opposite bank, who had evidently been placed along the stream to prevent news of their movement coming to our side.

I accepted an invitation of the officer commanding the picket to accompany him on his tour, and strolling up stream passed on the other side groups of Southern soldiers every few yards, who were quiet but watchful. At one point we saw a number of men and boys bathing, who were full of pranks and appeared more like schoolboys than soldiers. The

officer had cautioned his men to keep a bright lookout till we reached the end of his command, then, seeing that everything was placid, we turned about and were soon back to camp where the boys were cooking supper.

I was invited to partake of their meal, which I did, sitting on a fence rail, and passed a delightful hour listening to the jokes and witticisms of the young soldiers. Across the river the faint blue smoke still drifted off among the trees, and the Confederate pickets were evidently enjoying such comforts as were obtainable. Now and then a gray-clad figure would come from the well of an old farm-house in sight, or an equestrian figure would ride slowly down the road on a tour of inspection. But the "shades of night were falling fast," so I bade the men a cordial good-bye and left best wishes that their stay by the river might continue to be peaceful. I mounted my mare and glancing back at the strangely placid scene cantered up the hill. At this point I halted and turned to look at the valley at my feet as it lay bathed in the light of the setting sun. I caught a glimpse of the narrow river winding among the lovely groves of trees, and at intervals along its banks columns of smoke ascended into the still air, which mingled together, then drifted away.

It was scarcely possible to realize that within so short a distance were men who at a moment's notice might engage in deadly conflict; but war is a series of singular contradictions, and it is strange to reflect that the men who do such deadly work are free from actual malice.

I now turned from the scene of beauty toward camp and rode musing under the overhanging trees in the gathering darkness. Reaching camp, report of the enemy's movement was confirmed, and orders had been given to pack up and be in readiness to start at daylight. Far into the night I listened to sounds of the army in preparation, and just before the sun appeared the troops, with loaded backs, came pouring into the roads. Soon through the dust-laden air myriads of men and animals were moving towards the mountains, and naught was left to me but to follow the column.





On pilot

WATCH AND WAHO.

215

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.



HERE would be intervals of calm during a great battle, when both commanders had come to a standstill, or some new scheme was in contemplation, and the great hosts confronting each other, while wary and watchful, were grateful of a rest for weary limbs even though the hot sun poured down upon them.

At such times, along the lines on the extreme front, an occasional skirmish-shot might be heard, but so infrequent as to appear more like accident than design; or an unexpected solid shot or shell would occasionally whizz through the air, cutting

off limbs of trees and sending up a cloud of dust from where it struck the ground. And it was strange what slight agitation these deadly messengers aroused, so accustomed did the men become to them.

Even for temporary rest and protection from the sun, the soldiers would make shelters of boards, fence-rails and brush, and with knapsacks for pillows would doze away, oblivious of dangerous surroundings. Here and there parties of men could be seen putting final touches to breastworks,—critically placing a headlog or deepening a ditch in front. If a party of men among whom were gray uniforms, were discovered approaching from the direction of the skirmish-line in front, some interest would be aroused, and the men would collect along the works to get sight of the prisoners coming in.

Among the batteries a similar spirit of indolence and indifference was manifested; even the horses appreciated the quiet interval and stood half asleep, munching their food. Sometimes a man would be sent to climb high tree with a hope that some news of the enemy's movements might be gleaned, for the dullness would at times become oppressive.

But off to the right, perhaps, the skirmish fire would begin to increase in a defiant way, and soon settle into a steady roar. A new interest would now be aroused in the men. Some of them would climb on to the breastworks, and looking along the face of the works through a scattered growth of trees determine the locality of the fighting by the ascent of the light blue smoke. When agitation had reached this point, a few deliberate shells would be thrown from both sides, which, when bursting in the air, had a sharp, metallic ring, while those in the woods sent



out a low, muffled roar. A movement along our lines might next be seen, and large bodies of infantry would march toward the threatened point, gun-barrels glistening in the sun, and even the men who carried them being distinguishable from the distant place of quiet. But oftentimes such a demonstration would be only a local affair, perhaps a small reconnaissance or a contest for a farm-house and outbuildings, prizes always coveted by both armies as a shelter for sharpshooters. But at such times the firing soon died down, and the movement of troops ceased.

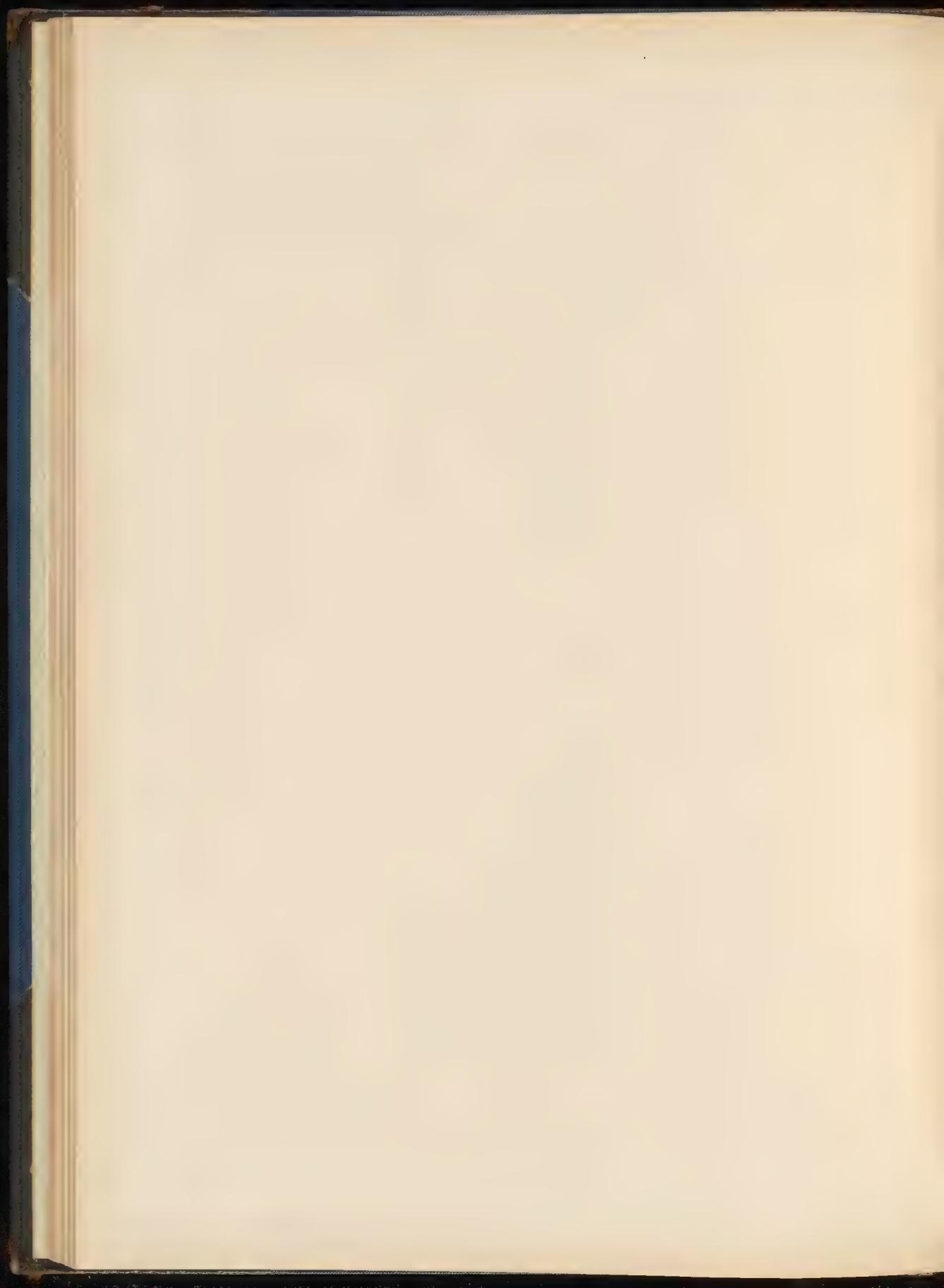
And so days might pass, with only a whizzing bullet as an occasional reminder that the enemy was still in front. In these quiet intervals, many could be seen reading the well-worn papers and passing them from hand to hand to wile the tedious time away. The arrival of the mail was a great pleasure, and one and another from the expectant groups gathered about the carrier would grasp a welcome letter and hasten away to devour the contents. What touching significance a letter had in those days! "News from home" spoke volumes. Truly, "Home is where the heart is," and the soldier went back to the old scenes as he read the pages, and at night placed the missive in his knapsack, only to be re-read when the reveillé sounded.

But however dull the days, sunset brought brighter aspects; horses had to be fed, and camp-fires had to be re-kindled in the ravines in rear of the ranks, where smoke could ascend out of sight of the enemy. If fresh beef was issued, it had to be cooked in any utensil available; but it was always acceptable to the hungry men, however primitive the arrangements might be. After dark an air of apprehension pervaded everything, for the stillness along the line seemed like a "calm before the storm." Additional pickets were sent forward by the officers, with many cautions; but thousands of men settled down to sleep, careless of when or where the awakening might be.





THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT.



BREASTWORKS, ABATIS, TANGLES, ETC.

*A Hand-hewn D*

ESPITE the fact that the Union army at first ignored picks and shovels, and thought all defences except those naturally available beneath a soldier's dignity, experience proved fortified lines to be a necessity, and for the many perfected accessories of defence our war stands pre-eminent.

The early battles both East and West were fought on open ground, and it was not until McClellan's campaign in the Peninsula that artificial defences were made use of. The character of the country would not admit of engagement with unfortified lines, the dense woods enabling the enemy to concentrate its great masses unseen. Their surprises therefore made the holding of a Union position of great difficulty, and compelled some plan of resort to check their first rush.

The Rebs were the first to avail themselves of this cover, and as early as the date of their occupation of Manassas Junction and vicinity, had constructed splendid lines of defence. On the evacuation in March, 1862, I visited the ground and was amazed at the extent and completeness of their work. Around the Junction they had built a large number of detached forts, with embrasures and platforms for guns. Each fort was surrounded by a deep ditch, and the whole by abatis and chevaux-de-frise. At the town of Centreville, six miles nearer Washington, a line of forts had been constructed six miles in extent. They were connected by a substantial breastwork, and in front were heavy chevaux-de-frise and slashings, which made the line almost impregnable. No artificial defences were used during the battles of that summer, those of Cedar Mountain, Second Bull Run, South Mountain and Antietam being fought on open ground, except when the combatants took cover of fences or buildings, and at the "Sunken Lane," in which fight our loss was terrible.

At Chancellorsville, the Union commander engaged in digging and slashing (felling trees with the tops towards the enemy). The whole front was covered with earthworks, and beyond them the woods were slashed so that when the enemy charged, the lines were thrown into inextricable confusion, which, with the heavy Union fire, completed their distress. Stonewall Jackson's charge on the right of the Eleventh Corps was, no doubt, disastrous to us; and, if it had not been for the breastworks and slashings, his course could not have been checked before reaching Chancellorsville house; in which event, the Army of the Potomac would have been cut in two, and the greater portion captured.

It was a wonderful sight to see what men could do with axes, even during the battle, for the trees of a vast wood would fall as if by magic touch, men working like beavers to make all possible obstruction for the enemy. Although the battle was a virtual defeat for us, the experience was of great value to the Union army.

At the battle of Gettysburg, which occurred a few months later, full use was made of breastworks; although with the exception of the line of works on Culp's Hill, fighting was done on open ground during the first two days. But when Lee advanced to his final attack on the third day, our men were under cover of rough breastworks, rocks, and other shelter.

The science of artificial defence was not reduced to practical completeness until the campaign of General Grant during the next year. The ground from the Rapidan River to

the James was dug over, and scarcely a mile was traversed that did not have breastworks and tangle. In many places the Confederate and Federal lines were close enough to admit of conversation, and no movement could be carried on except over abatis and breastworks. The sound of pickax and spade was incessant, and the line of clay breastworks extending for miles in every direction along our front became monotonous.

At Spottsylvania Court House and Cold Harbor the two armies could have been likened to columns of huge ground squirrels buried in the earth, from whence it was dangerous to emerge. Great yellow earthworks and forts covered both armies, and over the intervening ground were scattered thousands of daring skirmishers, insecurely protected by shallow holes in the ground.

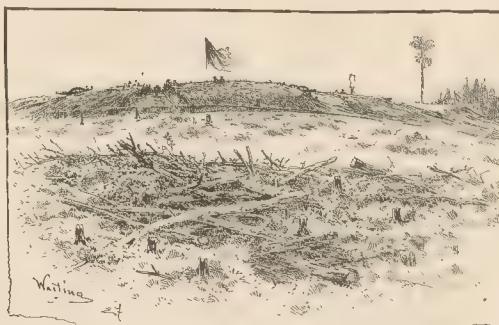
At the sieges of Petersburg and Richmond, the use of earthwork fortifications reached a culminating point in the East, and the number of miles built by both armies could scarcely be estimated. The grass-covered lines can to-day be traced in any direction where the two great armies sought to fight out their strife.

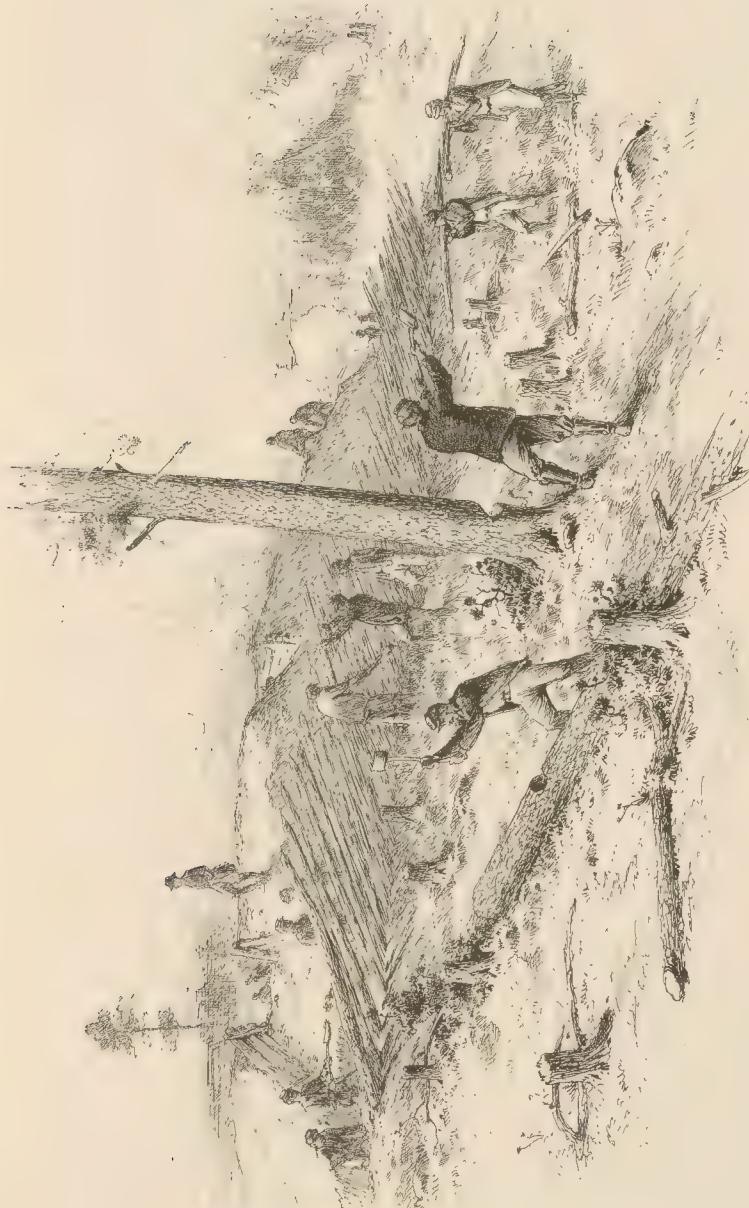
The Union armies in the West were at first prejudiced against fortifications, while the enemy, being on the defensive, took advantage of every possible means to strengthen a position. The battles of Fort Donaldson, Shiloh and Stone River were fought on open ground, and heavy losses consequently incurred; but after the successful defence of Corinth by General Rosecrans, a well-fortified front was appreciated, and earthworks were thenceforward built at every available opportunity. The following campaigns in fact became digging-matches, when opposing forces vied with each other in the building of breastworks, forts, tangles, and other impediments.

The sieges of Vicksburg and Port Hudson were good examples of the value of fortifications, and the works built by both armies served admirable purpose.

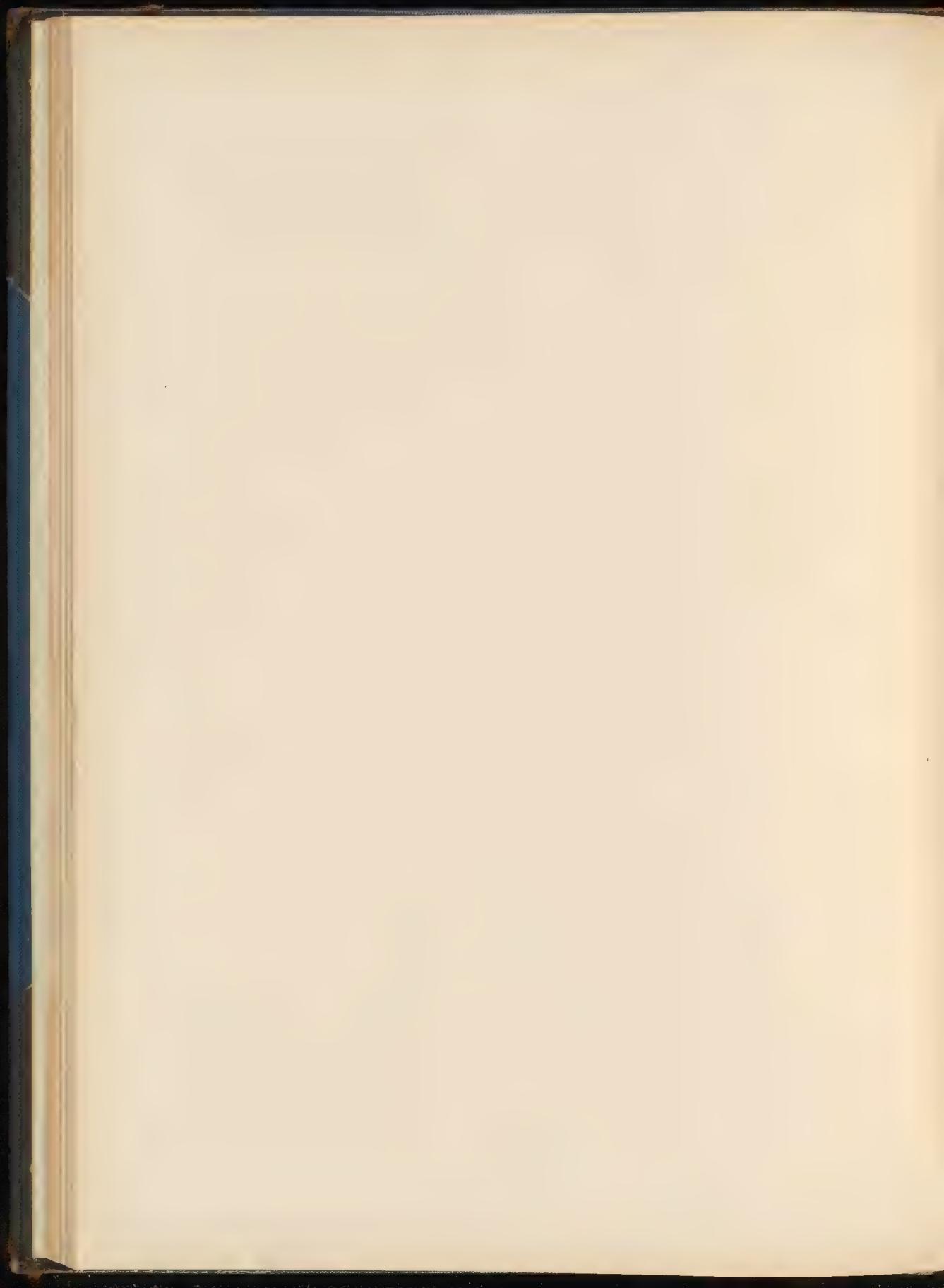
During Sherman's series of battles from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the whole country was covered with a net-work of forts and rifle-pits, so that it would have been fatal for either side to make a front attack. An advance by the Union forces was possible only by flanking the enemy's position and forcing them to fall back.

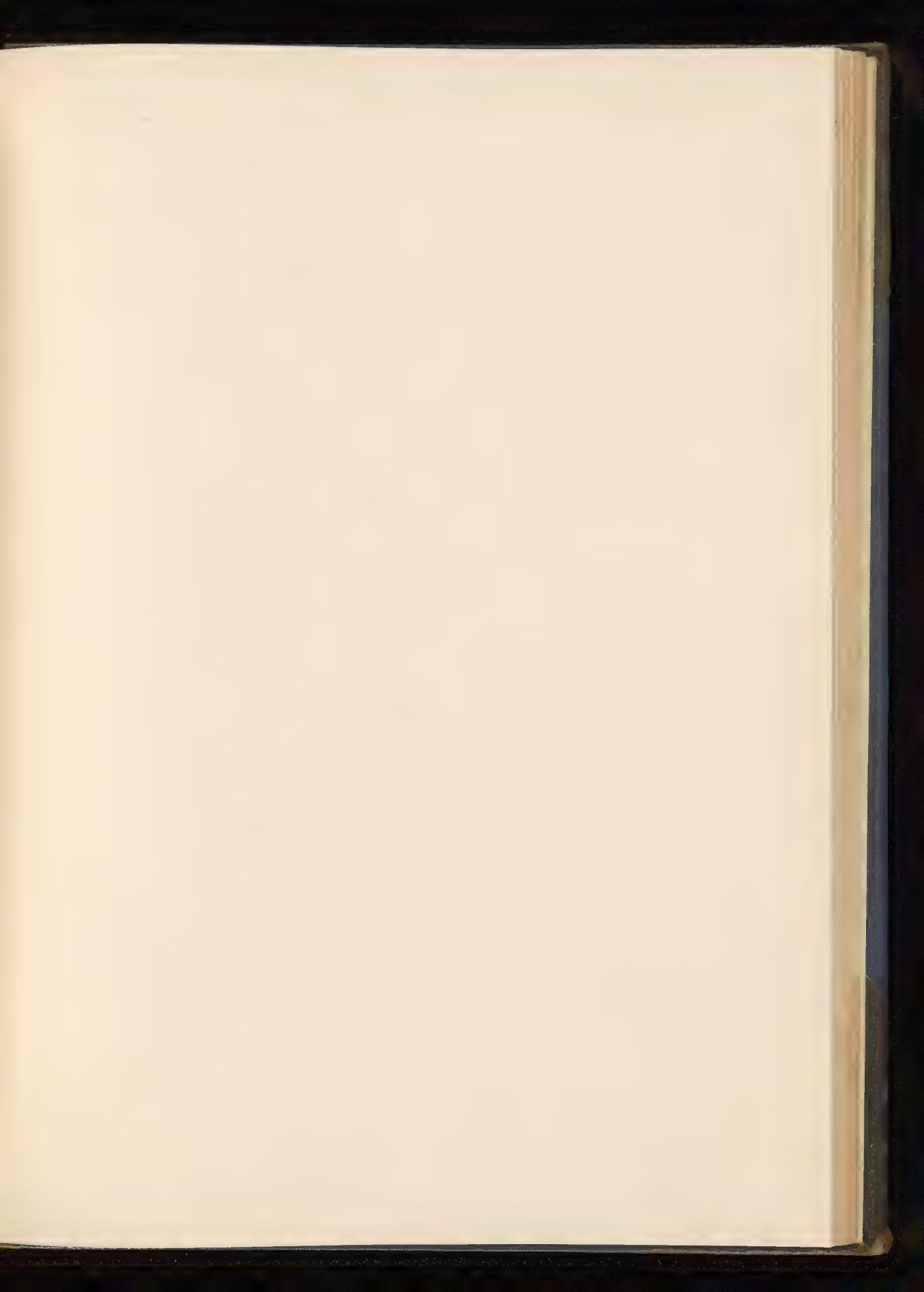
The capture of Atlanta and defeat of Hood by General Thomas at Nashville ended the building of fortified lines in the West, and when Sherman's army left Atlanta on its glorious march to the sea, and Grant moved toward Five Forks to turn Lee out of Petersburg, the men laid aside pick and spade and brought hard labor to a triumphant end.





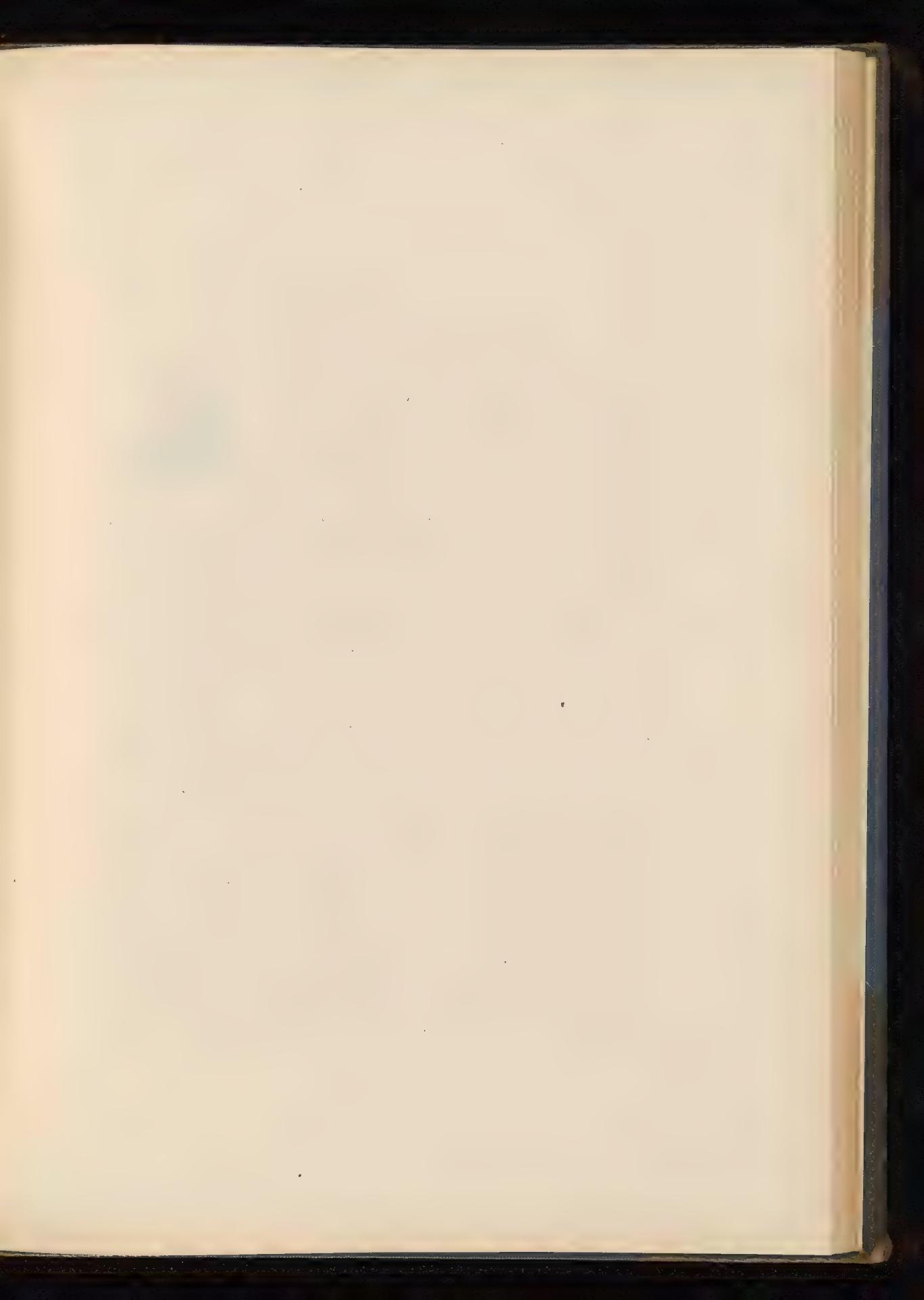
BUILDING OBSTRUCTIONS.







SEDWICK AT RAPIDAN RIVER





LVII.

THE OUTER PICKET LINE.



HE great Union armies during the winter months might have been compared to hives of bees who had garnered the sweets of the summer and settled down to drowsy hibernation. Of course there were duties and occurrences that aroused them into activity, such as drills, camp-work, amusements and a jolly ball now and then, but they apparently droned in indolence a great deal of time away.

Yet, camped in a hostile country, enough of apprehension pervaded these great hosts to guard against the attacks of an ever-persistent enemy. Supplies for men and animals were received from a depot sometimes hundreds of miles in the rear, and to protect the approach to camp was no easy task or slight responsibility. A farmer whose son was an officer in the Army of the Potomac visited him in 1863 and said "Sakes alive! I expected to find yer hull army on a farm of a hundred and fifty acres; but, law me! I've rode ten mile on the cars from Acquia Creek, and as fur as I could see on both sides was camps! camps! camps! and I guess I know now what an army is." From this primitive description, a reader may conclude over what miles of country our picket line had to extend, and imagine the dangers they were exposed to, so hostilely surrounded. Neighboring people would locate a post carefully, note details of numbers and defences and communicate with the enemy. With such authentic information a dash of theirs was apt to be disastrous to us, for we never received warning except from an occasional faithful negro.

The picket line was strongly fascinating to me, for the men were always apprehensive and cautious, making constant preparation for difficulty. In the early spring of '64, when camp-life was to be seen at its best, I made a visit to the line that extended along a ridge of hills on the Rappahannock River above Beverly Ford. It commanded an extensive view of the country toward Washington and Little Washington, which for beauty could not be surpassed in Virginia.

In the foreground was a line of rude picket huts, tenanted by groups of soldiers, while within short distance men on duty were passing up and down with guns at a shoulder. Across the Rapidan, about fifteen miles to the south, was a range of hills on which Gen. Lee's army was camped, and from which with the aid of a glass faint columns of ascending smoke could be discerned. Nearer to my position were the blue crests of Thoroughfare Gap and Cedar Mountains, where Banks' division made so gallant a fight against Stonewall Jackson's superior force. Further to the left, Pony Mountain could be seen, with a log signal-station on its rocky crest. At its foot lay the sleepy old town of Culpeper Court House, and from the woods and fields around, the blue smoke drifted from Union camps there located. Less remote, near Brandy Station, could be seen the headquarters camp of General Grant, snugly ensconced in a pine grove. The Rappahannock meandered through the brown fields of the valley beneath, lost to sight here and there among groups of leafless trees on its banks. The snow-capped Blue Ridge Mountains rose in the western horizon, their azure tint suggesting the origin of their name. Scanning their summits from the south to where they faded towards Harper's Ferry, I recognized Chester Gap, through which I passed with Banks' Division in the summer of '62, on the way to Cedar Mountain. Ashby's Gap, the scene of

many desperate cavalry fights, was visible; also Manassas Gap, through which the railroad passes into the valley. Snicker's Gap could be discerned, and far to the north could be seen indistinctly the dip at Harper's Ferry, that wonderfully beautiful rocky gateway, through which the Potomac passes on its way past the national capital to the sea. What thrilling stories that historic range and its surroundings might echo! "Dark and bloody ground" it all is; scarce a hill but has been a scene of struggle, and along its roads and paths and in deep recesses of woods terrible tragedies have been enacted. Thousands of shallow graves were scattered through this country, and thousands of human bones have lain bleaching in the sun.

And yet this beautiful landscape suggested peace, as the shadows of the morning clouds passed slowly along.

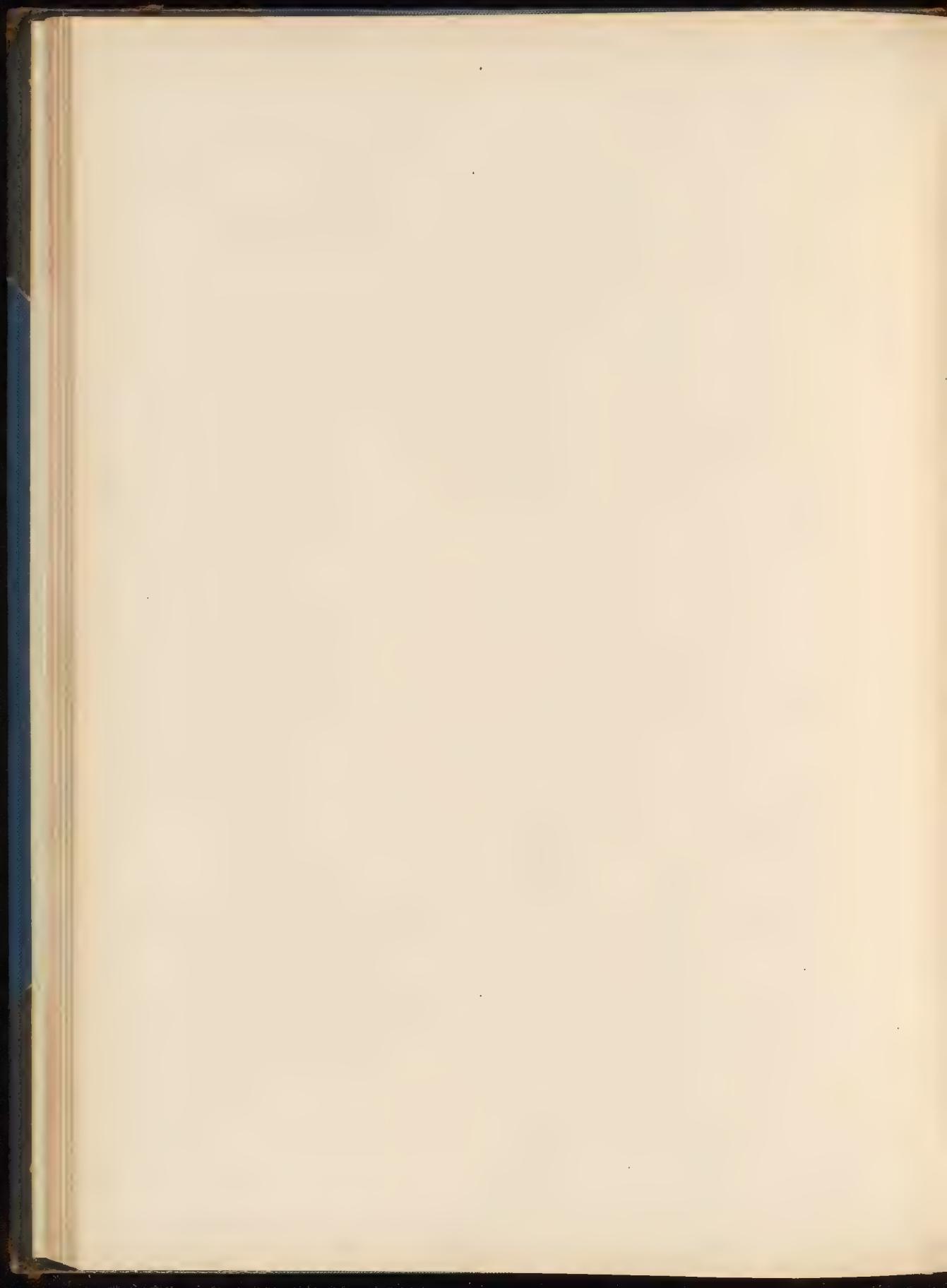
But in any calm, if a column of smoke rose, coming perhaps from a farmer's burning brush, all eyes were attracted toward it with the idea that it might be a signal of danger; and a bright gleam in the trees on a distant river bank suggested the glimmer of the sun on a gun-barrel. The slightest movement of any object for miles around, or the faintest rustle near by, had a significance of danger to those faithful watchers, the picket guard. All day long the ground was scanned, and at night the vigilance increased, for surprises were frequent, and Union deserters or Rebel spies made their way about under cover of darkness. And when there was good reason to suspect hostile movements in earnest, word was sent back and mounted parties would be despatched to go further and faster that the infantry pickets could penetrate, to search out and if possible ascertain the facts. The deep scrutiny of the pickets might have been likened to the eyes of some insects who see with numberless lenses.

In many ways experience on the picket line was a good school for the soldiers, and would often restore ambition lost in the aimless life of winter camp.





THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE



LVIII.

SCOUTING.



Off, and away!

ETAIL for scouting—not by the regular scouts, but from the general force—was always gladly welcomed, as it was such a pronounced change from the dull routine of camp-life. A party of this kind was generally composed of men noted for their courage and good horsemanship, and commanded by a young and energetic officer of tried experience. On most occasions duty was specific,—such as locating the enemy, capturing an isolated body, or destroying bridges or depots of supplies; each task calling for a brave and determined party.

After the detail, ammunition and supplies were given to each party, and under the guidance of some one familiar with the roads they would start out of camp.

The journey was necessarily one of caution. Making their way toward the enemy with advance guards thrown out to prevent surprise or ambuscade, they would scour the country on all sides. Sometimes a small body of the enemy would be met, and a lively encounter ensue, the weaker judiciously giving way. If the enemy retreated, the party would continue the advance cautiously, until the expedition was accomplished—or not, as circumstances would have it. A party would often divide into small squads and scatter on different roads in search of information. Suspicious characters were generally picked up, and many an innocent-looking farmer was captured, who, when brought to camp, proved to be a bushwhacker.

A scouting party was sometimes sent to destroy a railroad in possession of the enemy. This was always a dangerous proceeding, as all bridges of importance were protected by breastworks or a block-house. A lively contest usually took place, and even if the bridge-burners were victorious, the killed and wounded were often left, as the attacking party had to leave hastily to escape the enemy's reinforcements, which generally arrived in very quick time. A running fight back to camp would then follow, and the man who was not knocked out of the saddle and ridden over by the pursuing Johnnies had cause for congratulation.

Often the expedition would be a pleasant and peaceful ride. The men would stop at farm-houses and feast on goodly viands, such as fruits, honey, and milk from the spring-house. Under the apple-trees the repasts would take place, and the soldiers often declared there were some bright spots in the service.

An adventure full of excitement was when a depot of supplies was to be destroyed, for the guard fought savagely to protect stores so much needed, and often many men were killed before the black clouds of smoke ascended which told of success.

But sometimes jolly, hopeful parties, who left camp in great glee, met with disaster or capture. For days no news would be received from them, and after long waiting one or two would straggle back to camp, forlorn, or wounded, or both, with a mournful story of misfortunes. Despite their dejected appearance after a failure, men were just as ready to venture again, and no visions of death or Andersonville prison seemed to discourage them. When soldiers first entered the service fear of death was felt, but danger became so constant that realization of the great risk they ran seemed to lessen, and they were intent only on the fun of adventure, the excitement of danger, or the grim determination to do what they had undertaken.

OLD CAMPAIGNERS.



ECOMING a veteran was not so much a matter of time as of events, and many youthful recruits, who, with tear-filled eyes received their mothers' blessing, in a few short months became inured to the hardships and dangers of an active campaign. From the recruiting office to the field of action elapsed but a brief interval of time, and in the desperate need of troops, young men would be forced into action who scarcely knew the use of a gun.

A company of New York City recruits joined a regiment at the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, on their third day of service and took part in the fight. Inexperience made them fearless, and veterans watched their wild excitement in surprise. They were ordered to charge a stone wall, from which was coming a steady fire. As they advanced and attacked, one of our boys seized a graycoat by the collar, dragged him over the wall and made him prisoner. When the action ceased he was exhibited with pardonable pride. Another—a playmate of my own—scarcely more than a boy, left for the front on Thursday and on the following Tuesday advanced on the skirmish line with Burnside's charge at Antietam. Surely an early "baptism of fire"!

Recruits were easily distinguishable from old campaigners, who had become wise in service, and realized when danger was most imminent and how to avoid it. Time-acquired instinct told the soldier when to fight and when to shun it; how to march, eat and sleep; when and where to forage; and in fact how to make the most of all opportunities. The veterans were to be recognized by their easy, swinging gait and caps thrown jauntily to one side. Their baggage was always light, for old soldiers learned that roads would be strewn with discarded surplus articles of the inexperienced, when a battle was contemplated. With these they were able to reft at short notice. In camp, the old campaigner had an easy manner of meeting difficulties and shirking responsibilities that new-comers were not accomplished in. In winter camp, his hut had an air of comfort, inside and out, that told of experience, and his summer tent was always pitched in the most desirable locality.

Through battle he often seemed possessed of a charmed existence, so wonderful was his escape from bullets, and appeared at roll-call in good order. Much preservation of life came from facility of cover; and the perfectly the value and tree, and even ground, during an of the enemy. Dan-a zest to existence, played through long-fatigues was simply

in taking advantage old soldiers knew of every stone wall inequalities of the advance in the face ger seemed to give and the spirit discontinued trials and marvelous.



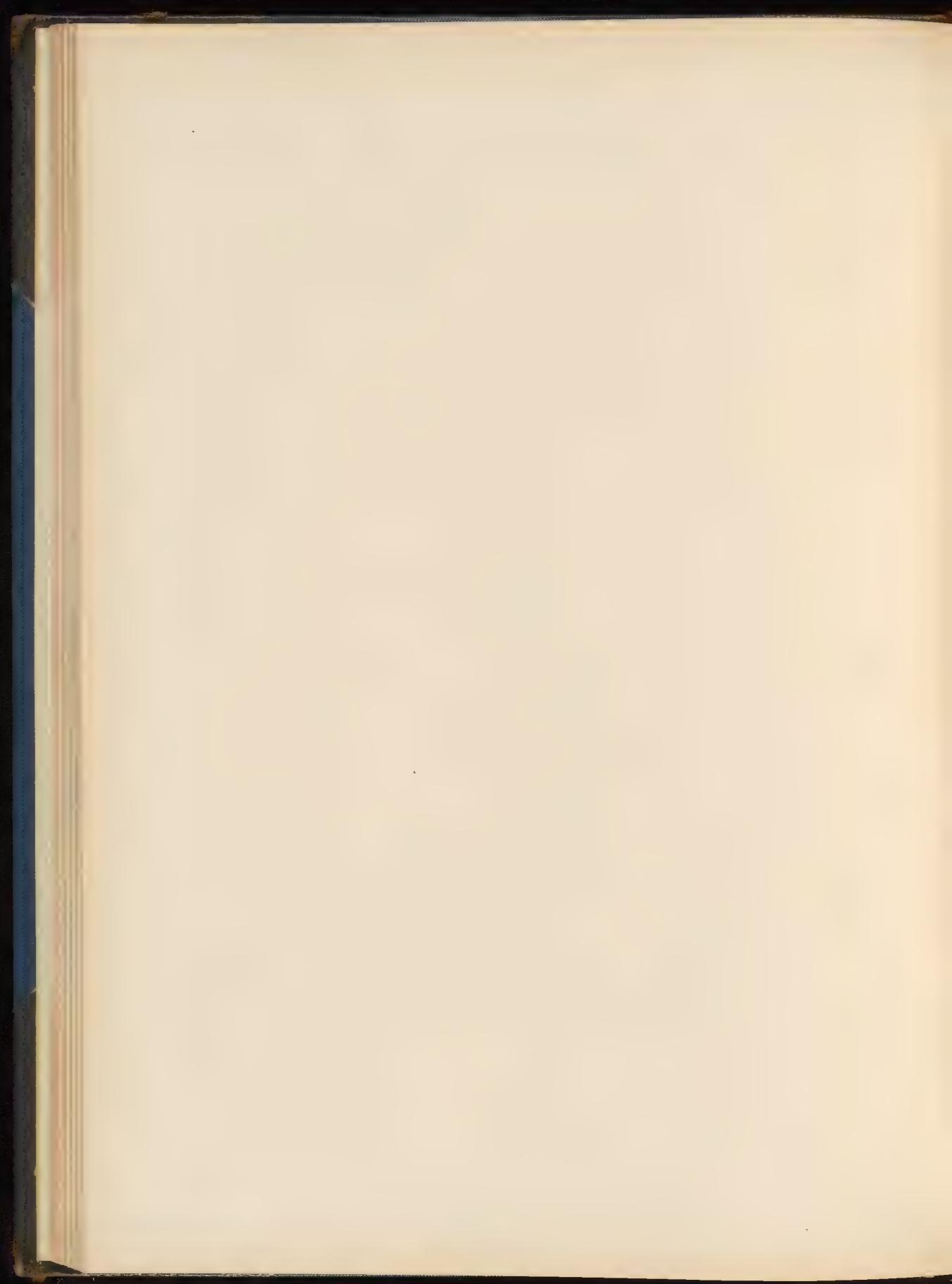


A VETERAN.



A soldier going home.

A PEACEFUL START.



THE RELIABLE CONTRABAND.



WHILE this name was given in derision to the unfortunate race who were so unconsciously the cause of the great rebellion, there was to those who saw and knew them a touch of pathetic realism in its appropriateness. I do not know of a single instance when one of them proved false to a trust. Their assistance to the sick and wounded was invaluable, and their lives were often imperilled in efforts of appreciation and gratitude to the Union army. Their dark faces were often beacon-lights to escaped prisoners, who, hungry and footsore and oftentimes wounded, were piloted with patient courage and passed from hand to hand with an admonition that those who received the charge should be faithful to the trust.

The knowledge of the intricate wood-paths and river-fords which the colored people had gained in stolen night visits about the country, aided greatly in simplifying the movements of the Union army. When an important movement was contemplated, the commanding officer would send for some negro in the neighborhood, and if, after close questioning the man was evidently familiar with the surrounding country, his services would be secured. When the column moved he would take position beside the commanding officer at the head, and guide the column through swamps and woods that were apparently impassable, with the intelligence of an Indian hunter.

The name "contraband" was a popular taking up of the ingenious declaration of General Benjamin F. Butler, who, in the early days of the war, asserted that escaped slaves, being capable of rendering aid and comfort to the enemy if returned to the Rebel lines, were "contraband of war," and therefore to be received and made use of by the Union forces. The name "reliable contraband" was at first used frequently by the army correspondents, who reported startling probabilities or important movements of the enemy on the authority of some frightened refugee, and the epithet was continued ironically because of the *unreliable* intelligence they sometimes brought into the Union lines. Any discrepancy in statement, however, came from a lack of knowledge and not a desire to mislead. The secessionists were always cautious about making statements in the presence of the slaves relative to the number or movements of their armies, and the slaves in their bondage were of course ignorant of local geography; so it is not to be wondered at that they failed to estimate the numbers of an army or give an accurate account of its movements.

The colored fugitives who made their way to our lines were always welcomed and their grotesqueness was a source of amusement to the cavalry outposts. They often came with valuable information, yet many times with exaggerated and indefinite reports. For instance, if asked about the enemy's numbers, they would reply "Oh! dar was a right smart lot of 'em, massa, mo' dan I eber see befo'";—a statement which though literally true, meant but very little.

The negroes were of invaluable assistance in the East in the construction of works of defence—rifle-pits, earthworks, forts, camps, etc., and they were gradually taken into the forces and utilized as non-combatants in many ways—as body servants, cooks, drivers, grooms, laborers, and wherever they could save work or time for the soldiers.

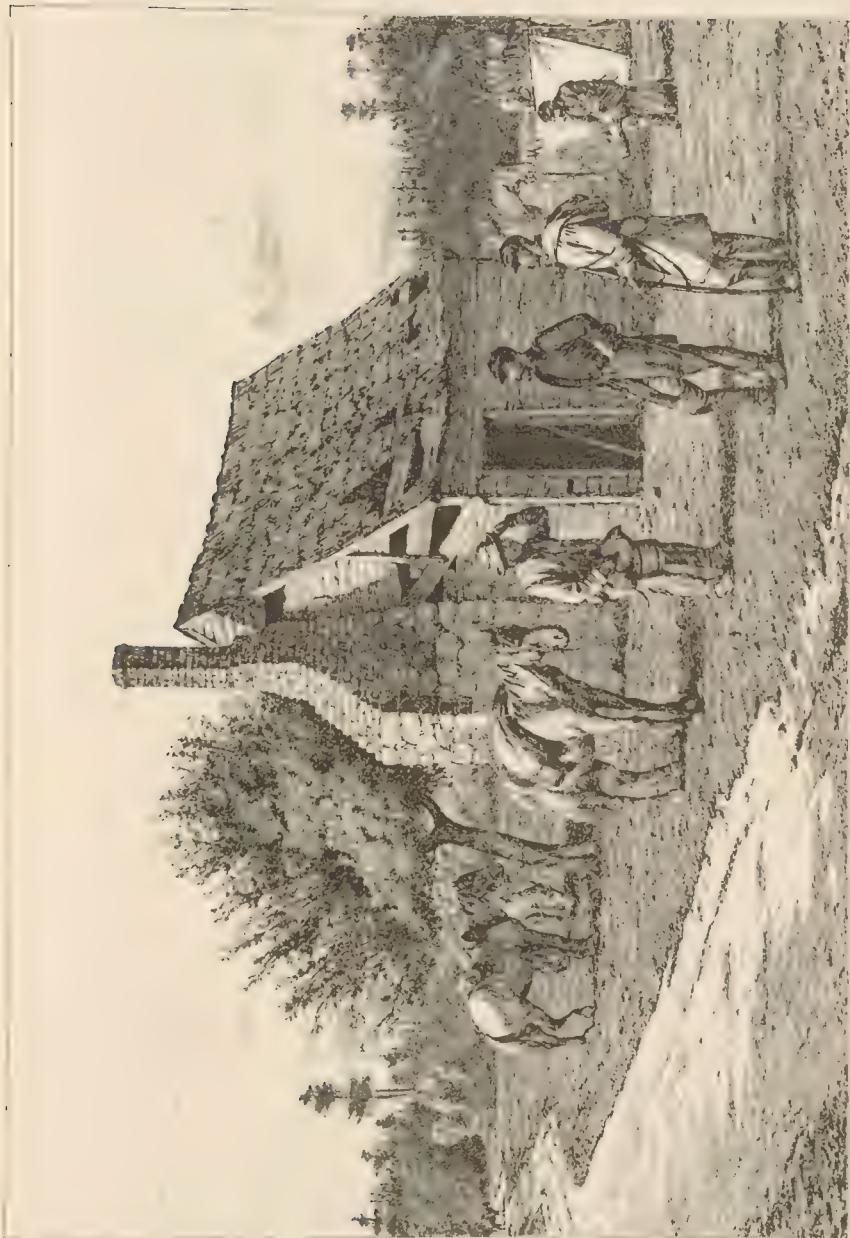
Later on, when it was decided after much discussion to enlist and arm them, and give

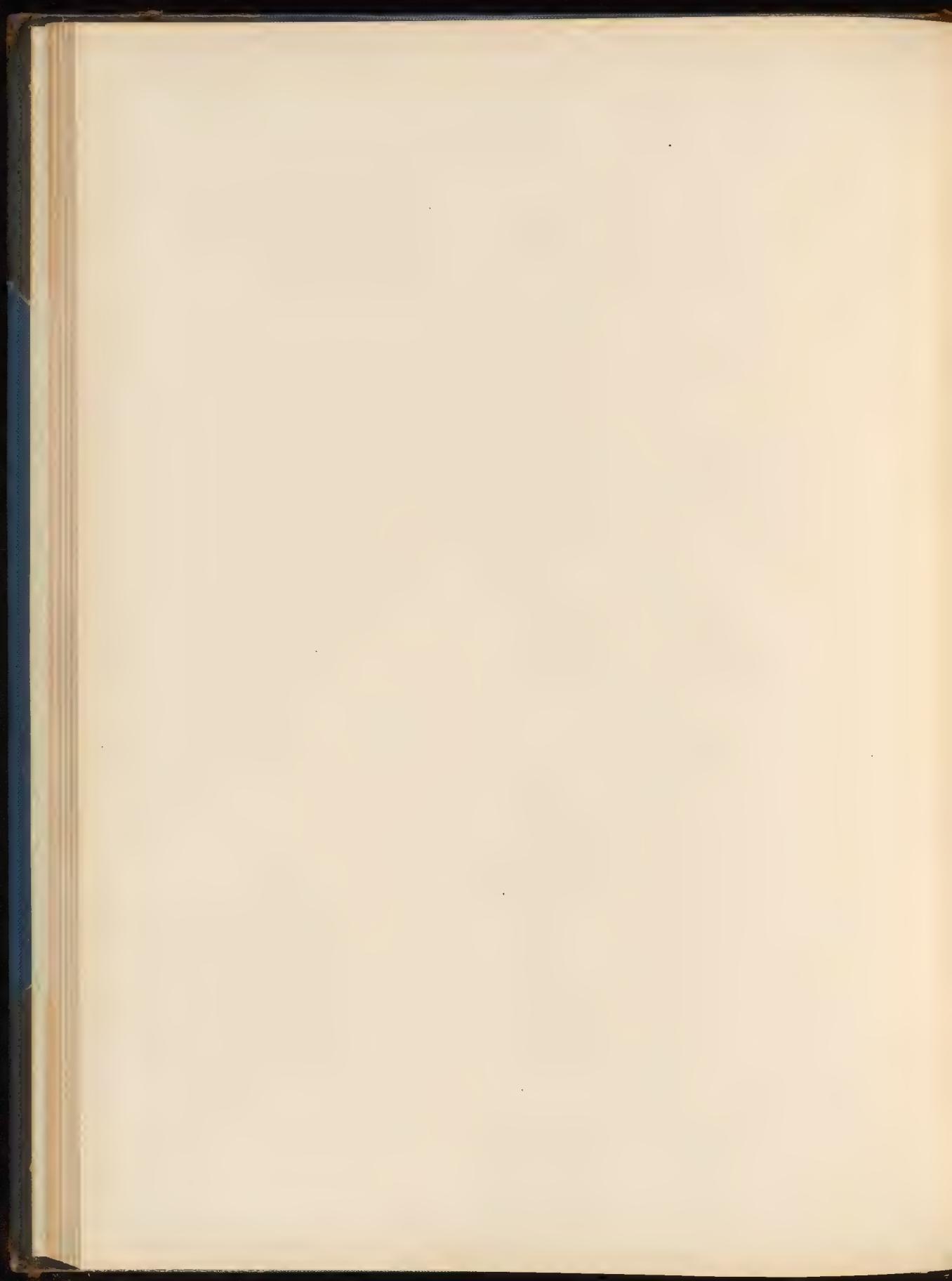
them a chance to fight as well as work for their liberty, they gave a splendid account of themselves. As soldiers, the colored troops exhibited their *reliable* qualities, chiefly on the bloody battle fields of the West, notably at Fort Pillow and the battle of Nashville under General Thomas. They displayed splendid courage and discipline, and proved that the country had not erred in arming them. Their position was particularly trying, as the enemy at first refused to give them quarter, and capture at that period meant death.

Through the trials of the great struggle their fidelity never wavered and their dearly bought emancipation was but just recompense for their long years of servitude.



Looking for the Yankees,





RALLYING THE LINE.



Break, and Rally

HEN a line of battle was making successful advance against the enemy, it was generally regular and under control. Universal discipline seemed to prevail throughout the whole body; and, although sometimes men fell at every step, the ranks would close up at command. Yet, while surmounting most serious obstacles, the enemy's fire would sometimes become so severe, that the men would lose nerve, waver, and, while not in the notion of retreating, grow unsteady, so that the lines became much confused. A flank movement of the enemy also often made a position untenable. At such times but one command could be given, and that, to "Fall back!"

This was always a difficult thing to accomplish, it seeming a much easier matter to get into danger than to get out of it. With faces to the foe, men seemed to possess a courage that deserted them in retreat. They would fall slowly back in an irregular line, loading and turning about to fire at intervals, presenting quite a regular front as they stood at bay, but making a broken and demoralized line as the enemy's fire became too hot for them. Under this pressure they would sometimes break like a flock of sheep, and run panic-stricken towards the rear.

Then the officers would make strenuous efforts to restore order and bring out some semblance of discipline. Part of the line would halt, perhaps, and seek the shelter of a fence or building, as a ship might take refuge from a storm. In the midst of excitement, a regimental flag would be thrown to the breeze, and men to right and left would rally quickly into line at the inspiration.

When the line of battle fell back because of severe fire or a lack of ammunition, reinforcements would be sent forward and the exhausted fighters rally to the rear, where they would soon recover their *esprit de corps*, and from being shaky individuals become again a disciplined body.

I have seen a line of battle in a defensive position driven back by an overwhelming force who, dashing forward yelling like demons and frantically waving their little battle flags, would deliver a rattling fire. Such an attack was difficult to resist, and I have often watched our retreating forces making vain efforts to stem the overwhelming tide that swept them along in confusion. Bravely they held every piece of advantageous ground, clinging to rocks and hiding behind walls and trees, between times sending showers of bullets back at the on-coming foe. Now perhaps the enemy were compelled to halt; then our men with renewed spirit would take the offensive, and drive them back in defeat over the ground on which they had made such triumphant advance. So forward and back the battle would rage, and both sides would become so exhausted that the men would drop down among the bushes and glare at each other like tigers.

A cavalry line under defeat was much more difficult to rally than the infantry. The horses were unmanageable under the excitement, and their great size made them fine marks for the enemy's fire. When the cavalry line was broken the horses would dash wildly about in every direction, but when the bugle sounded forth, officers' commands could be heard, and circumstances were favorable, they would gradually take regular form and again present

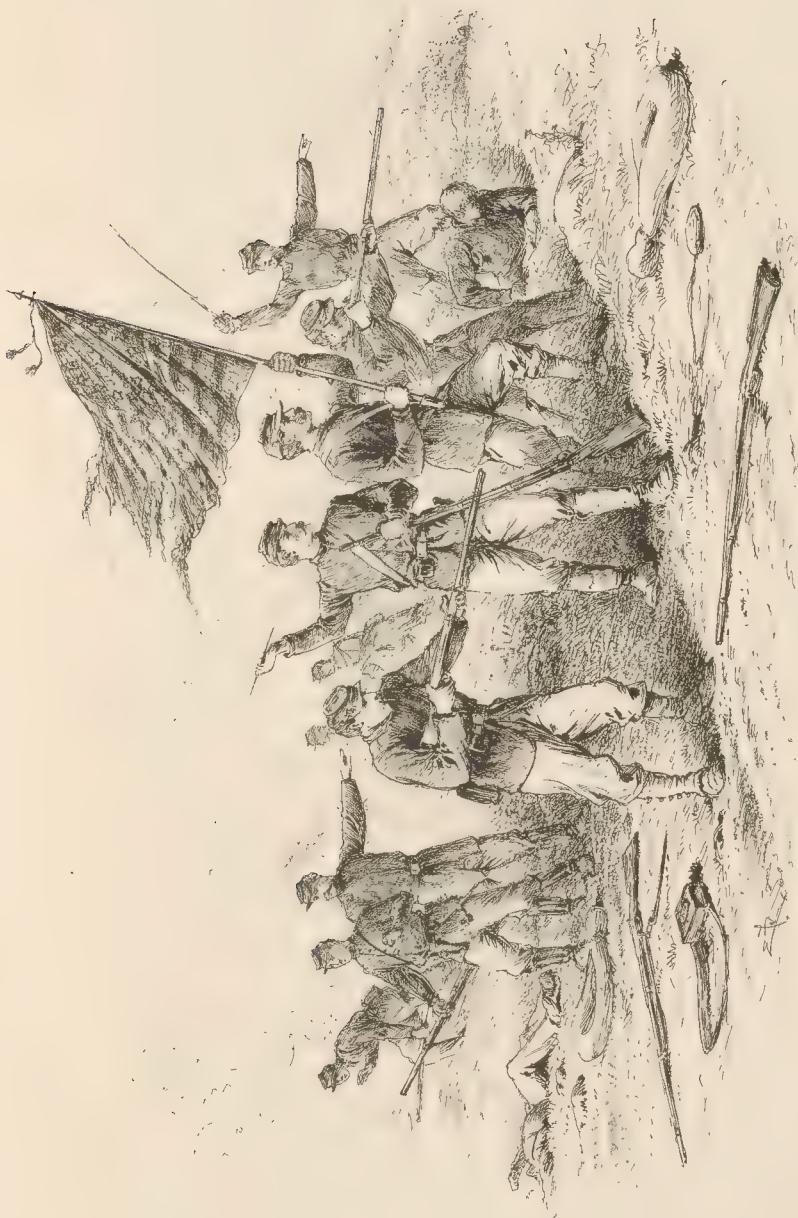
a solid front to the enemy. It was especially difficult to re-form cavalry under a heavy shell-fire, until a hill or a wood offered shelter; but horses as well as men had felt the organizing power of discipline and could generally be rallied.

There was much perplexity in handling the artillery batteries when the line of battle was being driven back. Horses were killed and wounded, and upon the battery thus disabled the exultant enemy would press with redoubled vigor, with the desperate intention of seizing the pieces. At such times artillerymen exhibited a stubborn pride of possession, and contested every inch of ground by firing cannister into the face of the enemy, and defending their guns even with pistols and hand spikes. At the same time the pieces would be slowly moved to a safe position by hand or dragged by *prolong*, as the long rope coiled on the trail of the gun is called. All guns were not of course always rescued, but the enemy paid dearly for all captures. When the line of guns was rallied it was not always symmetrical; but, despite the missing horses from the teams and men from the guns, the old spirit remained, and as they growled forth new defiance, our forces took on fresh courage—for the artillery was really the back-bone of the line of battle.

Many a rally, following upon what seemed like a disgraceful break and even rout, exhibited the genuine courage and steadfastness of the soldiery far more notably than a battle in which the same men had been favored with victory from start to finish.



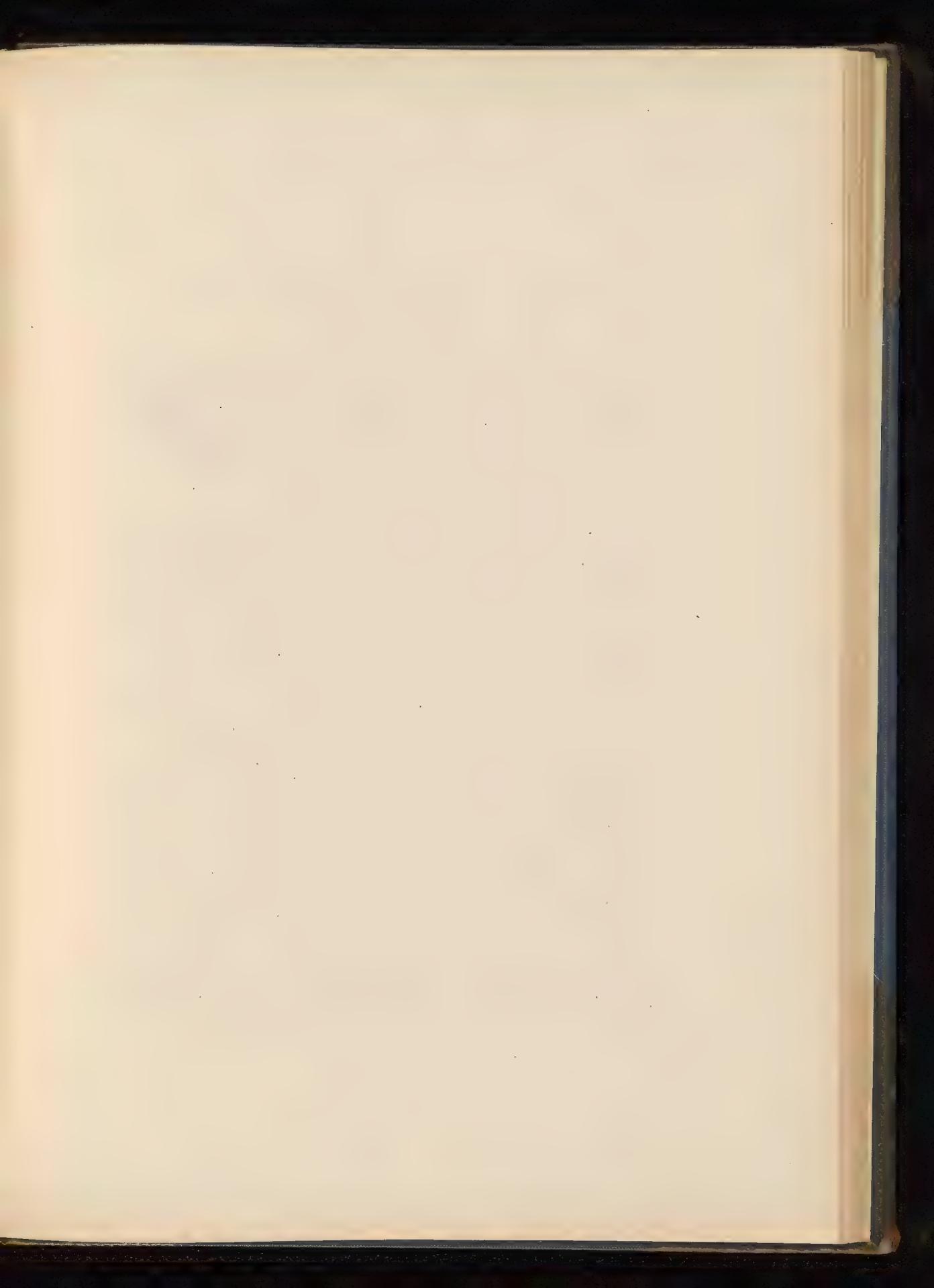
CAVALRY RALLY.



A RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.



THOMAS AT CHICKAMAUGA.



THE SUPPLY TRAINS.



THE enormous trains of wagons on which the army relied for regular food and ammunition were more a source of wonder to observers than any other portion of the army. They seemed to compose the greater part of the great force, and could be seen (so to speak) *everywhere*. They filled the roads on the march and covered miles of fields in every direction, when the main body halted. Their management was a constant and difficult problem to the commander-in-chief, as the success or failure of a campaign depended on their safety.

At the beginning of the war the trains were unnecessarily large, troops being furnished with quantities of material that was afterward deemed unnecessary. Sibley and wall-tents were used by both officers and privates, requiring for their transportation quite a large train. Camp-equipage was used unsparingly by everybody at this period, the movement of a single regiment using more wagons than a brigade required during the last year of the war. Those used by the Union army were heavy four-wheeled vehicles, with a canvas cover stretched over a light frame. On the cover was marked the name of the Corps, Division and Brigade to which the wagon belonged; also the nature of supplies, whether quartermaster, commissary, or ammunition,—kind and caliber of the latter being indicated.

The wagons at first were drawn by six-horse teams, but later, when the superiority of mules became appreciated they were substituted. They were harnessed in most substantial fashion, as the wear and tear upon the gear was terrible, and guided by negro drivers, who bestrode the saddle of the near wheel-mule, and managed the team with a single line fastened to the near leader's bit. None but the colored drivers were really successful with the mule teams, there seeming to be an occult understanding between them.

All camp-equipments, stores and ammunition were moved in these trains, and when an army of one hundred thousand men were on the march, the wagons, if stretched in a line, would reach a distance of fifty miles. To move thus would not have been practicable, as the troops could not have been served with dispatch. The trains were therefore broken up into manageable divisions, and under the care of officers and guards would take different roads in the rear and on the flanks of the moving columns where they could be protected from the vigilant enemy. Cautiously they would creep along over mountains and through valleys, looking, as some writer has said, "like a string of white beads," sending up clouds of dust in the dry weather and showers of mud in the wet. Guards of infantry or cavalry were detailed with the trains when in proximity to the enemy's forces, and walked or rode alongside the wagons.

If a surprise was feared, they would take position off on the flanks, keeping a vigilant eye, and paying attention to all crossroads, at which points a dash from the enemy's cavalry often occurred.

While the Army of the Potomac was on the way to Mine Run in the early winter of 1863, I remember an instance which illustrated the daring of an attacking force and the skill of successfully carrying out a design. The troops had crossed the Rapidan and were moving slowly towards the enemy's position, followed by their trains, the Fifth Corps train taking the road from the Germania Ford to Wilderness Tavern, then turning sharply at a right angle

into the Orange Court House road, which led to Mine Run. At this sharp angle the enemy's cavalry made a dash at the train. Riding up to the wagons they ordered the first driver to turn about towards Chancellorsville and all the wagons to follow, and at the same time sent a squadron of cavalry on the road toward Germania Ford to prevent a rescue by the guards. As soon as a sufficient number of wagons had been turned off the road, the enemy fell back toward Chancellorsville until safe from pursuit, when they unhitched the teams and plundered the wagons of all valuable stores easily carried, and then set fire to them, leaving nothing but ashes and old iron. Quite a number of train-guards were captured, and a handsome young artillery officer in charge of the ammunition wagons disappeared headlong in the mêlée with drawn sabre. He was a gallant young fellow, whose name I have forgotten, but I have often wondered what his fate might have been.

Mosby's men were the particular scourge of the wagon-trains, and exhausted the life-blood of the quartermaster and commissary trains in Virginia. Many desperate struggles took place among the wagons on the lonely Virginia roads, and the men in charge of the teams never felt safe from the reckless bushwhackers.

At camping time the trains left the road and parked, in long lines, in adjacent fields. These scenes were full of life and variety and seeming confusion to a looker-on; but there was method in every movement, and after the wants of men and animals had been supplied the busy hive settled down to comparative order and quiet.

Confederate wagon-trains were not as well appointed and equipped as those of the Union armies. The wagons were generally taken from the farmers, and were on the style of the old "prairie schooners." They were high at both ends, their name probably having originated from this peculiarity. They were always fair game for the Union cavalry and scouts, and many thousands were captured, plundered and destroyed. They were driven by negro slaves, who, when captured, gladly exchanged the tattered gray clothes for the blue, and thankless service for "Uncle Sam's" pay.





THE SUTLER.



LTHOUGH the men who catered to the needs of the soldiers, selling goods at enormous profit, were not looked upon as public benefactors, yet in furnishing a variety of supplies otherwise unobtainable they served the purpose of enabling the men to endure hardships through which the meagre rations would scarcely have sustained them.

The position was much sought after, especially in the early part of the war. It fell to those, however, who could command the greatest influence and pay the largest fees. Profits were whatever they chose to make them, and many retired at the close of the war with comfortable fortunes. In the French army the sutler is a soldier detailed to that service; in ours, he was a civilian who got appointed to the post. All were under military law, and were severely dealt with if found guilty of frauds or irregularities towards the soldiers.

There was generally one of these money-makers attached to each regiment, who in summer carried his goods in two-horse wagons. He was always supplied with a large tent, which could be pitched on short notice, and when a halt was made it was the center of attraction. The sutler and his clerks were busily employed from morning till night in dealing out supplies. Soldiers never seemed so happy as when buying something to eat, and anyone who did not dispose of his limited monthly pay in three weeks was thought to have a failing appetite.

Sutlers usually received their goods from parties at the army's base of supplies, who had secured the right to furnish them. When the Army of the Potomac was in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, supplies were sent down the Potomac River on schooners and retailed to sutlers who came to Acquia Creek and Belle Plain. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods would be disposed of in one day, yielding enormous profits to the syndicate who controlled the business between Washington and the camps. When a fresh supply arrived there would be great activity about the sutler's tent: soldiers would swarm from all directions, and crowding about the front would devour with longing eyes the contents of the shelves. When their turn came they would "fish" deeply in their pockets for money with no complaints of price, or request the sutler to charge purchases to their accounts. This was always a safe proceeding, as the paymaster paid all sutlers' bills and gave the soldiers the balance. When supplies were brought to the army in summer time by wagons, they were often captured by the "Johnnies." Every such accident was a god-send to them. They always made a clean sweep of all luxuries and retired to their lines, where they were received with loud cheers by their hungry comrades.

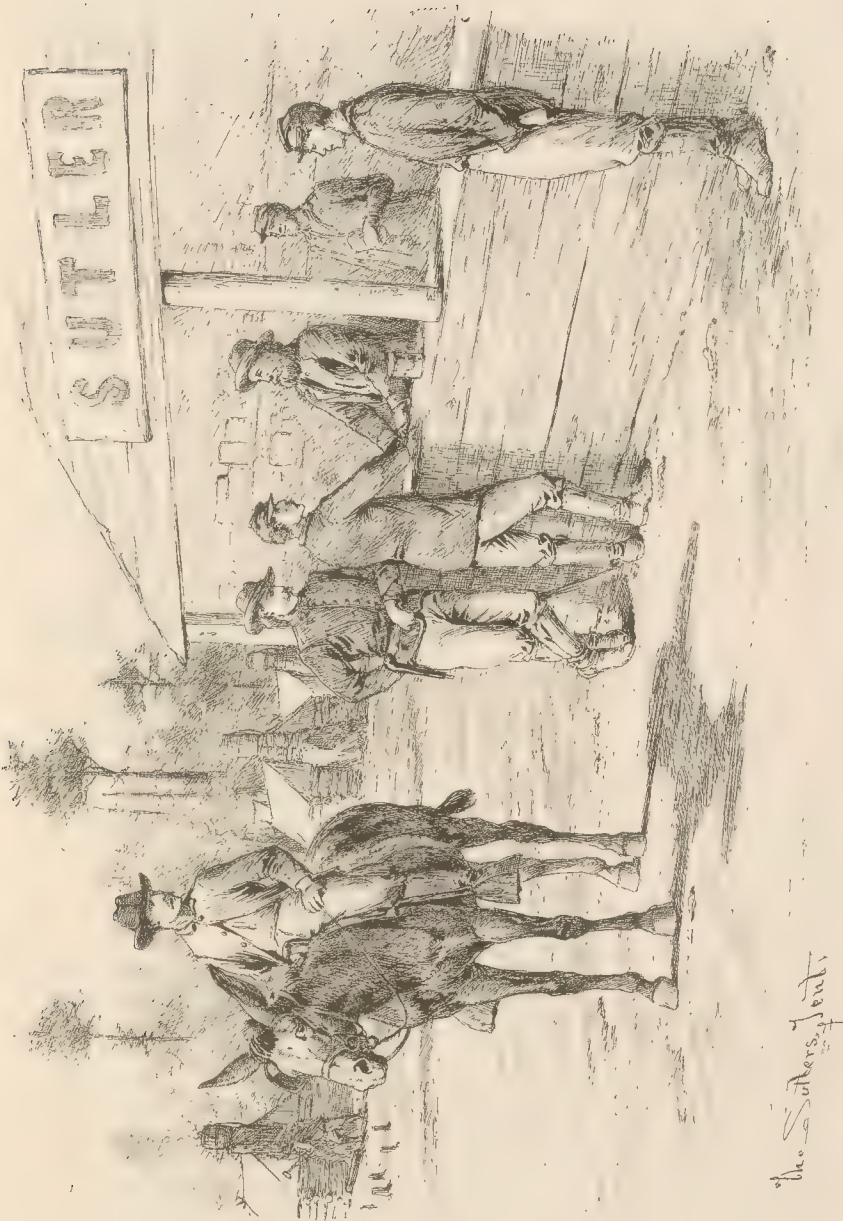
When such a catastrophe happened to one of these camp-traders, general sympathy was not extended to him; on the contrary, there was a feeling of exultation and cries of "Served him right!" "Glad somebody's got the better of him," etc., were heard.

It was suspected, and not without ground, that some sutlers carried on a large traffic in contraband goods and reaped a rich harvest, for facilities enabled them to furnish medicines and other articles of small bulk to the enemy, who in their great need paid dearly for supplies.

Many Hebrews secured permits as sutlers and were said to be noted for their great

shrewdness. Observation led me to conclude, however, that Americans were equally keen, and that the sutler's profit was a matter of opportunity and not nationality. The chance of making extravagant and unjust gains out of other people's needs, is a temptation that appeals to selfishness, and finds response in all times and in all countries. "Human nature is pretty much of a muchness," and there never was a war—however patriotically undertaken and carried on by the bulk of a nation—in which some men did not come out of it enormously richer than they went in. This was notably so during our Civil War; and the fortunes made in selling the Government poor arms, shackly wagons, shoddy blankets, overcoats and uniforms, wretched shoes, and all manner of fraudulent supplies, should make us chary of severely criticising the sutlers. They took their humbler chances, and did indeed make undue profits, but as a rule they furnished honest goods and were, if a "necessary evil," a very welcome one to the soldier.





OLIVER TWIST AND "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP".

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LXIII.

ON THE ROAD TO CAMP.



CENES on the way from camp to the base of supplies in the rear were always full of variety and interest. In summer long wagon-trains lumbered along through the clouds of dust to and fro, those going to the front being laden with hard-tack, salt pork, beef, and other commissary supplies, also corn, oats, and hay—all destined for the quartermaster's department. Here and there in the train a sutler's wagon could usually be seen, the sutlers as a rule having smiling faces, no doubt in anticipation of their great profits in the near future.

Groups of jolly officers would often pass along toward camp, returning from commissary headquarters at the general depot, where good cheer always prevailed. Stray cavalrymen appeared at intervals, and infantry also, who picked their way on the edge of the throng, keeping in the fields beside the road as much as possible to escape the great clouds of dust.

Sometimes a regiment of recruits would be met, looking bright and smart in new uniforms. Their white skins were in great contrast to those of the sunburned and weather-beaten fellows, and the eager, curious observance they made of all surroundings was unlike the careless, indifferent manner of the men in long service. Drovers of handsome, fresh horses, remounts for the cavalry, could be seen moving along in the throng toward camp. Their full sides and glossy skins were in strong contrast to the faithful, broken-down animals whose burdens they were sent to take up.

Amid this variety, groups of convalescents under guard would wander slowly along toward camp, their steps faltering more each mile. Their knapsacks were restlessly shifted from side to side as if to lighten the load, and permission asked to halt when a shaded place was reached.

Great droves of cattle ("Beef on the Hoof") would often appear wandering from side to side in search of a green nibble, wholly unconscious of the slaughter that awaited them at the near-by camp. The herdsmen were a characteristic set of fellows, mounted on mules or horses, and could be seen urging the bellowing herd along, sometimes dashing into the field to head off a straying ox or hurrying to the front lest the animals should turn into a cross-road. Wagons of the Sanitary Commission laden with delicacies for the sick were among the variety, and passing soldiers glanced with covetous eyes at the stores furnished by that noble organization. Our troops would often smile at the civilian's dress of the members, which was so out of keeping with their own, but they had a kind word for the charity and appreciated throughout the war the grand effort to relieve the sick and wounded.

Dashing along at hunter's speed with rolls of newspapers thrown over the saddles would come the newsboys, each horse galloping under stimulus of the whip, every rider being desperately determined to keep the lead and secure the first sales.

In moving from camp to the rear, empty wagons formed a good portion of the panorama. They rumbled along with quick and hurried motion, their object always being to reload and return to camp before dark. Ambulances loaded with sick and wounded intermingled with the trains and passed slowly along toward the general hospital.

Groups of cavalry horses no longer fit for service were sent to the convalescent camp. Some of them were very lame; others perfect skeletons, oftentimes being past restoration.

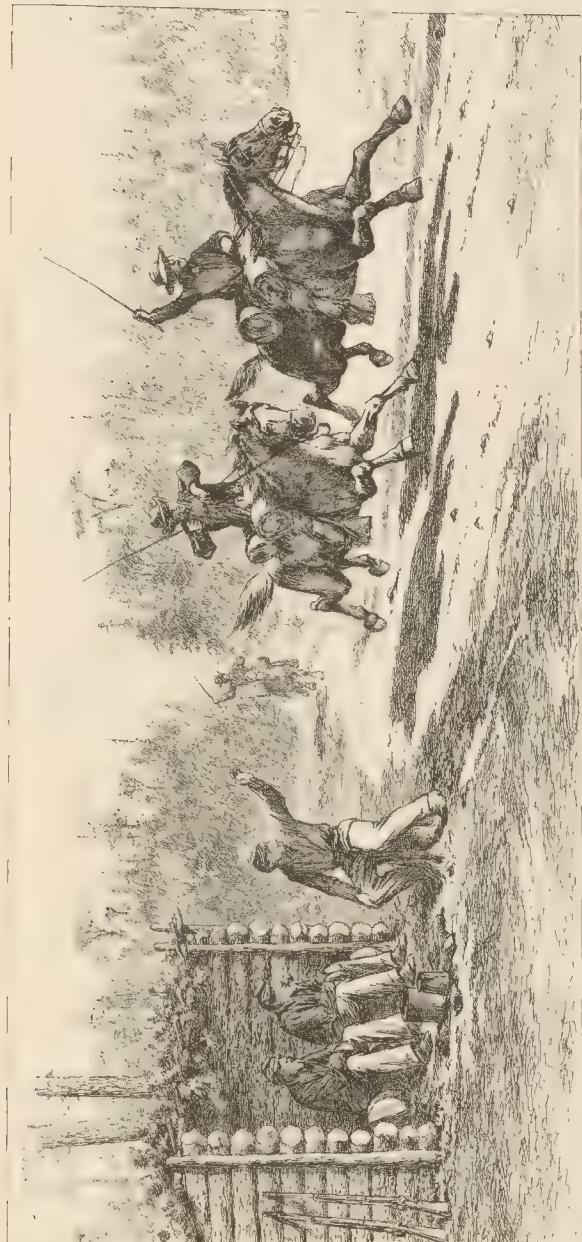
Government veterinary surgeons took charge of them, however, sorting out and selling the worthless ones and turning the remainder out to grass.

Occasionally, a woman seated in an ambulance under officer's escort would give rise to much conjecture. She might have been an officer's wife, or nurse in the Sanitary Commission. In any event, a woman was a novelty, and was always earnestly stared at.

Groups of escaped slaves could now and then be seen on their way to the supply depot; the men and boys sought work in the commissary or quartermaster's department, and the women and girls in the hospitals, as cooks and washerwomen. During one of these scenes I noticed a commotion far down the road toward camp, and out of the cloud of dust appeared General Grant (then commander-in-chief), surrounded by his staff and accompanied by several members of Lincoln's cabinet, in civilian's dress. They had evidently been to headquarters to consult about army matters, for as they swept by their faces had an anxious expression and they leaned forward on their saddles listening attentively to the words of the great commander.

These varied sights were always intensely interesting to me, and I often compared the road from the depot of supplies to the main artery in the human body, along which pulses the life-blood, and without whose continuous action life would cease to exist.





A RACE FOR CANV

SUPPORTING A BATTERY.



RONE upon the ground in the rear of the guns, the soldier in line had ample opportunity to realize the danger of his position, without having occasion to join actively in the fight and thus end the strain on his nerves. Nothing in a soldier's experience was more dreaded by the men than the unpleasant duty of supporting a battery. How anxiously they watched the fragments of bursting shells which often carried destruction to their prostrate ranks! They envied the men at the guns in front, who, in the intense excitement of battle, lost sight of danger. Hour after hour the supporting line would lie upon the ground, a prey to the enemy's sharpshooters, who were located in distant trees, and at whom they could not return fire. The position of those unhurt would from mental strain become unbearable; and when word was received that the enemy's infantry was preparing to charge the battery, a feeling of relief would prevail along the line. At the Colonel's command to "Fall in!" the whole line would spring to their feet with a shout, and really delight in the thought of a fight where the privilege of a return fire could be enjoyed.

Excitable movements of the men in the battery would follow, which would suggest that "business" with them was about to commence; and the men who served ammunition would rush back asking for cannister, and dash forward to the guns again. When the enemy would advance on their charge, the yells could be heard plainly enough to indicate the extent of their line. The men at our guns would then work like demons, loading and firing the pieces with incredible rapidity. When the yells and fire in front told of the enemy nearing the guns, a portion of the regiment would be moved toward each flank of the battery where their fire could be most effective, and soon after a steady roll of musketry would tell that our men were intensely at work. Perhaps then a part of the enemy's line would get to the guns and drive our gunners, even though they might make stout resistance, to the rear. At such times the enemy would make a desperate attempt to turn the guns on our men; but when the gunners had had quickness enough to carry off the ramrods, the Rebs were baffled. Then the force in the rear of the guns would show their mettle, and gallantly respond to the call of the officers, firing a volley into the faces of the scattered men among the guns, and pressing forward with bayonets, sweep the ground clear. This enabled the artillery to rush forward again and train the pieces on the demoralized lines of the enemy, hurrying back toward their own forces. We were not always so fortunate, of course, for many an attack could not be repulsed, and the battery with all its horses and equipments would fall into the hands of the enemy, who would lose no time in turning our guns against us.

When evident that the enemy's onset could not be stayed, guns would be hastily "limbered up," and amid frantic lashing of horses hurried to the rear with the hope of obtaining a good position.

These retreats were scenes of terror and confusion; the heavy guns and caissons bounding on the rocky fields, and the firing and fierce yells of the exultant foe, seemed to increase the speed of the excited and frightened horses. Infantry that had supported the battery would then fall sullenly back and reform on the next hill behind the position secured by the guns.

At times the cavalrymen were compelled to support the batteries during an engagement,

and being unable to take cover were exposed to great danger. Shells would plough through their ranks, mutilating men and horses, and bullets would cut them down. But there was no retreat; they stood as targets for the enemy's fire. When an order came to resist a charge it was gladly received. There were times at rare intervals when a stone wall provided cover, and an advancing enemy then met with a hot reception.

But no soldier ever liked to be posted in defence of a battery; it was always a dangerous and thankless responsibility, and, unless there was an actual attack, none had the feeling of individual compensation that comes in the exciting success of actual battle.





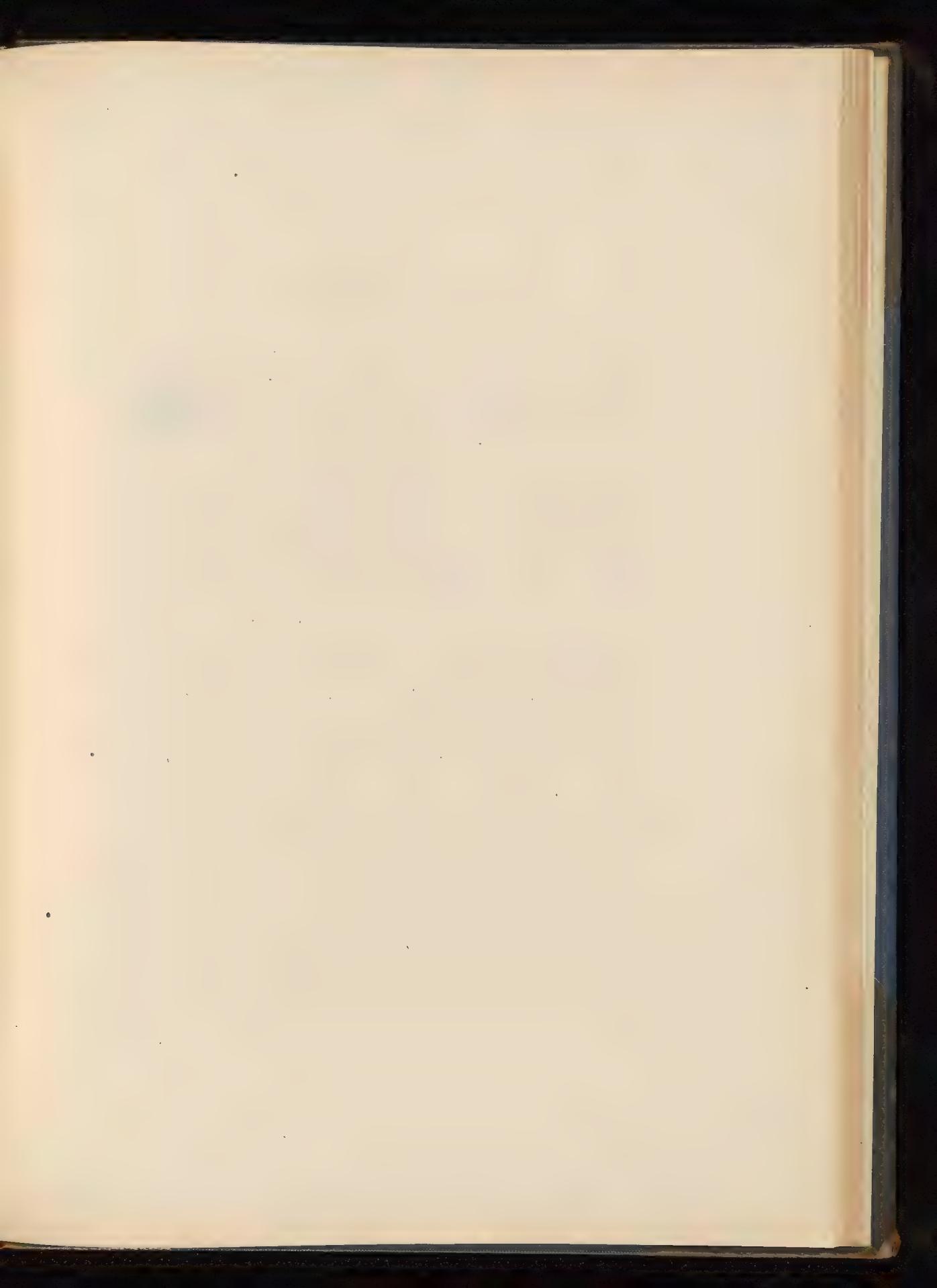
Defeating A Batterie

CHARGE AND CHECK.

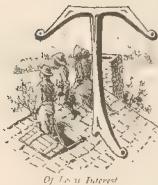




GILMORE: SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.



WATCHING A BATTLE.



O THOSE inexperienced in active service a great battle is thought to resemble a grand review, without any greater risk to a spectator, and in a rehearsal of exciting events the ridiculous questions with which one is continually interrupted make an old soldier smile.

I fully expected, when I started for the front, to accompany the troops into battle and seat myself complacently on a convenient hillside and sketch exciting incidents at my leisure; but how greatly reality differed from imagination I will tell you.

On my first approach to a battle-field (that of Cross Keys, Va.), I found the troops moving through a partly wooded country, and a mile further on in advance I could see the smoke of our guns, which were posted on a wooded ridge commanding ground in front. I could hear musketry fire and, being anxious to witness a charge which was then evidently in progress, I sought a desirable position from which to see it. But my efforts were vain; for the ridge where our guns were posted was swept by the enemy's batteries and the ground in its rear was raked by shot and shell for at least half a mile. The sight of the desperately wounded who were being carried to the rear did not re-assure me, and my ideas of witnessing a battle underwent great change. I concluded to wait for a more convenient opportunity.

I was more fortunate on my second attempt, at Slaughter or Cedar Mountain, for I had been on the line of battle the night before, and was quite interested the following morning watching evidences of an enemy in our front. The Rebs kept well under cover, but showed several battle-flags along the edge of a distant wood, and at intervals with my glass I could see a horseman ride across the field along the line. Nothing to alarm a spectator took place until early in the afternoon. I was then watching some soldiers who were boiling green corn in a large iron boiler that they had obtained from a farmer, when I was suddenly startled by a rattle of musketry in front. I ran towards my horse, which was tied to a fence near by, and hastily mounting rode forward to the crest of the ridge on which Knapp's battery was posted, and halted near it. I soon realized that a battle had begun. The Confederates were posted on a ridge parallel to the one occupied by our forces, their position being rapidly developed by the opening fire of their guns.

Off on our right their infantry advanced, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, who kept up an incessant fire on our men, but the compliment was returned two-fold. In their center I could see, with the aid of a glass, several batteries advancing and firing, and I knew their practice was good, as their shells burst over our heads and in rear of our position too often for comfort. The sight was magnificent, but trying to one who had no active duty to perform, so I rode over to the right, where the infantry were engaged, and saw Gen. Banks and his staff on the main road directing operations. This place soon became too hot for me, and I galloped back along the line to my original position. On my way I saw a body of Union cavalry making a charge towards the foot of Cedar Mountain, the enemy's center. It was a foolish movement, for the enemy's shells raked them badly, and this, with the ground being cut up by numberless fences, soon caused them to fall back. I watched the battle until the fire became unbearable, then, putting spurs to my horse, retreated in remarkably good order to a safe position about a mile in the rear. I here listened to the ebb and

flow of the battle until, under pressure of largely superior numbers, the Union forces were compelled to fall back. I had several narrow escapes during this battle, and realized that to be a spectator was nearly as dangerous as being a participant.

It was often impossible to catch the faintest gleam of a battle because of the density of woods. Two hundred thousand men were engaged on both sides in the battle of the Wilderness, but all the satisfaction that could be gleaned by a spectator was to watch the dense clouds of smoke that rolled up from the woods and listen to the roar of the guns.

The second battle of Bull Run, or Groveton, was quite different, and afforded a favorable chance for sketching. The most of the Union army was on open ground; so that, looking from Bald Hill, on the south of the Warrenton turnpike, the engagement reminded one of a great review. When the Union army was driven back on the afternoon of the last day I lost a chance to witness the final act of the drama, the concluding and most desperate fighting taking place on the very spot where I had stood as a spectator early in the afternoon.

The battle of Antietam was probably the most picturesque battle of the war, as it took place on open ground and could be fully viewed from any point north of Antietam Creek, where our reserve batteries were posted. The battle was a dramatic and most magnificent series of pictures. At daylight Gen. Hooker advanced with the right of the Union army, then followed Sumner's attack on the enemy's center later in the forenoon, and, until the concluding attack and repulse of Burnside's corps on the enemy's right, the engagement was a spectacle which was not surpassed during the whole war. Thousands of people took advantage of the occasion, as the hills were black with spectators. Soldiers of the reserve, officers and men of the commissary and quartermasters' departments, camp-followers, and hundreds of farmers and their families, watched the desperate struggle. No battle of the war, I think, was witnessed by so many people.

Gettysburg was also fought in very open country, but it was impossible to see much of the actual fighting on the Union side except from Cemetery Ridge, with the line of battle, and this place was so storm-swept with bullets and shell that it would have been folly for a looker-on to venture.

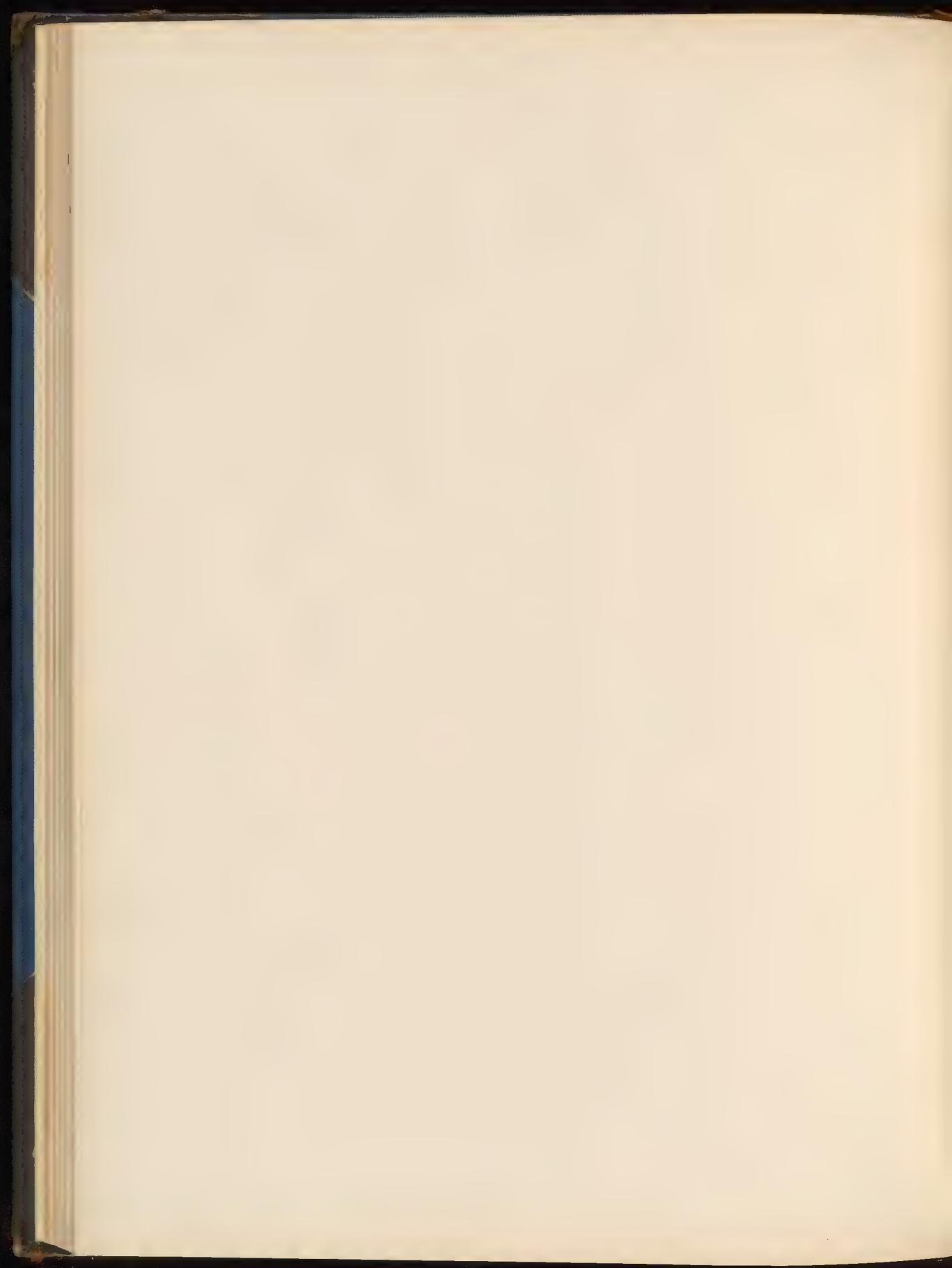
It may be believed, therefore, how difficult it is at times to witness a battle, and how, even when one is favorably placed—but without responsibility—excitement and confusion put to flight a realizing sense of events. Soldiers engaged in the thickest of a fight do not know what is taking place within a few hundred feet of them, and learn of results in a general way only after the fury has subsided.



A PRIVATE BOX

THE DISTANT CORBATI.





LXVI.

ABANDONED CAMPS.



IT WAS my good fortune to visit the camps that had been occupied by the Rebel army at Manassas and Centerville shortly after the evacuation in the spring of 1862. I started from near Union Mills, on the historic Bull Run, and first bent my steps toward Manassas Junction. There I found great villages of solidly-built log huts. They were chinked with clay, had strong chimneys and split pine doors. Each collection of huts seemed capable of housing five thousand men. They were arranged in rows with streets intervening, officers' quarters being located at the ends. From the substantial appearance of things, the Confederate commander had evidently expected to occupy the position for an indefinite length of time. The officers' houses were built with great care, of the best material, and the roofs were carefully shingled.

I inspected the interior of many, and was amazed at the quantity of material left by the occupants. Broken trunks, valises and boxes were scattered about in all directions; clothing of all kinds, camp-utensils and furniture, and every imaginable thing that green troops could secure, were littered in all directions. In many of the huts were articles of convenience made by the men, that exhibited much ingenuity, some of the chairs were really attractive and the rough beds and lounges were comfortable and well put together. Thousands of playing-cards were scattered on the floors; also paper-covered novels, letters and other home souvenirs innumerable. They were evidently too bulky to be taken in the hurried exodus. Near the camps were great numbers of old-fashioned "schooner" wagons, the abandonment of which proved that there had been a scarcity of horses.

Continuing my stroll toward Centerville, I found at short intervals in the sheltered valleys log camps of the same character as at Manassas. The villages were more frequent; stretched on both sides of the Warrenton turnpike, behind the line of fortifications, they dotted the landscape as far as the eye could see. The whole number of huts built by Joe Johnston's army in this vicinity would have comfortably housed fifty thousand men. During the later part of the war the Rebs began to appreciate labor and material, and made structures less substantial; but in 1862 and '63 such great quantities of wood were used that when a camp was abandoned, forces of negroes were sent to tear the huts down and haul the logs to the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where they were used as fuel for the engines.

The Union camps would not bear comparison with these, for previous making of log huts, which were the universal dwellings of the poor whites at the South, was an experience that our soldiers had not had. Ours had but four layers of logs, and were canvas-covered; not very substantial, perhaps, but picturesque and varied as the taste of occupant suggested; mud, logs, cracker-boxes and barrel-staves were all made available.

No scenes in the army were more pathetic than those deserted and silent ruins that had so often echoed to the tread of brave men. The substantial bunks spoke of skillful handiwork, conveniences for holding arms and accouterments suggested ingenuity and order, while the pictures culled from the newspapers and pasted on the walls gave evidence of some refinement. No signs of life appeared about these deserted places except the ever-present crows and turkey-buzzards, on the lookout for stray bits of food.

Summer shelters consisted only of light canvas stretched upon poles; and when abandoned, a forest of sticks, barrels, cracker-boxes, and other trash appeared. A dead horse or mule was often seen in the rubbish, and many times lonely graves, with head-boards from cracker-boxes, lettered with name and date of death of the poor fellows who had died of their wounds or succumbed to typhoid fever, resting

"Where no sound of tender weeping will be heard,
Where goes no loving step of kindred."



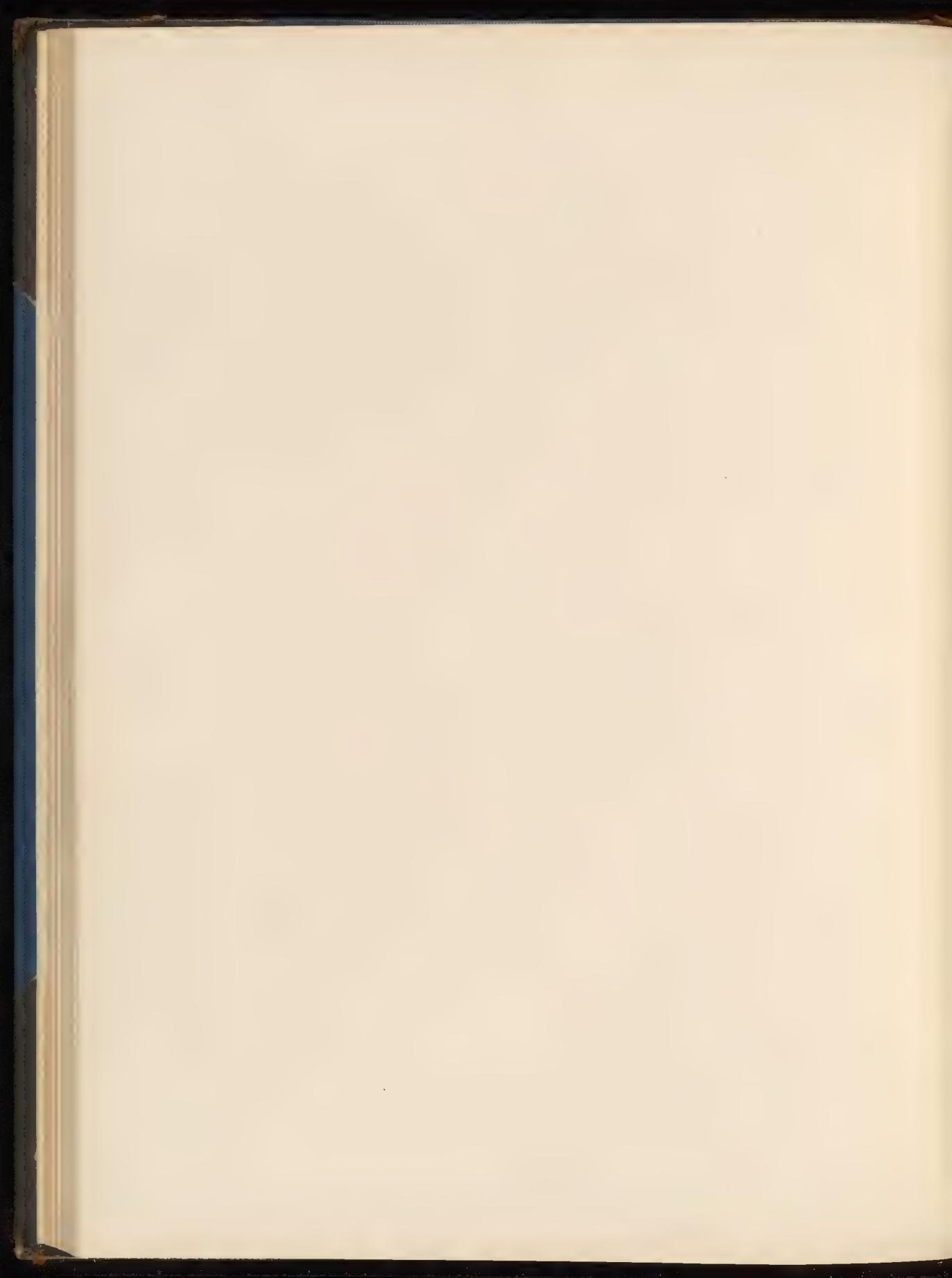
MONUMENTS TO DRAUGHTED LIES.



THE QUAKER-GUN FORT.

203

The Abandoned Camp-
and Depot of Confederate
Troops at Cedarville, Va.
April 1862.



LXVII.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."



WAS attracted one afternoon by strains of this sweet old melody, and as they touched the chord of memory so easily aroused in the desolation of army life, I strolled in direction of the plaintive sounds and came upon the scene my large picture portrays. I stood at a respectful distance till the air was finished, for it seemed like intrusion to come suddenly upon the two men whose thoughts I knew floated off to lonely Northern homes; but the notes soon ceased, and the violinist smiled a welcome as he laid down his instrument.

Stepping forward, I asked permission to examine the unique *Cremona*. The body was improvised from a cigar box, with the name "Figaro" burned in the wood. The neck was of soft pine, whittled into shape, and containing holes for the crude pine keys. The bridge and tail-piece were made of cedar, and the strings, which were of good quality, were obtained in Washington. The bow was skillfully made of pine wood and reddish-brown horse-hair.

Noticing the color, I said, "Where did you get this horse-hair?" The fellow remarked sheepishly, "From your mare's tail, when she was tied near here. I took it because it was so long." I assured him that no harm had been done and talked a bit with his companion, a drummer-boy. I found him to be a loquacious youth, like most of his craft, and also that he considered himself an authority on the beauties of music. I said I should like to hear the violin again, and the drummer suggested various tunes—some pathetic, some lively, and a number of military airs popular in camp, the performance of which he criticised quite professionally. "Home, Sweet Home" was repeated with amusing effect at pathos, but I had to admit that the tones were wonderfully good from so rude a little instrument.

Most of the soldiers' feelings found expression in music. Its influence both saddened and brightened their lives as they went from "grave to gay." Their life seemed to make them simple-hearted, and merriment gave a zest to existence while the shedding of pent-up tears many times alleviated sorrow—especially the soldier's greatest grief, home-sickness.

The soldiers' love of home was an ever-present memory. They universally kept up a regular correspondence with their families, and the mail at headquarters was equal to that of a fair-sized city. There was a regular system, each regiment, brigade and corps having a mail department, where letters were collected daily and promptly sent North. Those received from home were delivered without delay, troops often receiving letters while lying under fire.

It was always a difficult matter to obtain a furlough; but when an application was granted, the soldier's spirits became most jubilant. Young as most of them were, right from the home fire-side, with not the remotest idea of the hardships to which they would be exposed, it is not to be wondered at that a visit to the old home was a great pleasure. I can see them now, with bright faces and spruce new uniforms, donned for the occasion, bidding good-bye to comrades and hastening to the railroad depot. These visits were of great benefit, often restoring to health and spirits ill and dejected men. Received at home with jubilation and sent off again with honor, on their return they would step briskly into the ranks and march forward to battle or to long and weary marches with cheerful courage.

None but a soldier knows what the terrible army home-sickness was; how the men drooped and grew listless in the longing for home, and how many really died from the malady.

Thoughts of home came to the sick and wounded who were at time placed under trees or exposed to sun and rain, and their despondency often aggravated their condition. If a soldier was fortunate enough to get to a large general hospital in the rear, how his heart would beat with joy at the sight of some relative, who had come on to wait upon him or if possible to take him home!

Ah yes, whether in the camp-fire's blaze, on the long march or in the crash of battle, the song of our soldiers most often heard was

"Home, Sweet Home!"





ESTS C. 2211. CHARLES.

LXVIII.

MILITARY RAILROADS



NE of the most serious problems presented to the commanders of the Union armies was the transportation of supplies to troops scattered over thousands of miles of territory. It was easy of solution at the beginning of the war, but as the armies advanced they found railroads rendered useless by the destruction of tracks, bridges, and all rolling-stock that could not be moved.

This universal destruction made the formation of a special railway corps imperative, and a bureau was formed for the building, repairing and operating of all railroads within the enemy's lines, until

the close of the war. The responsibility was no sinecure, for the forward and backward movements of opposing armies made arduous work, as a retreat of either side left a wake of destruction. A pursuing force often found it necessary to rebuild bridges, relay tracks, and perform other work which had been well done but a few months before. This necessitated an enormous quantity of material to be kept on hand, and depots were established at many points, where hundreds of men were kept busy, making duplicate bridges, collecting ties, rails, rolling-stock, and other necessary material. This military bureau made early examination of the lines of roads likely to be used by our troops, and as far as possible, duplicated the bridges in advance of disaster. Then, when one would be destroyed, its counterpart would be loaded on platform cars and immediately hurried forward, so that in many instances the bridge would not have ceased burning when the repair train would appear, with workmen and train-guards sitting in groups upon piles of lumber which was to compose the new bridge. Quick work would begin, and in a few hours the structure would be complete and render futile the plans of the enemy, who had counted on many days' delay.

The railroad construction corps were very much taxed in the Western departments; the campaigns under Grant, Sherman, Rosecrans, Buell, Curtis and others extending over a greater extent of country than those of the Eastern armies, which were mostly confined to Virginia. The roads running south through Nashville to Chattanooga were particularly subject to destruction by the enemy—Morgan's, Wheeler's and Forrest's cavalry spending much of their energy to thwart the railroad builders. The work of the enemy's military forces was ably seconded by the rebellious civilian element, who under the names of Bushwhackers and Guerrillas, swarmed on all sides of the Union armies. The railway corps were so energetic and dispatchful, that they were literally on the heels of the advancing columns, and brought forth the humorous remark from a rebel soldier, "It's no use to break up tunnels, for old Sherman carries duplicate tunnels with him."

In the early part of the war the troops in the field built extensive and substantial bridges of very rough material. This was illustrated during the early summer of 1862, while the army commanded by General McDowell was camped on the north bank of the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg. It became necessary to reconstruct a bridge over the river for the passage of trains of supplies for a contemplated advance to join General McClellan in front of Richmond. The river at this point was several hundred feet wide, and both deep and rapid, while the grade of the railroad was about sixty feet above its surface. No building materials were on hand, and the special corps had not yet been formed. So, skilled mechanics were detailed from various regiments and at once set to

work. Parties were sent into adjacent pine woods, felled and trimmed the largest trees, then hauled them by ox and mule-teams to the bank of the river. Rough timber was cut at various saw mills in the surrounding country and work was soon under way.

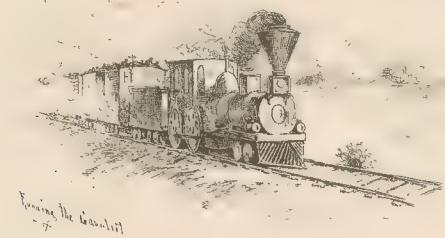
In a short time quite a sightly structure appeared to view. Many, however, considered it insecure for the passage of a train, or even a locomotive, and when the day for trial arrived great throngs from all the surrounding camps gathered in expectation of difficulty. I heard one soldier ridicule its appearance by calling it "A daddy-long-legs bridge." The locomotive crossed at a snail's pace, in safety; the bridge creaked, however, in an ominous way, and settled perceptibly under the weight. Experimental trips, fortunately, were all that it was called upon to endure, as the defeat of our army in front of Richmond and the shifting of the struggle to the line of the upper Rappahannock compelled the abandonment of Fredericksburg, and the bridge soon went up in smoke.

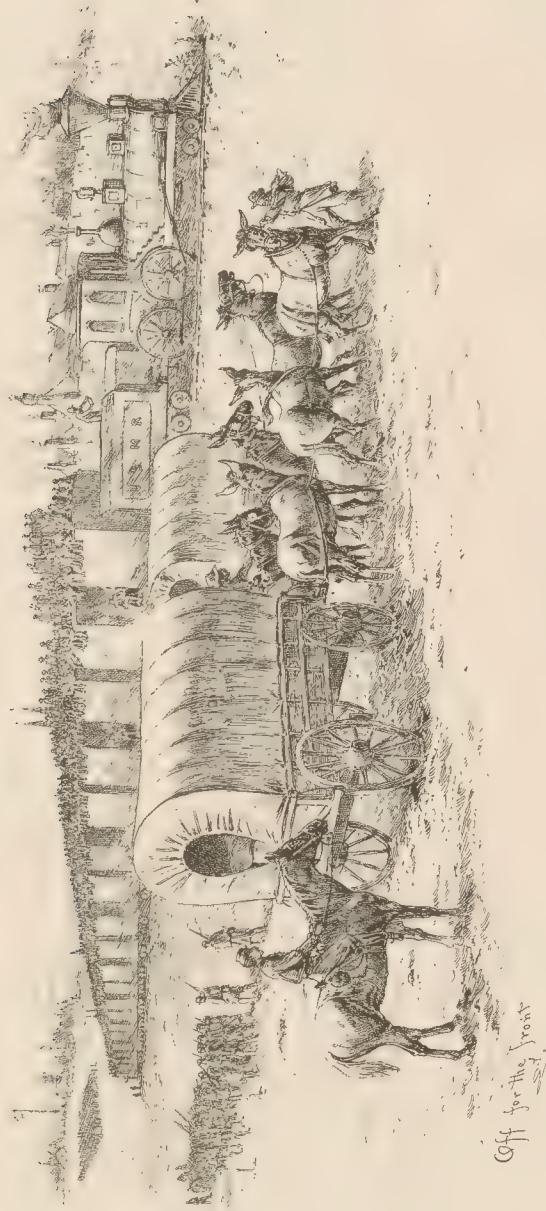
Another bridge of the same character was thrown over the river some distance above, at Rappahannock Station, where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crossed. It was used by troops who fought the battle of Cedar Mountain, and held by General Pope later as he fell back toward Bull Run before the combined armies under command of Lee. The scene at this point during the retreat was intensely interesting, with the enemy holding the approach to the southern end of the bridge in strong force and the Union troops in secure possession of the hill at the north end. One of the most savage artillery duels of the war took place for the possession of this bridge. Batteries on each side, in almost point-blank range, sent destructive fire and killed and drove men from their guns on the other side. Trains arrived and departed with great regularity during the contest, some pushing to the extreme front, where steam of locomotive mingled with smoke of batteries, and shriek of whistles with sound of bursting shells. This combination was not unusual when a train bearing troops or supplies had to run the gauntlet of well-placed batteries. The engineers and train men required rare pluck and coolness to perform their duties in such cases.

The bridge at this point was destroyed and rebuilt several times during the war, and in the summer of 1863 the whole road from Culpeper Court House to Bull Run was laid waste by the army under General Lee, every bridge was destroyed, every tie burned, and every rail heated and bent, so that when the Union army under General Meade again advanced in the fall to occupy the line of the Rappahannock River the entire road had to be rebuilt.

Thousands of freight cars were required for military purposes, and one of the most singular sights was to see cars bearing the names of familiar railroads in such remote places. The first car in a train might read "New Jersey Central," the second "Pennsylvania Railroad," the third a western railroad, and so on.

Victory could have boasted of but slight achievement without the help of military railroads, and although the men were not as greatly exposed as in the fighting forces, they could yet show a large list of killed and wounded, from accident and the enemy's weapons. Those who watched their movements pronounced what they accomplished marvelous, and those who write history for future generations should pay full tribute to the arduous work.

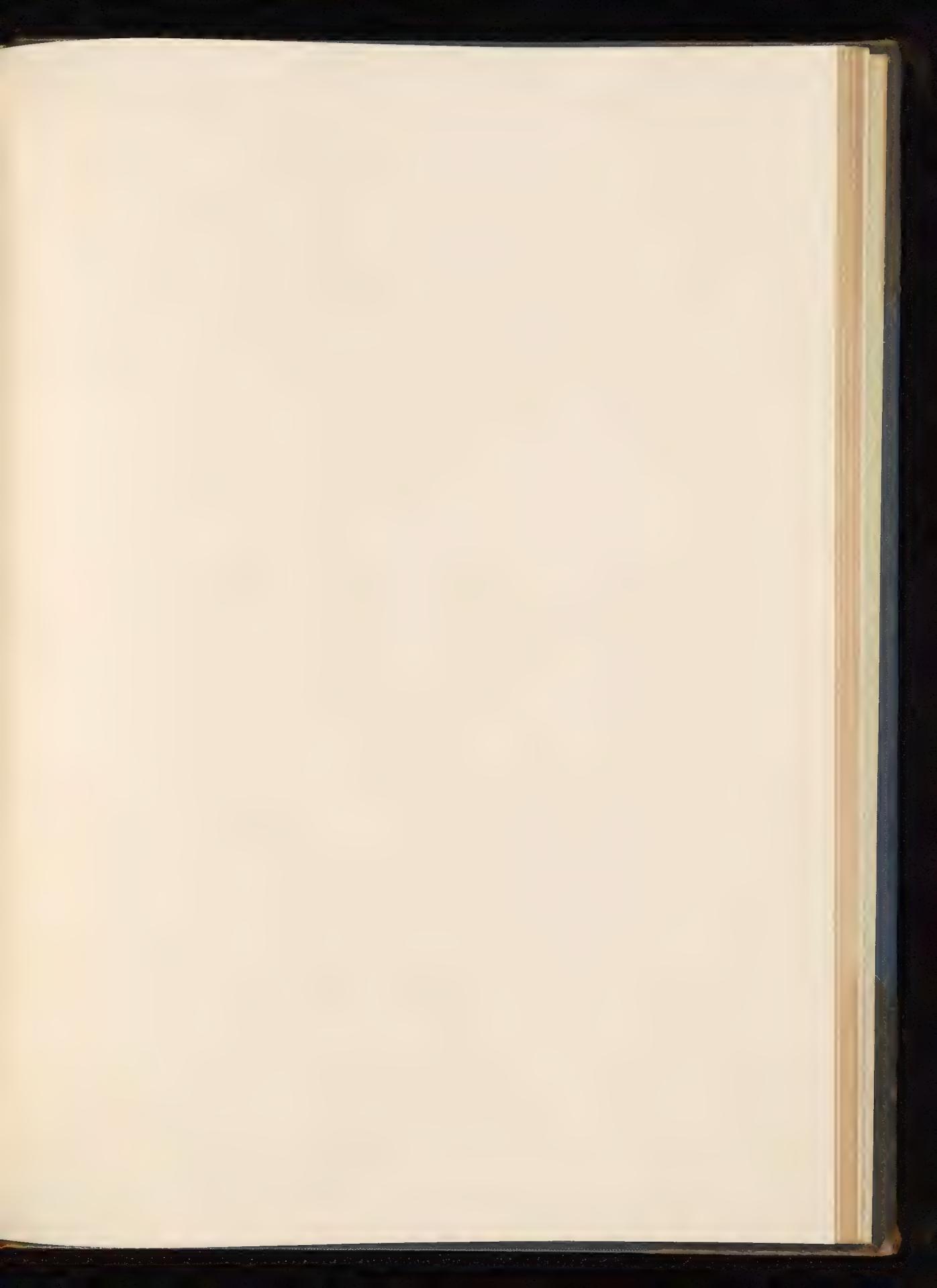




"ALL ABOARD!"

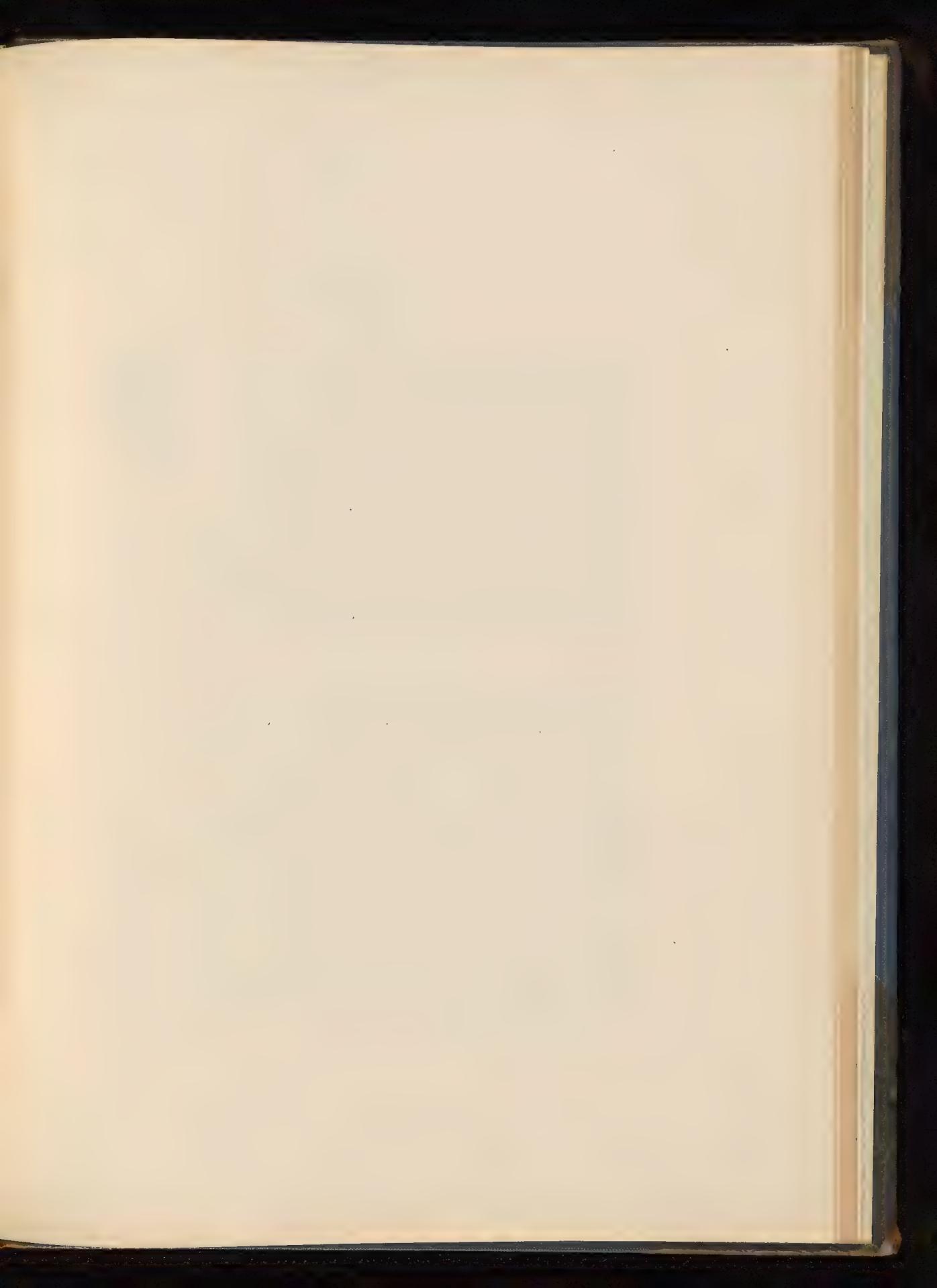
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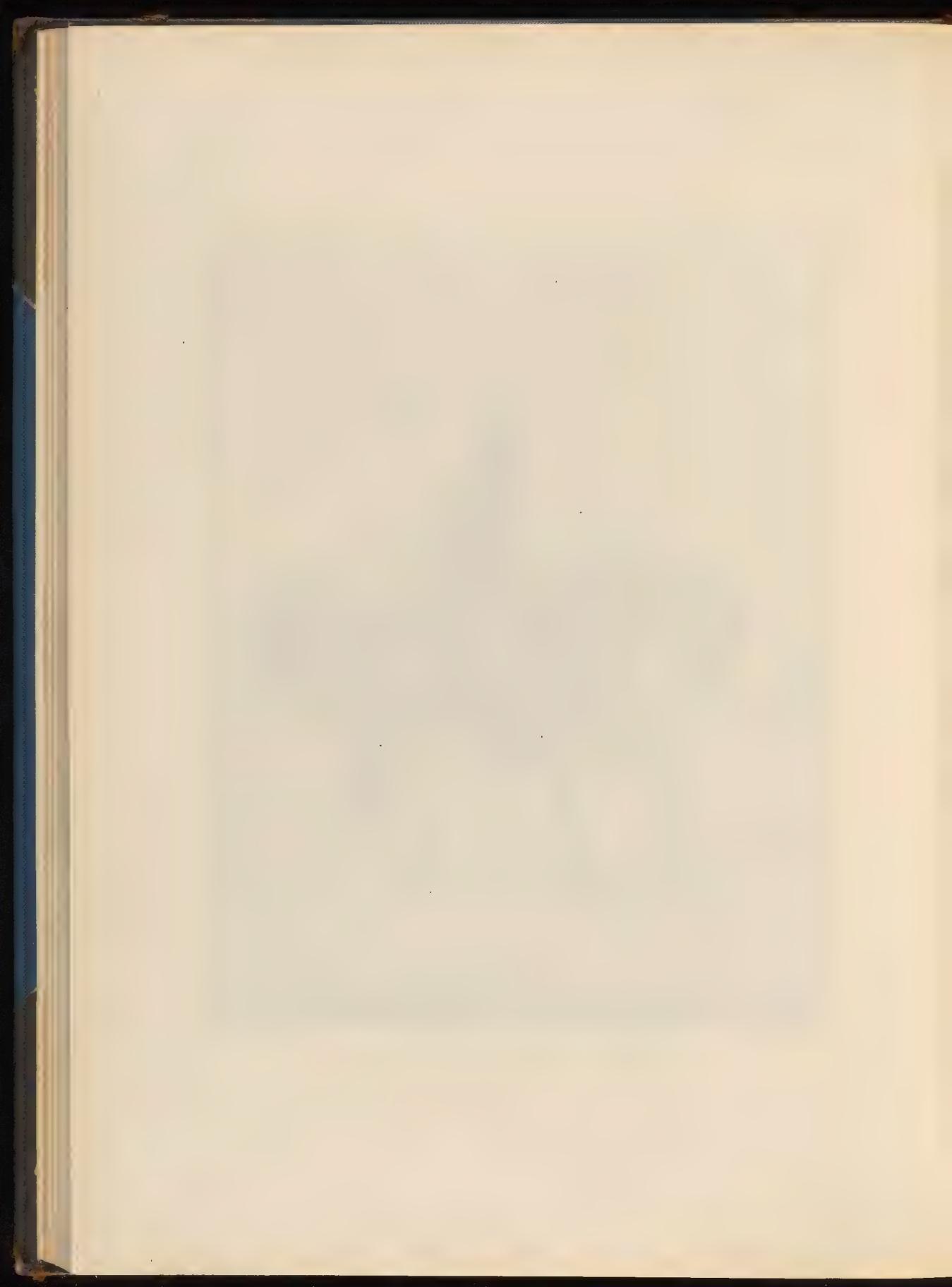
Coff for the front





REYNOLDS P.R.S. DAL A. PITTSBURG.





LXIX.

TAKEN PRISONER.



OLDIERS in both armies generally shrank from the thought of being taken captive; but this, like all rules, had exceptions, and some were willing to take a risk of which they knew nothing rather than defy the fate of wounds and death. No army is made up of brave men entirely. Even Cæsar, we presume, had specimens of the genus "Coffee Cooler." Capture was at first a more serious matter to the Confederates than to the Union soldiers; for, having arrayed themselves against the Government, they had staked all upon the success of their cause, and to be taken prisoner might be the end for every one. The greater portion of the Southern army was made up from the class of "poor whites," and their politicians and newspapers had so impressed them with the idea that they would receive cruel treatment in Northern hands that they were most apprehensive of danger, and would fight desperately to avoid capture. Later, this was somewhat changed.

Great numbers of prisoners were taken on both sides during the war, a constant stream being brought into the lines in the interim between battles. The armies of the South were most successful in securing prisoners, as all fighting occurred in their own country. Scouts and bushwackers were familiar with its features, while the people assisted them, acting as spies on every possible occasion. The Union army controlled no territory in the theater of war, except that within its picket lines, and all outside was full of every imaginable danger.

Perhaps the largest number of men captured at any one time by the Union army was at the battle of Vicksburg, where thirty thousand laid down their arms at the feet of the victor, General Grant. At the final surrender at Appomattox, twenty-eight thousand gave up, and if consideration had been made of all who had been brought in during the campaign the number would have been doubled. Union soldiers captured by the enemy numbered hundreds of thousands. Not over five thousand were taken at any one time, but the aggregate was more than our capture of their men.

People at home had strange ideas of how prisoners were captured, and invariably asked the ridiculous question, "How did they know when to give up?" This was no mystery to the soldier, who fought unto death while chances were favorable, but who dropped his gun and threw up his hands like a man when all hope was gone. Prisoners were well-treated by their immediate captors, on both sides, for true soldiers respect brave enemies; but when sent to the rear and placed in charge of home-guards, trials began. Captives from the Southern army were sent to prison depots at various points in the North, and were comfortably rationed and housed, which—without wishing to revive painful memories—I cannot refrain from asserting was a consideration that our men when captured did not receive from their keepers. I witnessed the capture of large bodies of the enemy at Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station and Spottsylvania Court House. I noticed especially their kind treatment by the Union guards, who did everything to alleviate the condition of the prisoners. Many times I have seen prisoners, right out of the heat of battle, chatting pleasantly with their guards as they were brought to the rear, while Union soldiers emptied their haversacks of the scanty store of hard-tack and held up their canteens of coffee to refresh the men who in the roar and crash of battle had so recently sought their destruction.

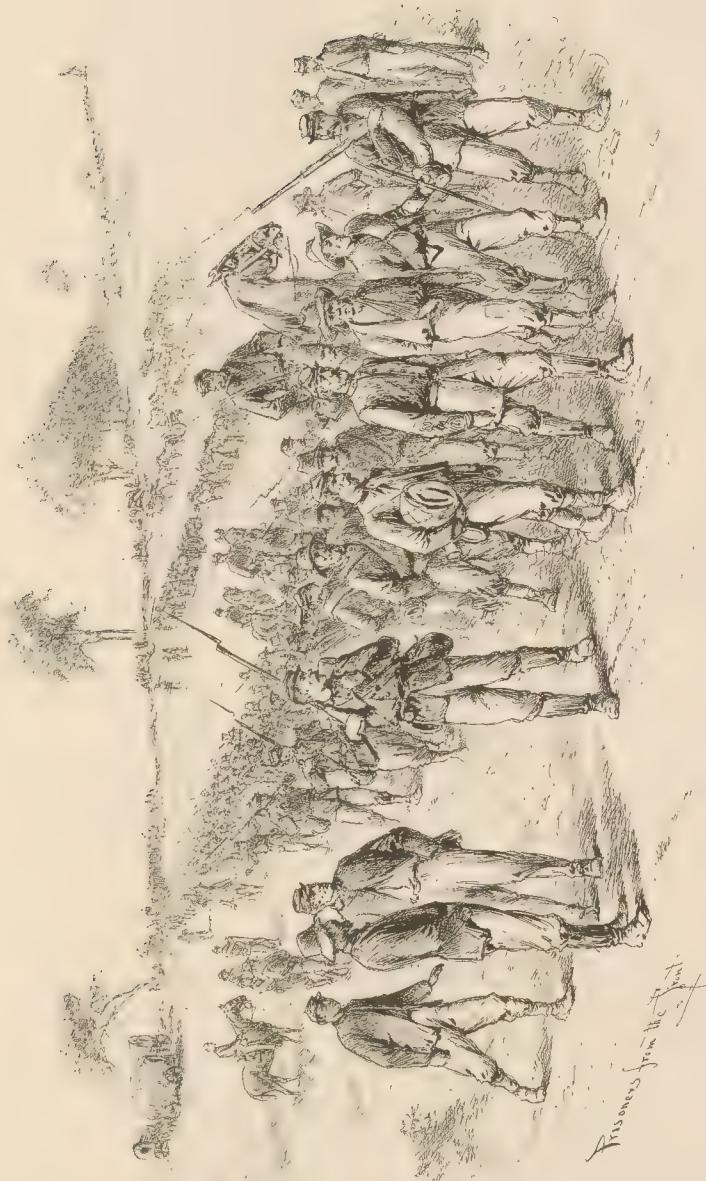
A most interesting incident in the battle of Gettysburg was the bringing to the rear of nearly five thousand prisoners taken in Pickett's charge. It was about four o'clock on the 3d of July that I was sitting on my horse on the pike near Powers' Hill, watching the travel along the road and seeking information relative to the situation at the extreme front. Every one was in a hopeful state of mind, for the terrible attack on our center had been repulsed with great loss of life to the enemy, and all felt that victory was ours. Scanning the ridge where the Union line was posted, I could see a large body of men clad in gray drawn up as if in preparation to move toward our rear. Soon the column started, and I took a favorable position to see them. They soon appeared at hand, led by several officers whose rank was determined by an ornament on the collar and bullivan on the sleeve. So many were they, and so solidly did they advance, that General Meade, who had just come upon that part of the field, at first thought them a force that had successfully penetrated our lines. Most of them were finely-formed fellows, with resolute faces, and evidently good soldiers. They seemed to be in cheerful mood, and chatted pleasantly as they marched along, guarded on each side by Union infantry and cavalry. They were poorly clothed, in a variety of uniforms, a dingy gray color prevailing; some wore jackets, others gray-skirted coats trimmed on collars and sleeves. There were many ragged slouch hats, and caps of various kinds with visors. Some wore boots, others shoes, and many were bare-footed.

The column was marched some distance to the rear, across Rock Creek, and turned into a field, where the men were made as comfortable as possible, and guards were placed about them to prevent escape.

After the retreat of Lee those men were sent to prisons in the North, and never again took up arms against the Union army.



PUT OUT OF KAHN'S WAY.





SOUTHERN HOMES—SLAVE CABINS.

*Putt'n' de chimley out.*

THE dwelling-houses which added much beauty and picturesqueness to Southern landscapes were varied in their style of architecture. The large, roomy plantation houses of upper Virginia, with colonnaded fronts and old brick walls covered with moss and vines; the low, cool mansions of the Gulf States, with a luxuriant growth of vines over the broad verandas, were all beautiful to look upon; but the latch-strings, as a rule, were not hung out to the boys in blue; on the contrary, scant hospitality was extended to all who sought food and shelter within their walls.

Grouped in rear of the mansions of the wealthy, peeping out from the shadows of vines and trees, were the modest cabins of the house-servants and farm-hands. Their shabby exterior was scarcely in keeping with the warm welcome always offered to the "Lin-kum sogers" by their inmates, whose utmost sympathy could always be depended upon; and thousands of soldiers can recall with pleasure kindnesses received from these dusky people. Delicious pies and cookies made by the old "aunties" were freely handed out to the hungry groups who stood about the door; the sick and wounded soldiers were never turned away, and escaped prisoners received food and guidance, and were assisted to places of safety by the slaves, irrespective of their own danger. It was often a difficult task, but they would take great risks and pass the fugitives from one refuge to another until the Union lines were reached. It was wonderful, in their irresponsible positions of simplicity and servitude, that they understood as well as they did the final meaning of the presence of our soldiers, and waited with such hopeful, quiet patience the great accomplishment of their emancipation.

The cabins were invariably built of logs, generally squared and jointed at the corners; the peaked roof was roughly shingled, and the chimney was built outside of the house, at the end. It was sometimes built of stone, but oftener of sticks, crossed at right angles and heavily plastered with clay. Still another variety was sometimes seen, which was made of but two walls of logs. The inner ends were fastened to the house, and the others met at a point, thus giving a triangular form and affording opportunity for a very wide fire-place.

Sometimes a cabin would be seen with two and three chimneys. This at first mystified me, but on inquiry I found that when one chimney "burned out" another was built, the first serving no other purpose than to add variety to the cabin. In many instances I noticed a rough ladder which led from the ground to the peak of the roof near the chimney; and occasionally there were two, one on each side. No amount of conjecture satisfied me as to their use, and I one day questioned an old negro about it. "Laws, massa," he answered, "dem ladders is to put de chimley out." "Out?" I said, "why, it is out—outside." "Laws! I mean dey is to put de chimley out when it catches fire—'n' dat's bery off'n. Yer see we takes up a pail o' water and po's [pours] it down to stop de blaze. We couldn't git 'long 'out dem ladders, no how."

Many of the cabins were overgrown with honeysuckle, the beautiful trumpet creeper and other vines indigenous to Southern climates, and often an arbor was built in front of the door, under which the pickaninnies could romp or take shelter on rude benches. Water-buckets stood outside the wall, and hanging from a nail over them were gourd dippers with which to drink. A rude square table was usually seen in front, on which "aunty" ironed

and performed other household work. Near the outside corner of the cabin generally stood a wooden vessel, of bowl-like structure, though with tapering top, used for the making of lye for the manufacture of soap. Old iron pots lay carelessly about, and numberless ducks and chickens gave animation to the picture.

The interior of these cabins, however, seldom ever bore out the promise of the outside view. Many of them were divided into two rooms, while others had but one, which served the purposes of sleeping, cooking and eating. The furniture was rude and scanty, consisting only of one or two benches, an old arm-chair and a bed. A spinning-wheel and loom often found places in the corner, and when "homespun" was being woven, the scene was always an interesting one. The large fire-place was at the end of the house, furnished with andirons and a crane with chain attachment, on which a cooking-pot was usually hung. Logs were used for fuel, and the great back-log usually emitted a thin curl of pale blue smoke, which lazily made its way up the ample chimney. The thought of ornamenting the walls evidently did not occur to the simple negroes; but, had they desired it, the smoked surface would not have admitted of embellishment. Overhead was an attic, where sweet corn, pumpkins and other supplies were stored for winter use.

Gone forever these days may be to the slaves unfettered and the soldier boy long since mustered out, but thoughts of the past will awaken grateful memories in both, and they will drift back in imagination to the time when they first clasped hands in mutual helpfulness—

"Away down in de ole cabin home."



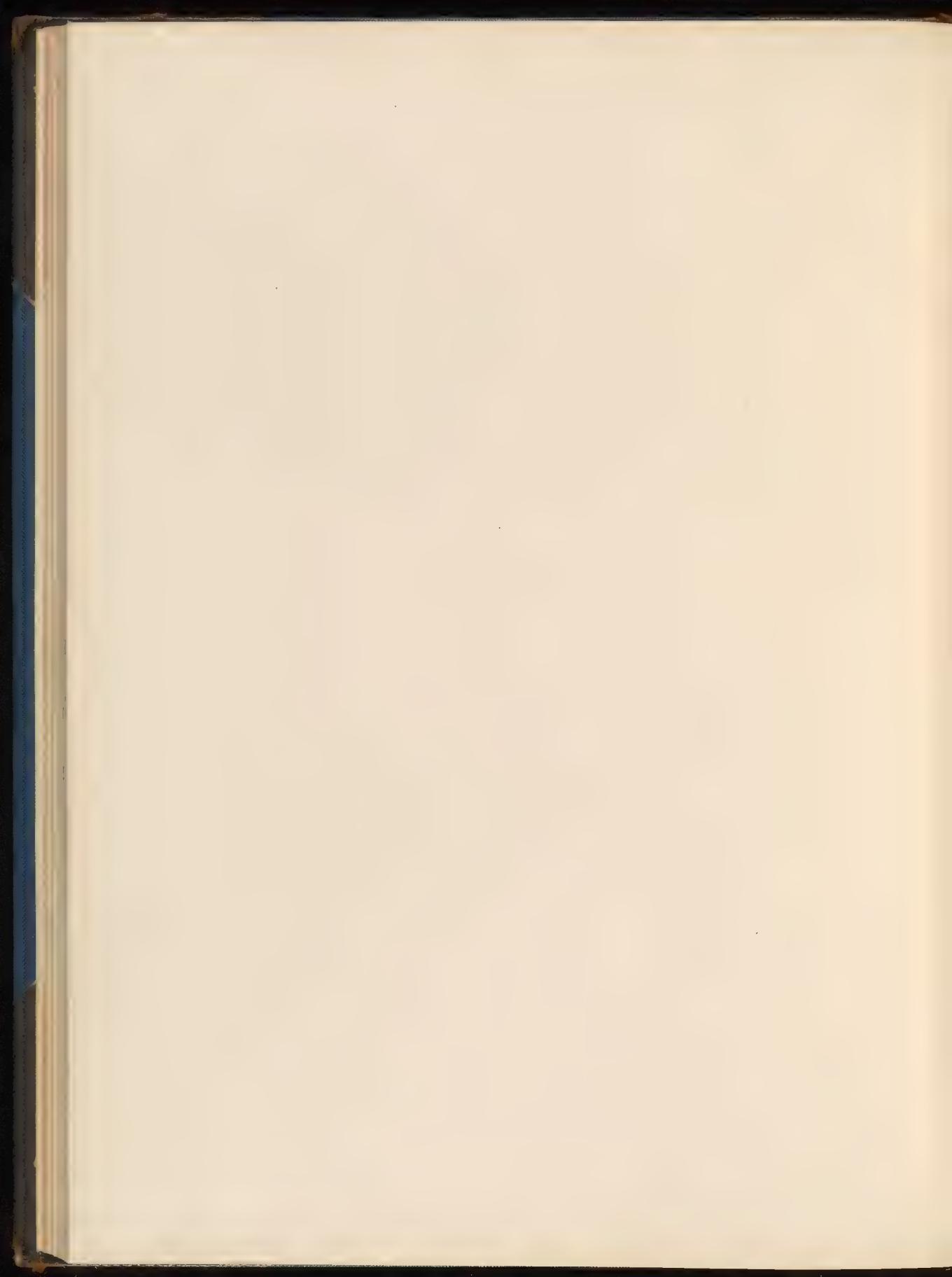


gone off with the banks



A Slave Cabin

RELICS OF THE PAST.



FIELD HOSPITALS.



HE medical field-service of the Union army was of great magnitude. Those who lived through those trying times and saw the long rows of wooden buildings about Washington and other northern cities will never forget the scenes where the sick and wounded were cared for after having been sent back from the front. Everything possible was done to alleviate suffering. There were comfortable beds, unlimited surgical and medical attendance, medicine without stint, and capable nurses whose conscientious care of their charges has never been thoroughly appreciated.

In the field, however, the wounded could not receive the same careful attention. When a battle was imminent, the officers of the hospital department would secure all barns and available farm-houses for use, and fling to the breeze the yellow flag—the badge of the Medical Department. If buildings were insufficient, large hospital tents would be erected in shaded localities, and by the time the engagement opened everything would be in readiness.

The boom of cannon and rolling of musketry would scarce have commenced when long lines of ambulances would appear, coming from the front laden with wounded men. Groups of soldiers could be seen carrying wounded officers or comrades on stretchers; many less severely wounded were helping themselves along as best they could, and the tented village would soon be peopled. No estimate could ever be made of the number of wounded that would need care during and after a battle, and the accommodations provided were often inadequate. When great numbers were rapidly brought in, many improvised shelters were resorted to: tent flies were stretched, boards were laid across the fence-corners and inclined from the fences to the ground, or laid with one end resting on stakes, and even blankets and ponchos were made use of as tent-shelters in the great need. Every room in the farm-houses would be full of the wounded, and on the barn floors—often among corn-stalks and hay—men were thickly laid in rows. Circumstances like these required close attention from the surgeons, and the rapid but calm way in which they worked was marvelous. When a wounded man was placed upon an operating table a surgeon would quickly probe the wound with his finger to see if a bone was fractured. If such was the case, a word would be whispered to assistants, chloroform administered, and an operation performed. Attendants then lifted the death-like figure from the table and removed him to an adjacent shelter, while, if it had been a case hopeless of mending, some one took the severed leg or arm away and dropped it on a ghastly pile that had arisen near by.

Sometimes the wounded were without shelter of any kind, tents not being obtainable because of insufficient means of transportation. Then a shady spot was sought, a pine grove perhaps, or an old apple-orchard. Here the men would be laid in rows, while the attendants moved from place to place administering to their wants.

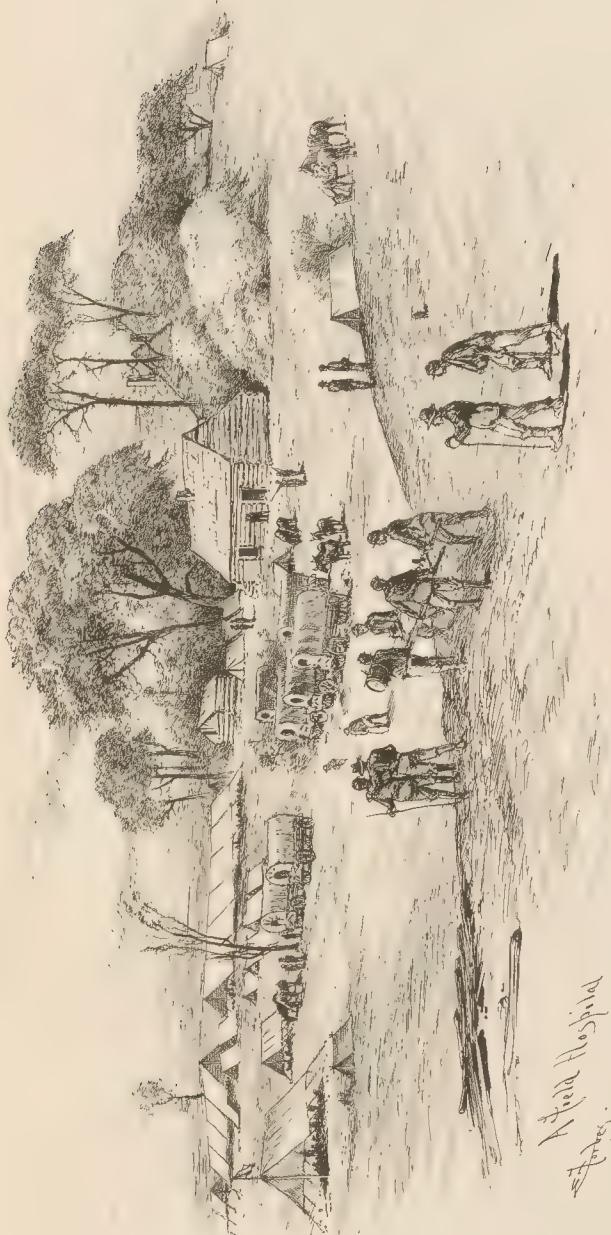
Even during the day there was much about the field-hospital that was death-like and sickening; but at night the light of the torches and glow of the camp-fires produced so grim and somber a picture that anyone, except those thoroughly accustomed to the effect, would shrink from the scene. In case of defeat it was sometimes necessary to abandon the field-hospital and leave the most seriously wounded to the tender mercies of the enemy, thus adding imprisonment to physical suffering.

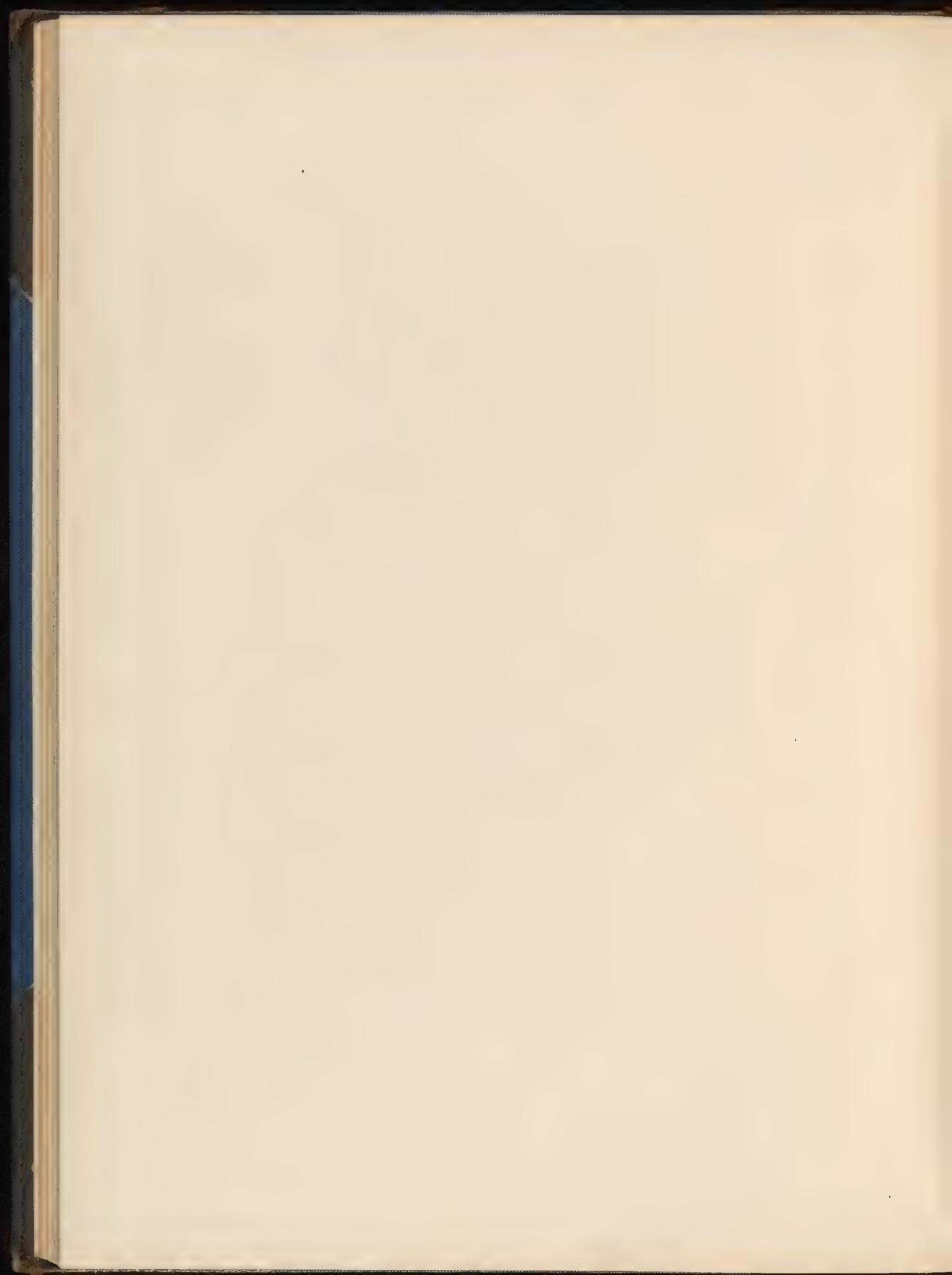
At the battle of the Wilderness, when the commanding general resolved to push on towards Spottsylvania, orders were given to abandon the hospitals and establish new ones at Fredericksburg. Facilities for transporting eight thousand wounded men could not possibly be found on short notice, and orders were given, for all that were able, to make their way to the town. All empty wagons were positively jammed with men variously wounded. Single horses and mules bore the burden of two and three men upon their backs, and many lame soldiers limped along in pitiful fashion, offering to each other such assistance as was possible; so that between the battle-field and town a procession of misery, unequaled by any similar event of the war, passed slowly by.

Sometimes the field-hospital, placed in a presumably safe location, would become a scene of desperate encounter, the tide of battle sweeping over the spot. Those who could run would dash for a place of safety, while the desperately wounded would hug the ground and pray for a safe delivery.

After the battle all who could be removed were loaded on cars or in ambulances, and if contiguous to river, transportation was taken on steamers to hospitals of the North, where the tender care of friends or nurses of the Sanitary Commission would do much toward restoring them to convalescence.







JACKS OF ALL TRADES.

*A Railroad Builder.*

In the soldier's fond dreams of army life previous to his entrance into service, he had not the slightest conception of how a variety of accomplishments would be called into use. Sleeping and waking, his mind was filled with the glory of successful battles and the brilliancy of grand reviews, without a tinge of coloring suggestive of the hard work that in time fell to his lot.

The ordinary duties of camp and field were arduous in comparison to home employment, but when soon after his arrival at the front the recruit was detailed on a wood-chopping expedition, he underwent not the least particle of pleasurable novelty. The use of the axe was not acceptable to teachers, students or clerks, many of whom were in the ranks, and their attempts at first were most ludicrous; but in spite of blistered hands and aching backs they were generally persistent in the performance of duty, and brought back to camp the allotted quantity of logs. Cutting ties or logs for track-laying or bridge-building was work that they often had to do, and a crowd as busy as bees would swarm along the road.

When an abandoned locomotive was found, men would be sought for who had made machinery, and under speedy and skillful manipulation an apparent wreck would assume new usefulness, and, placed on a rebuilt track, would soon be sent puffing backward and forward, to the gratification of the men who had worked so diligently to make repairs.

Those accustomed to clerical work often found occupation in the various departments, and accounts were accurately kept and office-work was generally well done. Many who were detailed for hospital service did most conscientious work, and the careful assistance rendered to surgeons in many cases afforded an opportunity for pursuing the medical profession after their return to the North.

Occurrences on the march forced soldiers into odd capacity, and my picture over the page, of the pontoon-train stuck in the mud, represents a regiment furnishing strength expected only of mules, for with the aid of a long rope and a universal pull the unfortunate train was started on its way.

When opportunity offered, men were sent to take possession of grist-mills, where grain was quickly brought, ground and distributed to the surrounding corps. Or, may be, when boards were needed, an old saw-mill would be taken possession of, the wheel started, and in a few days a large pile of well-sawed planks would reward the workers. A great portion of the soldiers became expert diggers: to this the hundreds of miles of breastworks, forts and defenses built during the war bore witness. Necessity developed many latent domestic accomplishments, such as washing, mending, sewing on of buttons, etc., and many became expert in shoe-mending. The building of quarters, making and mending of beds, tables, chairs and household conveniences, and multitudes of ingenuities, were achieved by them. Even slaughtering and dressing cattle was practiced successfully after a little practice, the cuts served out to the troops often suggesting the work of skilled butchers—as, indeed, it sometimes was. Most of the cavalry or artillerymen could repair a harness, or, if necessary, nail on a horse-shoe, and many a village blacksmith of after years acquired his first lessons during the time that he followed the flag.

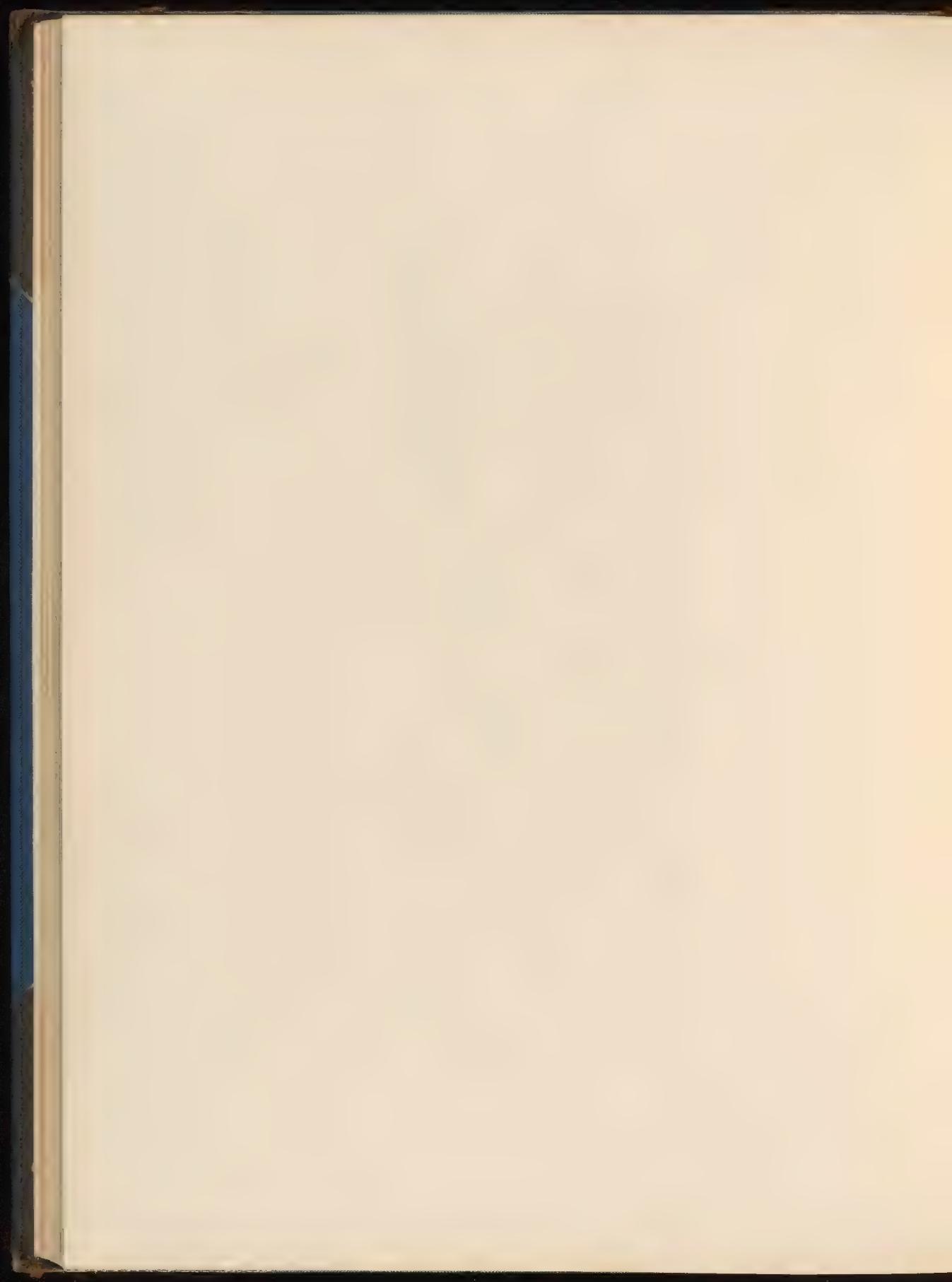
Men of all trades and professions made up our ranks, and opportunities were infinite for turning talent to account. Lawyers, doctors, professors, bank officers, merchants, clerks, farmers, students, mechanics of all kinds, and men of every conceivable calling, made up the Union host, and thus by brain or muscle most difficulties were overcome. And when these many elements of mental force and physical strength were welded by discipline into one great power, it need not be a marvel that they accomplished so many wonderful things.

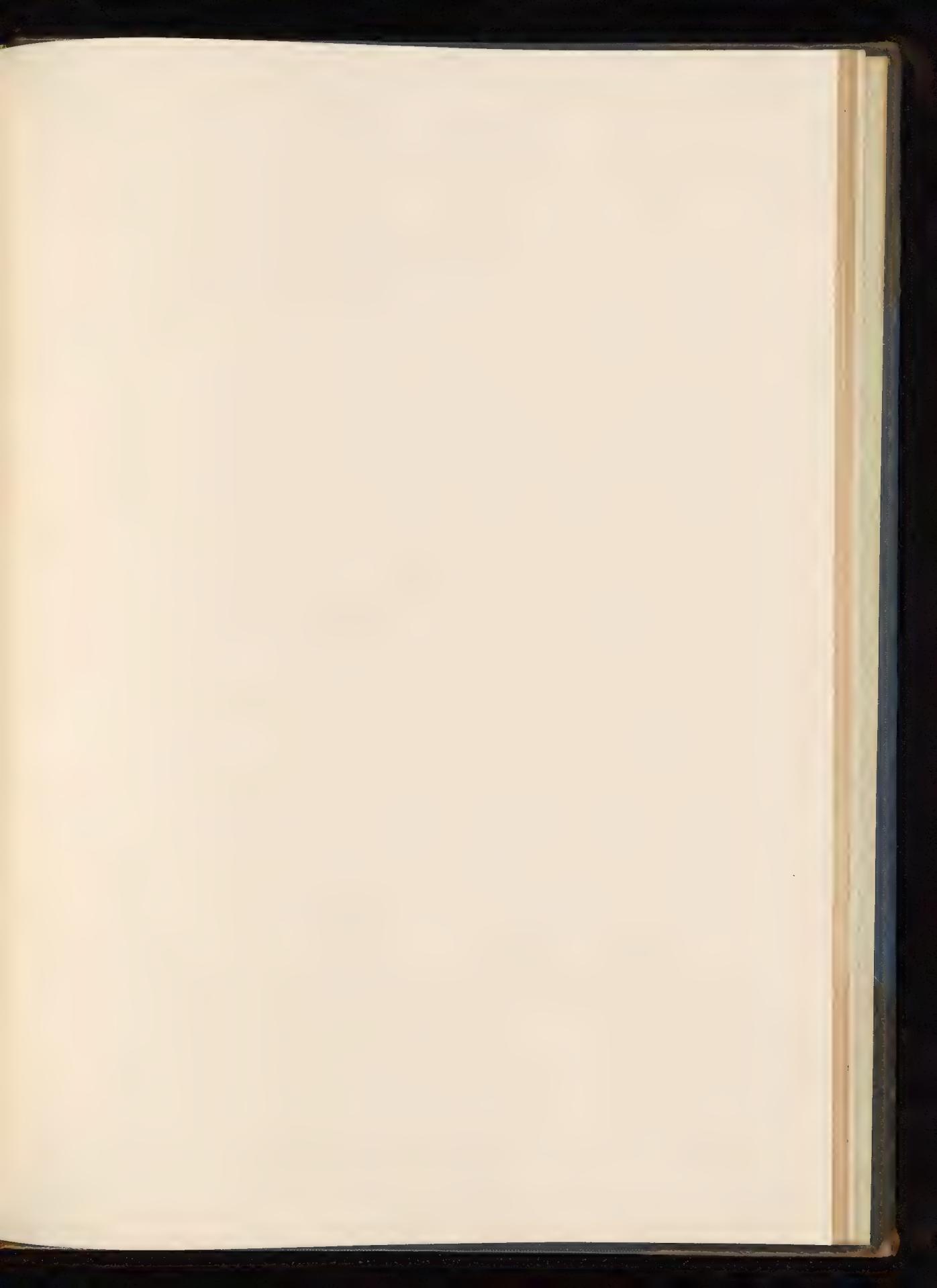
The reader who has thus far followed the brief descriptions of the many scenes caught in the artist's sketch-book will appreciate the almost infinite variety of labor called for in pursuit of the work of a great army; but yet the old proverb falls to the ground, for although the boys in blue were—and had to be—"Jacks of all trades," they could not be said to be "masters of none," since they arrived at so efficient a mastery of the grand art of war.





THE HUNAN MULE-TEAM.







MCLELLAN AT THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.



NEGRO REFUGEES.



To the beginning of the war the question of how to dispose of the colored refugees that sought our lines was a difficult one to decide. They were undoubtedly a source of strength to the seceding States as laborers, in the raising of crops, also in building breastworks and working on fortifications, while the greater portion of the white population was fighting in the extreme front. The Northern people at first were strongly opposed to any interference with the slaves, and Washington authorities were for a time obliged to defer to that strong sentiment. Generals Frémont, Hunter and Butler, without authority from headquarters, attempted to cut the Gordian knot; but these movements seemed premature, public opinion not warranting extreme measure until after the battle of Antietam.

Previous to this, the negroes coming into our lines, while generally obtaining employment about camp and the supply depots, did not always receive the warmest welcome; but after the Proclamation of Emancipation by Lincoln they were heartily received and their services made available. The men were used as teamsters, cooks and for general work about depots and camps, as well as later enlisted regularly and organized as troops, in which capacity they gave manly account of themselves. The women and children were sent to refugee camps and maintained until the close of the war. The news of emancipation spread over the South like one great wave and bore on its bosom to the dusky people its glorious intelligence.

There were never more pathetic pictures than were seen in the unceasing streams of slaves who then in their new-found freedom sought the protection of the Union lines. Wherever our armies marched, those hapless people dropped their tools, implements and small possessions, and flocked to us. At all times and places they could be seen tramping along the roads. The mature and strong carried the helpless "pickaninny," who, with round, wondering eyes, were at a loss to understand the change; the elder children would trudge along clinging to their mothers' dresses; the old folks would sometimes be in carts or wagons, and sometimes hobbling along on foot; but all making as much speed as possible toward the goal of safety.

I saw a quaint family come into camp one summer day in '63 at Culpeper Court House. I was at a picket post southeast of the town, when I noticed a vehicle approaching that was a mystery. I knew that no single baggage-wagon would come from that direction, and on waiting for a nearer approach found it to be a party of refugees. The team was composed of an old white horse, a white ox, and a mule. The horse was led by a man, who carried an old banjo under his arm, and a boy mounted on the mule was driver.

The wagon was an old-timer, and had evidently seen long service on the plantation. It was a so-called "schooner" in style, and its shape reminded one of a sailing vessel. It was bereft of the usual canvas cover, but three of the frame-hoops made to support it still remained, arched over the body. The occupants were an old "mammy" and her better half, —his gray locks surmounted by an old white hat,—a young woman and two children. A bonnet was suspended from one of the hoops for safe keeping. This article of feminine apparel created much amusement among the soldiers, and from the scornful way in which the young woman resented their remarks I am sure it must have belonged to her. The whole turnout made a great deal of fun for the soldiers, and witticisms were launched forth

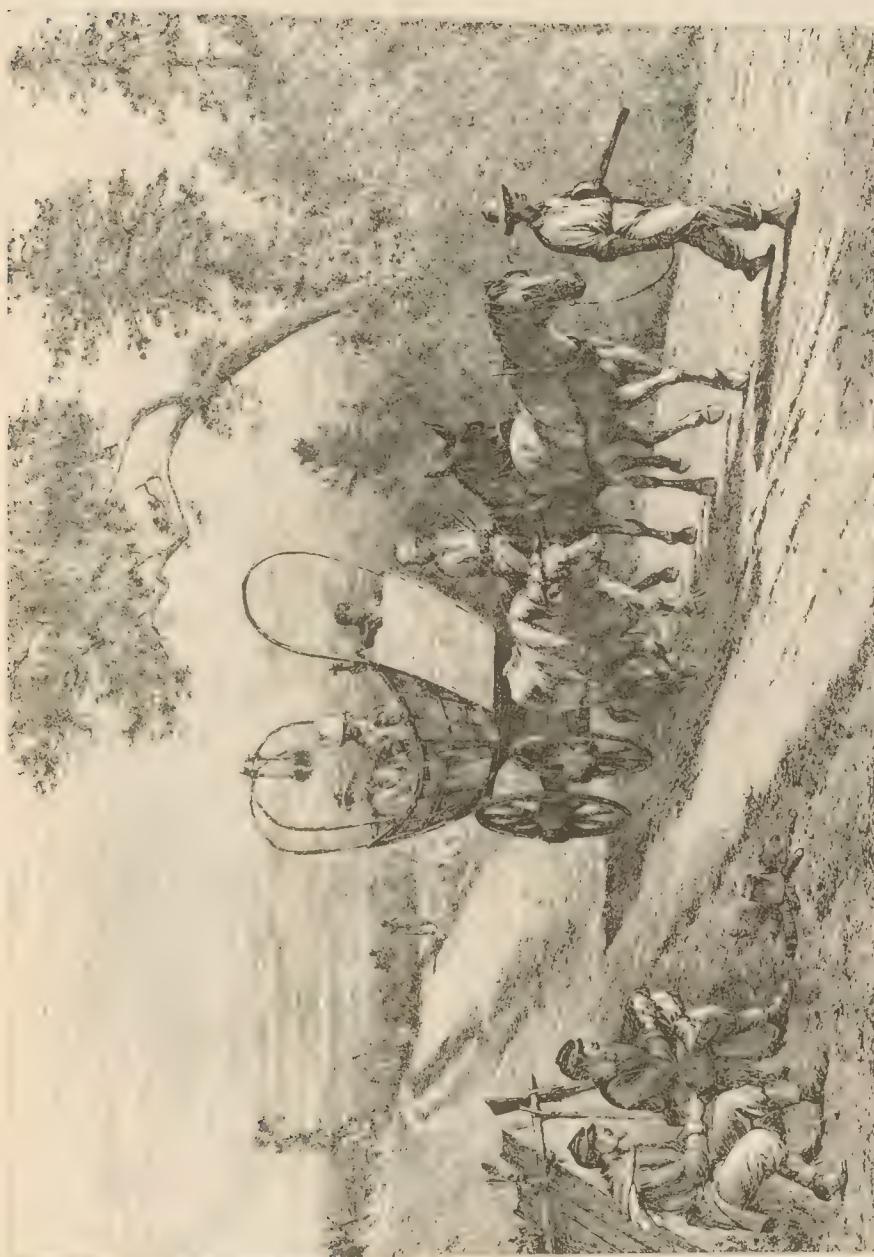
all along the line. I laughed with the rest and wondered, if the odd picture could be transported to Broadway, New York, what kind of a sensation it would produce.

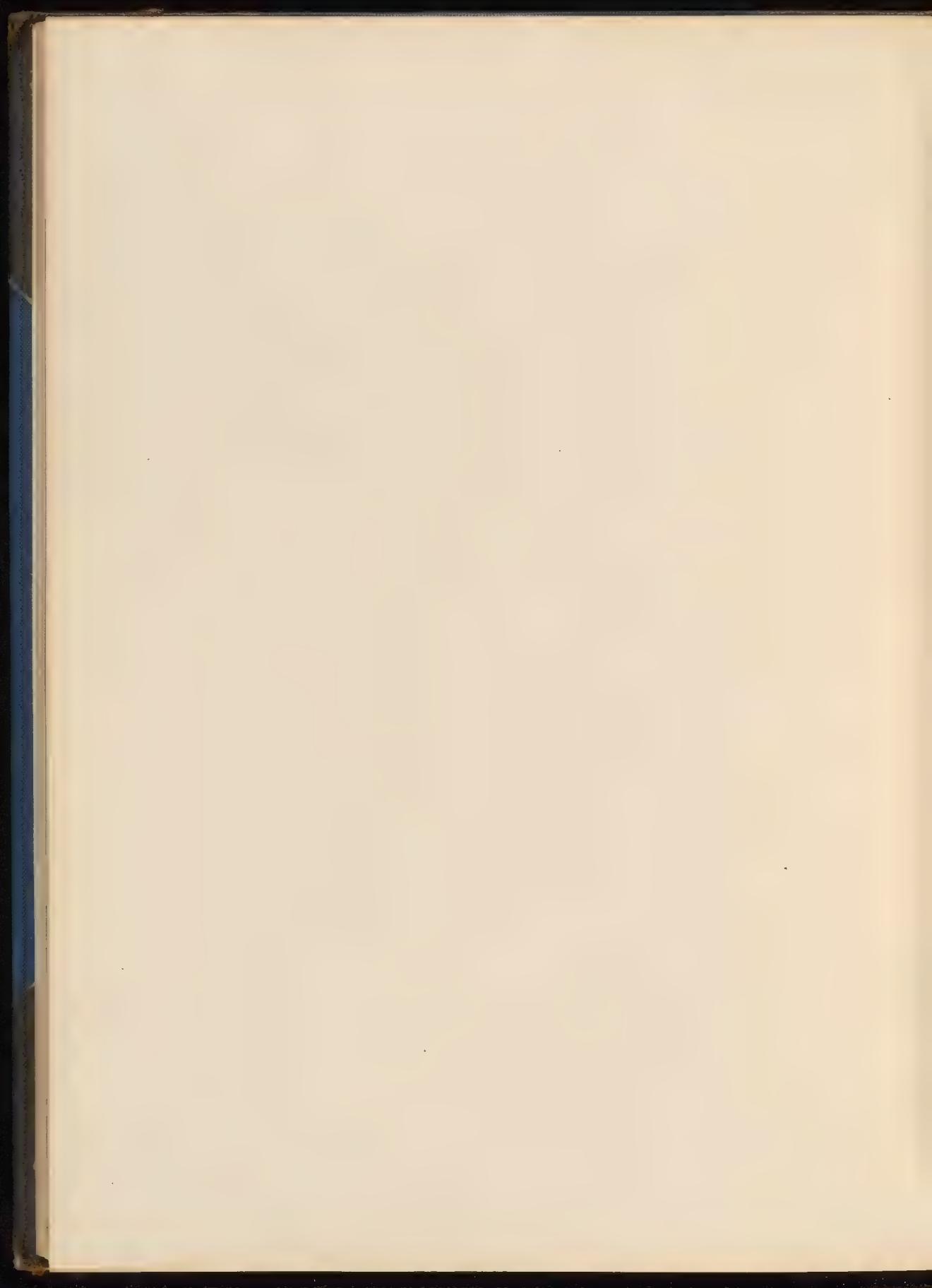
Sometimes those parties appeared in little two-wheeled farm carts drawn by horses or mules. In one case I saw one of these carts drawn by a bull. He showed none of their usual ugly spirit but seemed quite tame and pulled at the traces in docile fashion. Household goods and children too young to walk would be tumbled in promiscuous confusion into these wagons. An old buggy, an old family vehicle of "massa's," would often be made use of by a refugee party. I imagine the owner would have turned pale with rage at such appropriation of his chattels had he known the use made of it; but the negroes cared not as they moved hopefully forward, yet half afraid their dreams might not be realized and that stories repeated to them about the cruelty of Yankee soldiers might all be true.

Sometimes the number of slaves that sought refuge with the Union columns was more than could possibly be managed. During Sherman's march to the sea they flocked in thousands from the surrounding country. It was not possible to care for the great hosts, and many were reluctantly left behind.

And how these simple people have adapted themselves to circumstances and settled down to the struggle for existence as freemen! They have kept good their promises, and the progress they have made is a full recompense for the sacrifice made for them and the protection they received. Their industrial value, not only as agricultural laborers, as in times "befo' the wah," but in divers mechanical callings, is gradually winning for them the appreciation of their white neighbors, and they are steadily advancing towards a proper recognition of their worth.







CAVALRY RAIDS.



NE of the peculiar and original features of the war was the use made of the cavalry arm of the service on both sides, in raiding the enemy's lines of supplies, destroying depots and rendering useless their railroad systems by burning bridges and tearing up tracks. In wars of the past, cavalry had been used chiefly as an adjunct to the infantry and artillery in actual battle to deal the culminating blow in an enemy's defeat; or, when the opposing force was victorious, to cover the retreat and prevent a disastrous rout. Duties of scouting, making reconnaissances, foraging, picketing, of course, were also given them.

During the first year of our war, the cavalry was made use of in the legitimate way, but without very favorable results until late in the war. The heavily wooded country, cut up by fences and streams, prevented rapid movement of large bodies, and it was not until after the raids of Jeb. Stuart around the Army of the Potomac in front of Richmond, and his subsequent raid around the same army near Antietam and Harper's Ferry in the fall of the year, that the Union commanders began to realize the other uses that might be made of cavalry.

The first great raid was made at the battle of Chancellorsville, when with a largely increased cavalry force General Stoneman was sent to destroy the railroad between Richmond and Fredericksburg. General Lee at the time, with the army of Virginia, was in a heavily fortified position on the heights in rear of the latter town. This raid was energetically and skillfully carried out, and railroads and bridges in rear of Lee were badly wrecked. Even so, it was thought at the time that the cavalry force might have served better purpose on the actual field of battle. Stonewall Jackson's march and surprise of the right flank of General Hooker's army in that fight could hardly have taken place had the front of our army been covered by proper cavalry force; and if energetic advance had been made on the rear of the enemy's position the campaign might have ended successfully.

While not losing sight of the fact that the enemy's cavalry under Stuart was drawn from the field in pursuit of our own, their lessened force did not compensate the Union commander for the great advantage he would have had if his front had been properly covered. Had the cavalry been retained with the army, not only would it have been likely to discover Jackson's movement, but the main battle would have taken place on comparatively open ground; then, with preponderant force, the Union commander would have had an immense advantage, and his army would not have been compelled to fight a defensive battle tied up in a dense jungle. When the battle ended it was found that it had been impossible to bring one-half of our men into action. Our army lay like a great stranded whale surrounded by a swarm of sword-fish and thrashers. It was indeed "a disaster rather than a defeat."

Subsequent raids were made upon the enemy's communications with better results: Grierson's raid in the Southwest, Stoneman's in the same section, and Averill's raid into Virginia, which caused great loss to the Confederate quartermaster department, were all successful, and the last great cavalry raid of the war in Alabama and Georgia under General Wilson was very destructive. Less significance, however, was attached to this late success,

from the fact that Lee and Johnston, with the only great organized army left in the field, had surrendered.

While a cavalry raid carried destruction, the aggressors were subject to disaster also. Movements had to be made with the greatest rapidity, with meager supplies and scant transportation; thus men and horses were subject to great strain, and constant action impaired the strength of both. The Confederates made some effective cavalry raids; but the fate of Morgan's noted expedition into Kentucky with two thousand eight hundred men—only five hundred of whom escaped death or capture—shows the danger of that style of operations. The most successful cavalry raids by Union forces were no doubt during the winter, when operations were suspended and the absence of the cavalry did not imperil the army's safety.

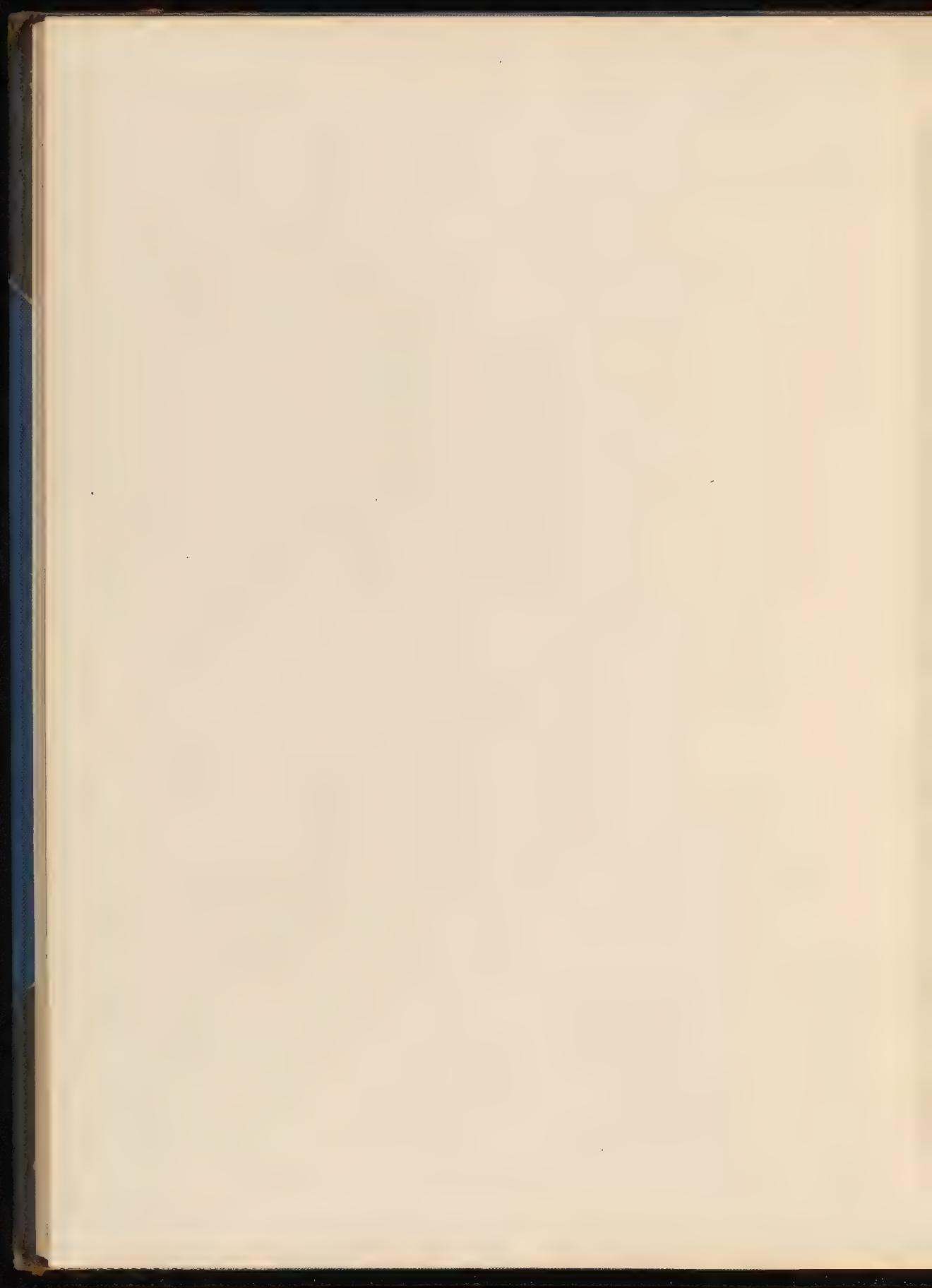
The raid of General Sheridan before the final move upon the enemy's position at Petersburg by General Grant, was a brilliant success, if destruction of roads and supplies was taken in consideration, but its effects could not be compared to the events of Winchester, Fisher Hill, and Cedar Creek, when he threw his cavalry force upon the enemy's flank in the orthodox style of co-operation with infantry and artillery.

The change in appearance of a raiding force on its departure from camp and its return was simply startling. Officers and men went forth on the dangerous mission with buoyant spirits and brilliant attire. Bright flags and guidons fluttered in the breeze, and the light batteries with their handsome horses gave character to the column. Looks of admiration and words of praise were given by the lookers-on and wishes for success went after them as they disappeared into unknown country.

But on return, however successful, the men were haggard and worn, the ambulances likely to be full of wounded, and the foot-sore horses with prominent ribs were shadows in comparison to their former condition. I heard a soldier once say of a returning expeditionary force: "By golly! those fellers look as if they 'd passed through a cyclone." Raiding was, at best, tough fun and rough work.







GREAT SIEGES OF THE WAR.



NUMBER of important positions were besieged by both the Union and Confederate armies during the war. Chief among these operations were the siege of Yorktown by McClellan, in 1862, of Corinth during the same year by General Halleck, of Vicksburg, in 1863, by Grant, Port Hudson the same year by General Banks, Chattanooga during the winter of '63 and '64 by the Confederate General Bragg, Charleston and Fort Pulaski by Union forces, the siege of Atlanta by General Sherman, of Nashville by General Hood, and lastly, the siege of Petersburg and Richmond by General Grant. These events afforded opportunity for ingenious contrivances in earthworks, and the most remarkable defenses known in modern warfare were made by both the Union and Confederate armies.

The siege of Yorktown was begun and ended by General McClellan in the old-fashioned way, something like the siege of Sebastopol in the Crimean war. He was no doubt influenced by knowledge gained during that remarkable siege, as he was detailed by the United States government at that time to observe operations of the allied forces against Russia, and made an important report of it. The siege of Yorktown was commenced with great deliberation, the approach to the enemy's lines being made with great care under cover of heavy works. Large earthwork forts, connected by breastworks, were built and all armed with guns and mortars of heaviest caliber. The intention was to shell the enemy out of a strongly intrenched position by an overwhelming fire—a seemingly feasible operation at that period of the war. The enemy, however, became unnerved at the great preparations made for their annihilation and abandoned the position before a serious attack had been made. Later experience taught that the ground should have been held, for all the guns and mortars in the Union army could not have rendered the position untenable.

The siege of Corinth had a similar result; the Rebel armies evacuating the position and retreating southward before Halleck could make a serious attack.

The sieges of Vicksburg and Port Hudson for the first time proved to the enemy that well-built earthwork defenses could not be taken by attack in front; and disparity of numbers was of but slight disadvantage if the besieged force was properly supplied with ammunition and provisions. The enemy held its lines intact, the Union forces not being able to take any portion of them during the operations of several months, except that at Vicksburg, where the mine was exploded, a few feet of the front was secured. This victory, however, was soon neutralized by the enemy, who established a new line slightly in the rear and prevented any further destruction in that quarter. Want of provisions and ammunition, however, finally caused surrender of the place; but the fact was proven that a strong position, well fortified by earthworks, could be held an indefinite time.

The siege of Port Hudson ended in much the same manner, the defense persistently holding the line and repulsing with great slaughter all attempts of the Union forces to carry the place by storm. Arms were laid down only after Vicksburg had fallen and all hope was gone.

The siege of Charleston and Fort Sumter was prolonged and costly to the Union forces. The operations were vigorously conducted, but without definite result except the burning of part of the city of Charleston, for after months of bombardment, although Sumter

became a mere mass of powdered bricks, mortar and iron, the secession flag still floated placidly over it. Attempts were then made to storm the stronghold, but in every instance our forces were bloodily repulsed. The march of Sherman, however, in the rear of the city compelled the garrison to evacuate the place, defeated but not dishonored.

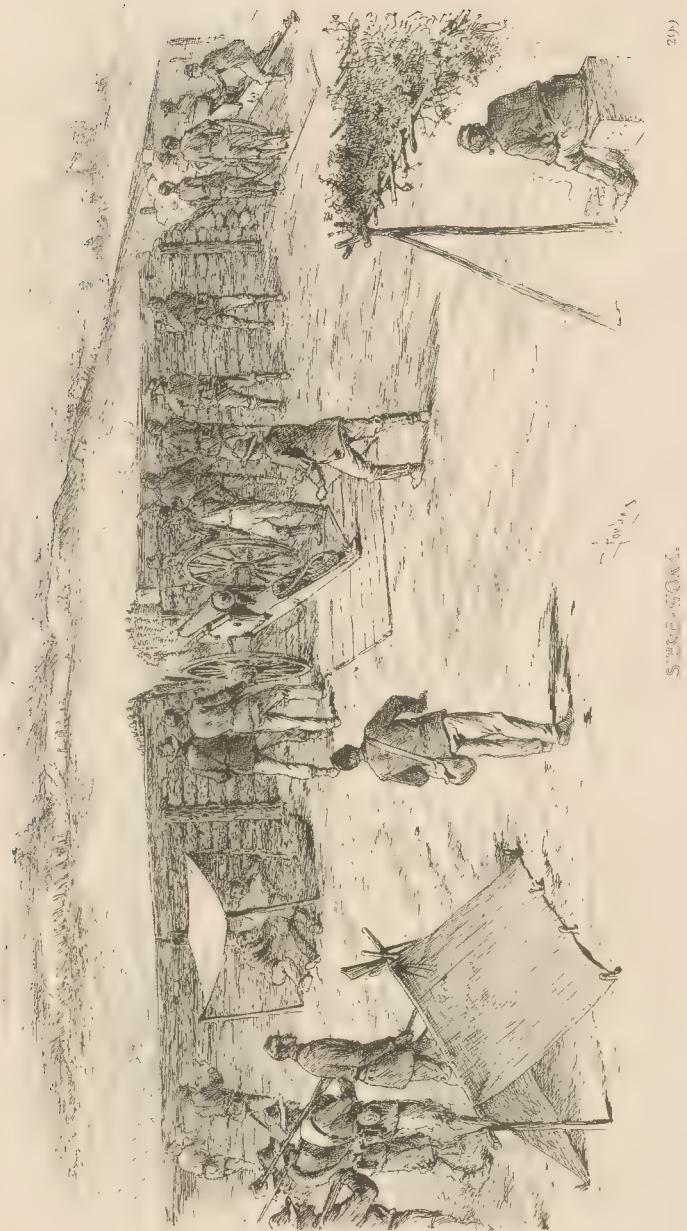
Our siege of Atlanta was commenced by covering the whole front of the enemy's lines with strong earthworks, arming them with field-guns, and supporting them with infantry. No attempt was made to dislodge the enemy by regular siege approaches; but General Sherman's old trick of creeping around the enemy's flank (at the same time holding his front with heavy works) was brought into play. Hood was thus compelled to retreat, fearing capture by an attack from the rear.

Nashville was besieged in strange fashion by the Confederate General Hood during the winter of '64, but the effect proved ridiculous and abortive, for when General Thomas' preparations were complete, the besieged forces became the attacking party. Hood was then swept from his lines with immense loss of men and guns, and one of the most brilliant Union victories of the war achieved.

The siege of Richmond and Petersburg was in many ways the most remarkable of the great military events of the war. Petersburg could no doubt have been taken had General Smith moved into the town following up his successful attack on the enemy's first line of works, for nothing but a small force of home-guards garrisoned the place; but the Union commander was slow and over-cautious, and the enemy held the position by making a bold front and running a noisy locomotive forwards and backwards over the Appomattox bridge into Petersburg, leading the Union commander to conclude that Lee was pouring troops into town. Thus a golden opportunity was lost.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that sieges, in our day, will be ineffectual to reduce strong and well defended fortifications, unless supplemented by strategic movements of troops to isolate the defending forces or to cut off their supplies. Even a good palisade, a breastwork, or a rifle-pit has often resisted the most gallant attacks in front by far superior forces; and a properly constructed work is a most difficult nut to crack. When this is enlarged to a series of works, or a fortified place of importance, direct attack is rarely successful. In spite of the wonderful advance in destructiveness of modern mechanisms of war, the need of "mixing them with brains," still exists, and probably always will.







LXXVI.

ARMY PUNISHMENTS.



ACK of discipline in the army would render futile the best combinations of master-minds, but under good control a body of men become a unit of force and their physical and moral strength can be used to the best advantage by a commanding general.

The Union army was not a homogeneous composition except in reference to the vital cause in which it was engaged. Men rich and poor, from all professions and trade, made up its numbers, and without strict discipline could never have made the efficient force which carried out the war to its conclusion. Thus punishments for the infraction of military rules were inflicted and courts-martial were often busy meting out correction to delinquents.

Desertion was the gravest offense, for which the extreme sentence was death. During the early part of the war this penalty was withheld in many instances because of a sympathetic feeling the authorities had for the volunteers, but during later events they became less lenient; many deserters were tried, convicted and shot; others were sent to the Dry Tortugas—in many instances for life. Of this we have already treated.

Stealing was another infraction of discipline which was severely punished. The culprits were tried by court martial, and if convicted were often sentenced to long confinements in Northern prisons. Their departure was signalized by the most terrible of all military disgraces, being *drummed out of camp*.

One summer day, while lounging in camp under the shade of a tent-fly, I heard some drummers and fifers playing the Rogue's March. Struck by the singularity of such an air I rose and walked to a bit of high ground and surveyed the surrounding camps as they lay parching in the sun. About a quarter of a mile distant I saw a great crowd of soldiers scattered among the tents of a large camp, and more soldiers on horseback and on foot were hurrying from all directions toward the scene. Seeing that it was something unusual, I ran to my tent, seized my sketch book and joined the crowd.

I found that two soldiers had been convicted of stealing from comrades, and sentenced to have their heads shaved and be drummed out of camp. The parade wheeled around the end of a line of tents and took a course through the length of the company street. The condemned men were the first in the line, and in the bright light the pink skin of their close-shaven heads was a strange contrast to their brown, sun-burned faces. Their hands were fastened behind them by bright steel handcuffs. Each man was followed by a soldier with gun and fixed bayonet, which he carried pointed toward the culprit's back. In rear of these came two ranks of drummers and fifers who played viciously the suggestive air, and seemed to enjoy the opportunity.

The odd procession wound slowly in and out of the company streets, and the gaping crowd pushed and jostled to get a sight of the offenders. They jeered and laughed at the poor fellows who had fought at their sides, but who had betrayed comradeship and disgraced the name of soldier. The faces of the culprits were pictures of humiliation and mental suffering; they would no doubt have preferred death on the battle-field to this terrible ordeal. But the ceremony finally ended, the men were delivered to the guards, who quickly departed with them, the crowd scattered and all traces of the strange scene soon disappeared.

Lighter punishments were inflicted for lesser offences, such as extra duty, bucking and gagging, carrying a log on the shoulder back and forth on a specified beat, etc. In the artillery and among the wagon trains men were bound fast to wheels, with arms and legs extended, or hung up by wrists and thumbs.

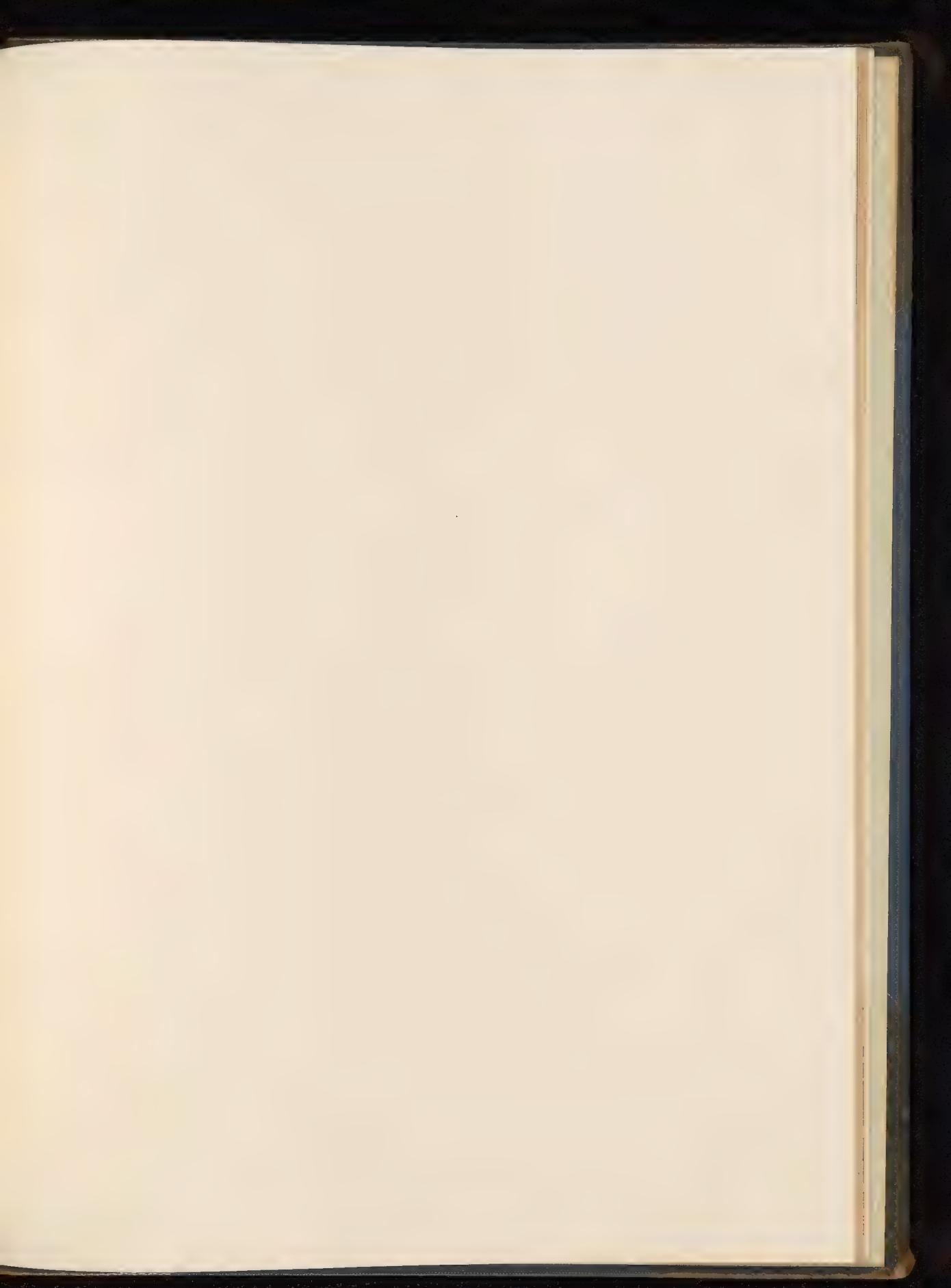
It was unpleasant to inflict or witness these punishments, and painful for the doomed men to endure. The penalties no doubt served the purpose of making many compliant and dutiful, and secured a completer discipline and order than could otherwise have been had; but on the whole they were very few, in comparison with the vast numbers of men under command.





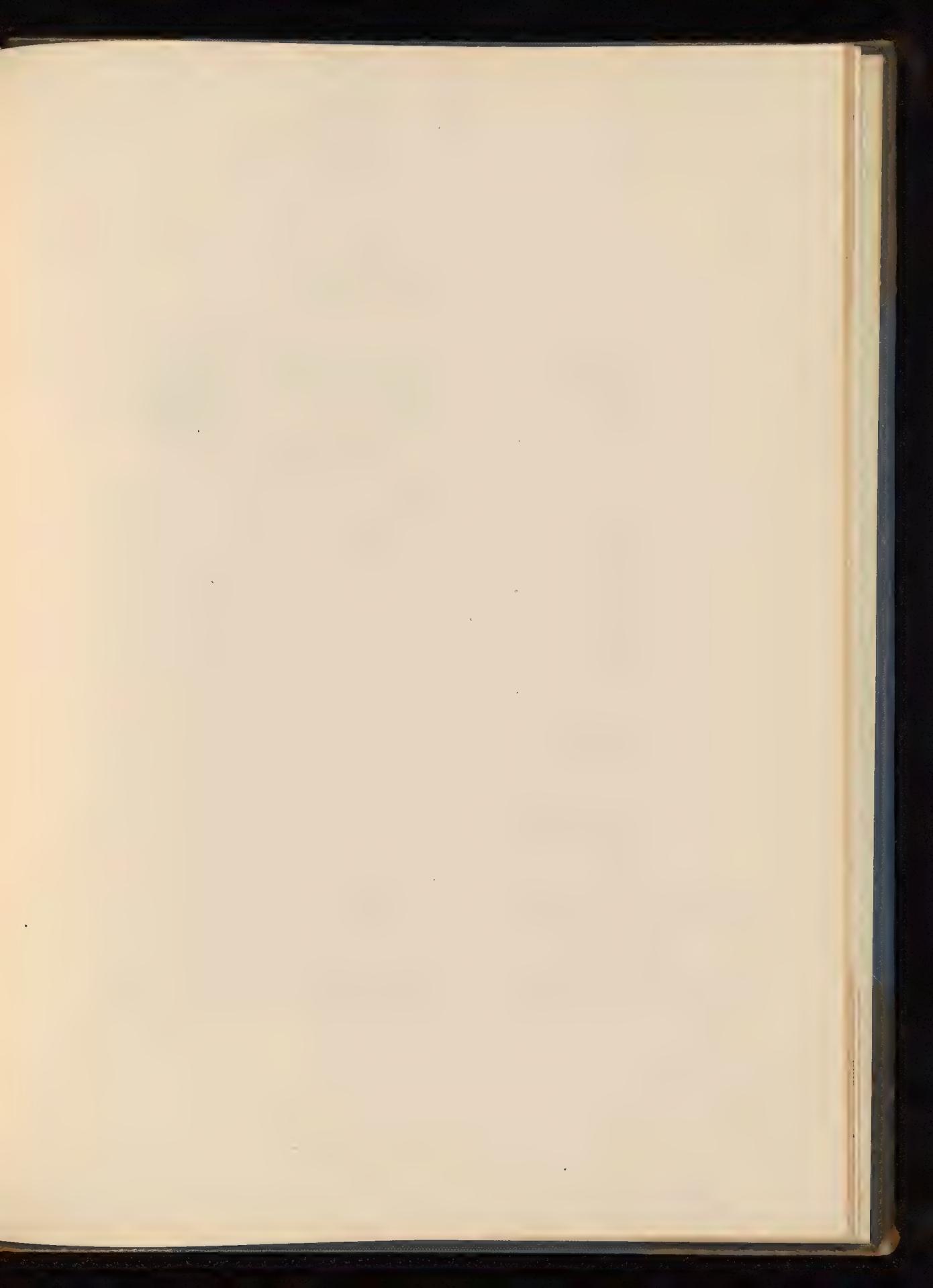
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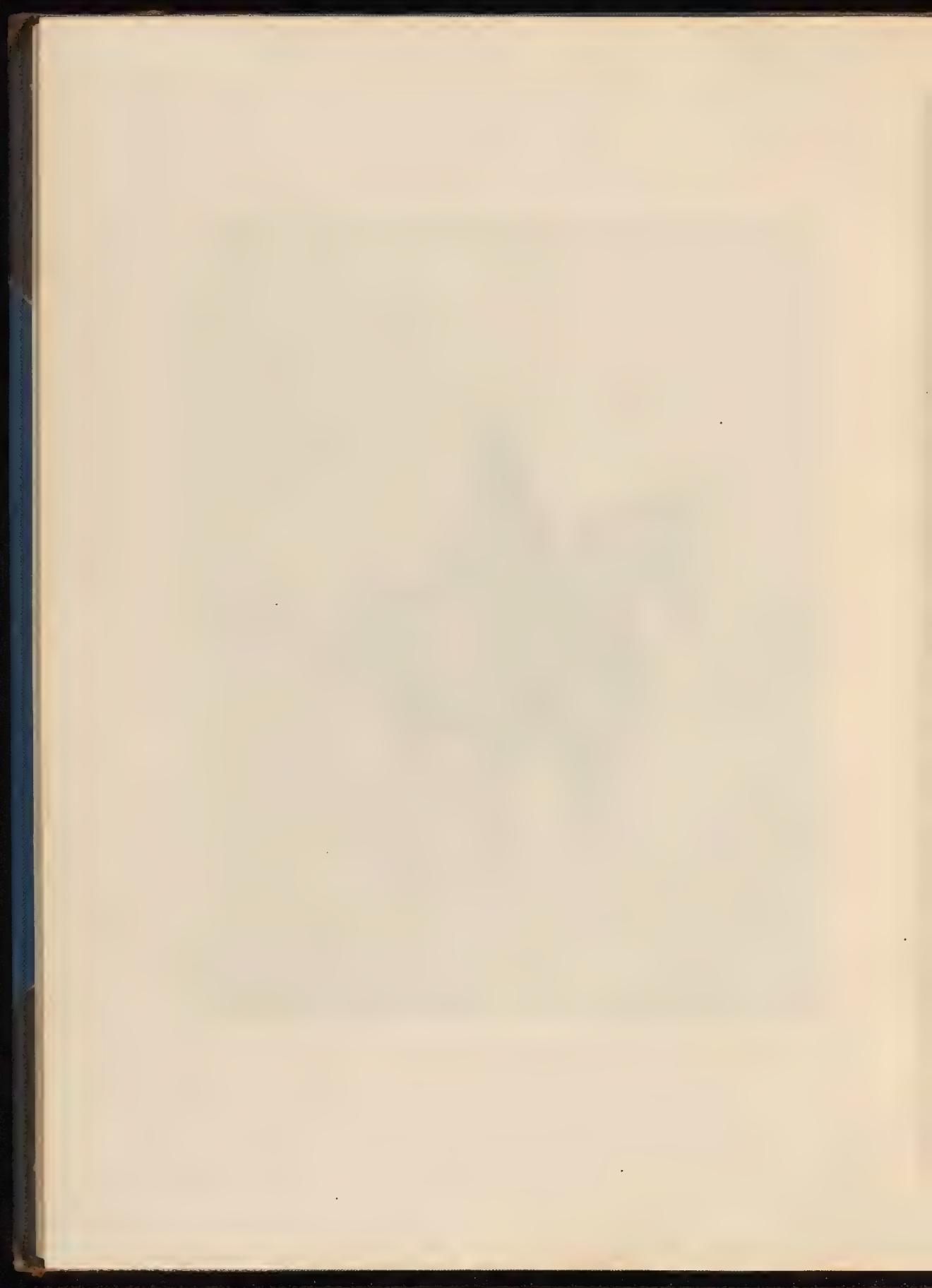
A BRIEF LESSON.





SHERIDAN AT FRANKLIN.





FIGHTING IN THE DARK.



CENES of a battle by day are striking enough in their horror to satisfy the most morbidly disposed, for the misery spread broadcast is visible in every direction; but at night horror becomes intensified in the mystery of darkness. Confidence does not desert a soldier in daylight, even in the smoke and confusion of battle, but when in action at night only one's next neighbor in the ranks is recognizable, and the only light is the momentary flash of the cannon or of musketry along the line of battle.

I have often watched the troops at nightfall preparing for an attack from the enemy or making ready to charge a fortified line in their front.

Large masses of men would move mysteriously along over rough roads and through dense woods, with a battery here and there, or with a body of cavalry,—men and horses both on the alert, each having learned from experience when to anticipate danger. At such times, the nerves of those engaged were strained to the utmost tension, and they listen breathlessly for the first rumbling of the coming storm. The first roll and crackle of musketry brought relief, for the situation then, through perilous, was definite. As the fire increased, voices of officers in command could be heard, and masses of men in the gloom of night and density of trees and undergrowth would close up ranks, and make the best possible way forward. The batteries would soon get into position, and when they opened fire, came the opportunity to witness a battle by sound only. I have often recognized the sharp report of rifled guns and heard the low muffled sounds of shell-firing a few seconds later. Then the musketry fire would grow louder near our center, and I would know that the enemy were dashing forward to capture a battery.

On one occasion my heart almost stopped beating as the "Rebel yell" went up from a rapidly advancing line of ten thousand men in so tremendous a chorus as to nearly drown the roar of the guns; but the sound died down when they received a rolling volley from the Union infantry and voices from the "boys in blue" rang out in "three cheers and a tiger." A battery of Napoleon guns also opened on them with canister, and the crash of the terrible iron hail could be heard tearing through the trees.

The enemy was soon repulsed, for there was no response to the battery save intermittent musketry, which looked like fire-flies as it crackled among the trees in front. And here brave fellows were struck down by a seeming mysterious force, for in the darkness they could not know from whence a missile came or see to examine a wound.

Some were trampled to death by cavalry or artillery horses, and others burned, for when the woods are fired in front, great columns of smoke and flame roll up, cutting the combatants apart and placing in further jeopardy the lives of the many too badly injured to move. After such a battle, parties of gallant fellows are sent forward amid smoke and flame to bring out the wounded and to return with them clinging to their rescuers with desperate tenacity.

Such a conflict leaves the country covered in all directions with a pall of smoke, lit up at intervals by the flash of guns. As the combat comes to an end, an occasional shell bursts among the men on the front line, or creates consternation in the rear by exploding among the wagon-trains or the wounded at the temporary hospital. It is harder to be crippled by

such accidental and unintentional firing or explosions than in the heat of battle; it seems an unnecessary suffering, with nothing to be gained by the sacrifice. However, it was all a part of the fortune of war; and after all, whether slain in the fight, or killed at its close, or dying in hospital of sickness or wounds incurred in pursuit of duty, the soldier is "dead in the field of honor."

Fighting in the dark was always one of the most trying and difficult phases of soldierly experience, keeping the nerves wrought up to the highest point of tension; and once the fight was over, and matters quieted, officers and men exhausted by the terrible strain dropped down upon the ground oblivious to all surroundings, and slept peacefully till daybreak.







LXXVIII.

LOCATING THE ENEMY'S LINES.



ARMIES of both sides were so large, and when moving covered so great a territory, that it would seem a simple matter to learn their position with certainty. But there was much of intricate and complicated detail that made it most difficult to locate an opposing force in an active campaign, and the armies approaching each other might be compared to two great marine animals with sensitive tentacles outspread to gain the first intelligence of each other's proximity.

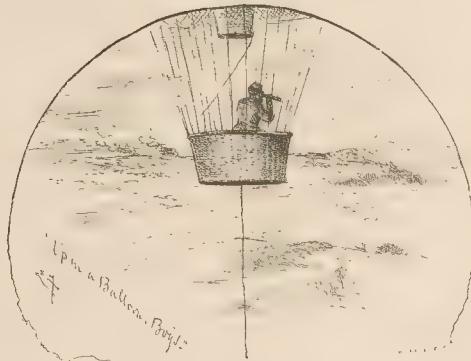
First, spies were employed by both sides to gather all possible details of numbers of men, batteries, etc. The Confederates had much the advantage of us in this respect, as they were most of the time on their own soil, and their non-combatants were always on the alert to carry important information. In addition to this disadvantage the North swarmed with the genus *copperhead*, a class ever ready to injure or betray the Union cause. The Union armies, on the other hand, found great difficulty in obtaining trustworthy information. A great number of spies were sent inside the enemy's lines, and often with good results, but the system of espionage was so rigid in the South that in many instances these men were captured and executed. Sometimes a Union man of the country would stray into our lines with a budget of valuable news, but the occurrences were rare. The negroes brought a great many reports, some of which served valuable purpose; but with their simple minds and ignorance of military matters, commanders did not always feel safe to act on their statements without corroboration. They often gave matter worth inquiring into, however, and scouts or reconnoitering parties were sent to verify their reports.

Armies in the field were generally covered by scouts, cavalry pickets and videttes, who were thrown out on all roads both in front and on the flanks. These were the sensitive points which first came in contact with the enemy, and from them the commanding general could get some knowledge as to the force which confronted him,—its numbers, the extent of ground covered, etc. Considering the significant points and making allowance for exaggeration and mistakes, the general would move his force as his judgment suggested.

Crude use was made of the ballooning system, and considerable information was thus gained in the locating of the enemy's fortified lines. During the first advance of the Army of the Potomac against Yorktown and Richmond, Professor Lowe's balloon was quite a feature of interest and utility. It was inflated and made ascent every day; a long rope was attached to it by which its movements were controlled. Efforts were made by the enemy to destroy it with shells, but without avail, as it was impossible to elevate the guns sufficiently to get the range. At the battle of Chancellorsville the balloon was in constant service, and General Hooker's ignorance of the enemy's movements during the battle was inexcusable, as the balloon at Falmouth overlooked the country as far as Chancellorsville and noted with exactness the movement and size of each of Lee's columns. This, I believe, was the last use made of the balloon, and the hollow ball of silk resting motionless in high air over the Virginia woods ceased to be a familiar object. I have often thought it strange that the system should have been abandoned, for it certainly was invaluable in skillful hands. Sometimes detailed parties of men were sent to the tops of high mountains to make observations of the enemy's forces, and from personal experience I can testify that few ventures were more exciting. I was once able to watch the retreat of Stonewall Jackson's army down a valley-

pike in Virginia, and with a good field-glass observed the minutest details of the armed host.

Often when the armies were in close contact men would be stationed in tall trees, where they could overlook the situation of the opposing force and convey information to their anxious comrades below. I have often watched the motionless figures outlined like great birds against the sky and heard the warning words "Look out! The Rebs are coming!" At the battle of Gettysburg, General Lee posted himself in the cupola of the college, and was thus enabled to get a fine view of the Union position. This must have been of great advantage, as he could see along the front and rear as far as Little Round Top and also note the defenses of the Cemetery Gate and Culp's Hill. In fact, he was so near the center of the Union line that with a glass he could discern individual peculiarities of the Union men. On the retreat of the Confederates from the battle-field, I went up into the cupola of the town hall at Williamsport, Maryland, and from an upper window looked into their works and was able to see distinctly all their preparations for defense. The grey-clad figures with bronzed faces were digging for dear life with pick and shovel. It comes back to me as one of the most interesting scenes of my army experience.





IN. LOOKOUT.



LXXIX.

WINTER MARCHING.



INTERATE rain and frost made the roads so nearly impassable that long marches were not usual in the winter months. A number of movements were made, however, in the enemy's country which were a new experience to our soldiers, for the hardships were even more severe than the summer marches, with their great heat and dust.

Several cavalry raids were made in the mountainous country of West Virginia, and the rapid streams and deep valleys made difficult of success an extended raid of a large cavalry column.

While only an occasional snowstorm occurred in the low country of Eastern Virginia, the peaks of the mountains in the western part of the State were covered with snow from November until March.

General Averill with a large cavalry column carried on a winter campaign through this rough and poorly provided country, known as the "Salem Raid." The amount of difficulty encountered was unprecedented, but the point aimed for was gained, and several million dollars worth of commissary and quartermaster stores were destroyed. Large bodies of the enemy made desperate attempts to cut off Averill's retreat, but without success. His men pushed their way over snow and ice-covered mountains, and in some places where short cuts were taken they were compelled to haul their guns over the rocks by hand. Deep and rapid streams filled with floating ice were crossed, with the enemy pressing the rear guard in several places. The men were soaked to the skin night and day, and the horses were nearly reduced to skeletons by the unusual labor and exposure. At several points the march of the Union force was blocked by the enemy taking position in rocky defiles on their line of march. But General Averill commanded with great coolness and skill, circumventing all the well-laid plans of the enemy's cavalry and reaching a place of safety within the Union lines. The enemy lost heavily, while the number of Union men killed was comparatively light. The men presented a worn-out and ragged appearance on the return to camp, and the strength of the horses had been severely taxed; but a few weeks in camp soon restored both, and they were in good condition to move toward the enemy in the valley of the Shenandoah.

The mountainous sections of Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee were also the scenes of suffering during the winter, the troops being compelled to campaign without shelter or supplies. Then the men and animals of the commissary and quartermaster departments were obliged to team over hills through ice and snow, in all kinds of weather, and the trail of dead mules and scattered soldiers' graves on the line of march spoke pathetically of what they had to endure. Even in the low and warmer valleys along the foot of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge Mountains, occasional storms of snow and sleet swept over, causing great suffering and checking contemplated movements.

It was not always snow and ice, either, that made winter campaigning hard. Even as far South as Savannah, Georgia, General W. T. Sherman was badly delayed by heavy winter rains in January, making the roads impassable and swelling the Savannah River so that it overflowed a vast extent of rice fields lying along its bank. The flood swept away their pontoon-bridge and nearly drowned a division of the Fifteenth Corps with some heavy wagon trains that were trying to pass along an old causeway. Thus, drenched with rain

or immersed in flood, it may be imagined that all arms of the service would be nearly paralyzed by the shivering chill and consequent inability to throw off fatigue. Horses and mules as well as men suffered intensely at such times, and without those faithful beasts of burden an army is soon crippled.

Our soldiers, however, braved the winter's cold and the terrible Southern heats with but few murmurs of complaint, until the last Rebel force surrendered. When the survivors turned their bronzed faces homeward, they thought of little else than exultant joy, and when they were again surrounded by home comforts, their past suffering existed in recollection only. Yet true it is that while multitudes of young fellows were strengthened in vitality and toughened in fiber by the trials to which they had become inured, other thousands were broken in body, and went home to die or to live feebly with crippled forces, bearing about in their bodies the marks of their devotion to Union and Liberty.





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E. WINTON STACEY

—frank—



THE SANCTUARY.



EAGER possessions were packed quickly when news came to a plantation that the Yankees were holding a near-by town, and although the country was picketed with Southern cavalry close up to the Union lines, the slave family stole from the old cabin at nightfall, and avoiding high-ways to escape capture, tramped through wood and thicket, and came, weary and foot-sore, in sight of the Union lines at daybreak.

I saw one group that I never shall forget, it impressed me so deeply with what the Federal success meant to these dusky millions. The old mother dropped on her knees and with upraised hands cried "Bress de Lord!" while the father, too much affected to speak, stood reverently with uncovered head, and the wondering, bare-legged boy, with the faithful dog, waited patiently beside them. As the bugle notes of the *reveillé* echoed across the fields, and the star-spangled banner waved out from the flag-staff on the breastworks in the bright morning sun, I murmured, "A Sanctuary, truly!"

Four millions of slaves were freed during the war. At the beginning of the struggle they had an indefinite idea that their interests were vitally concerned, but so many reports reached them about the cruelty of our soldiers that some regarded us with fear. One old aunty was heard to ask if "dey had horns and tails." Gradually, as the war went on, they understood more fully that success of the Union army meant freedom to their race, and indeed, with the instinct developed by generations of slavery, the majority of them from the first knew that whatever they could do to help the Yankees was a help to their friends. I do not believe that a Union soldier ever experienced anything but kindness and eager assistance from a negro during the war.

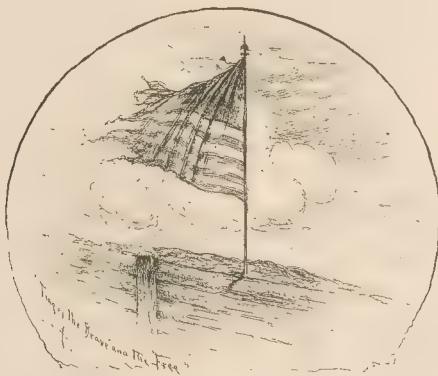
Yet in the long interval of uncertainty they were faithful to their masters, and in household and field cheerfully performed all labor, with admirable and affectionate fidelity protecting and supporting the wives and children of the men who were fighting to rivet their chains still closer. They even obediently built forts and breastworks, from whose front issued forth flame and iron hail on the heads of their defenders. No one can realize the fears and anxieties of these people as battles ebbed and flowed, their grief when the Union lines were beaten back, and their joy when victorious. But they listened to the roar of battle and saw the flag of freedom float or fall in silence; neither did they speak when the exultant cries of the men in gray arose on the air. No joy or grief of theirs could find expression in words or song, for any open manifestation at the success of the Union army meant death to them.

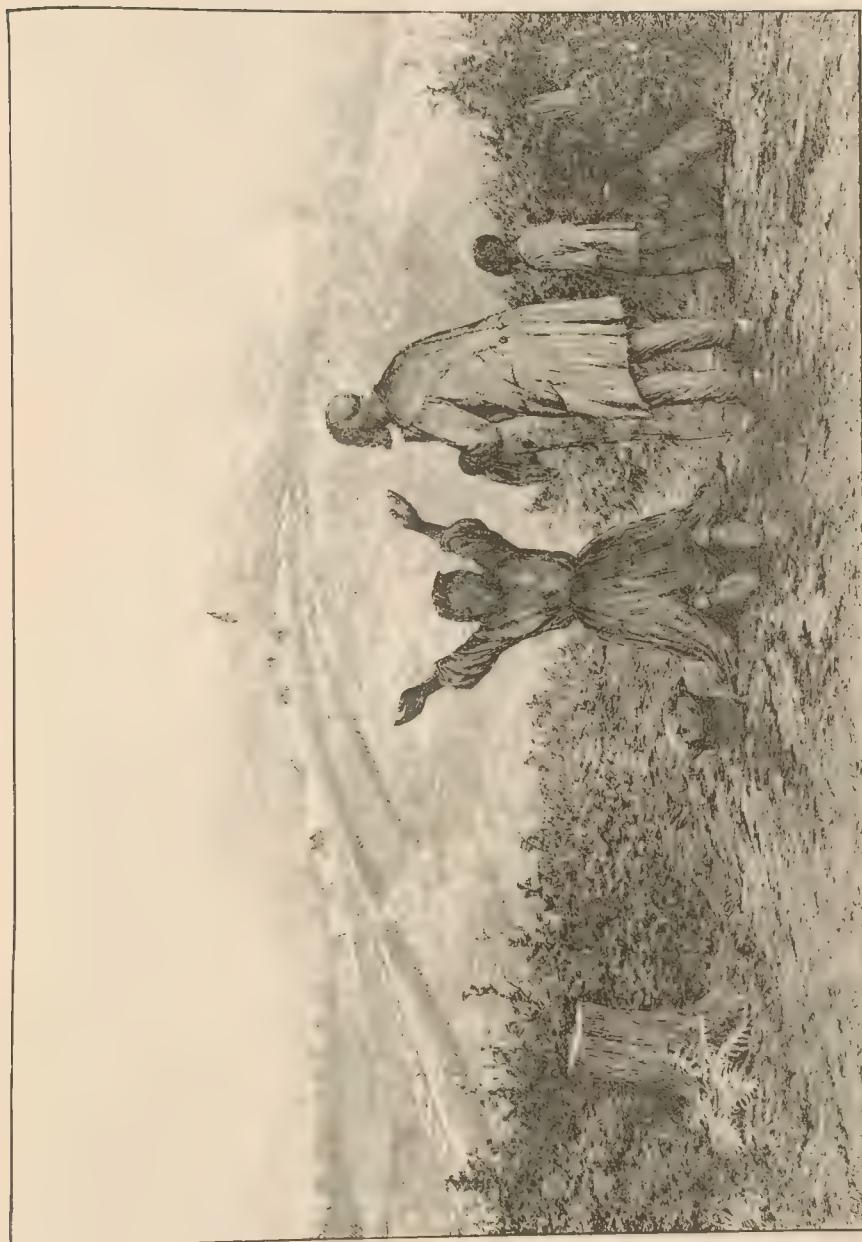
One incident along the line of Sherman's "march to the sea" was typical of many similar occurrences. When news came that the "Linkum sogers" were advancing, and gray-clad couriers dashed along the dusty roads, spreading the intelligence and warning farmers to secrete their stock and make preparations for flight, much suppressed excitement was noticeable in the negro cabins. Old men would come in, and in marvelous fashion retail news picked up along the road to excited groups of negroes, in the midst of which the sudden report of a gun was heard. One black fellow exclaimed "Dat's thunder, I reckon." "Ho, no!" a second replied, "dat de Yankee guns, shore 'nuff." Then the sounds came louder and nearer, and all in a body the slaves hurried from the cabins to the mansion, where in

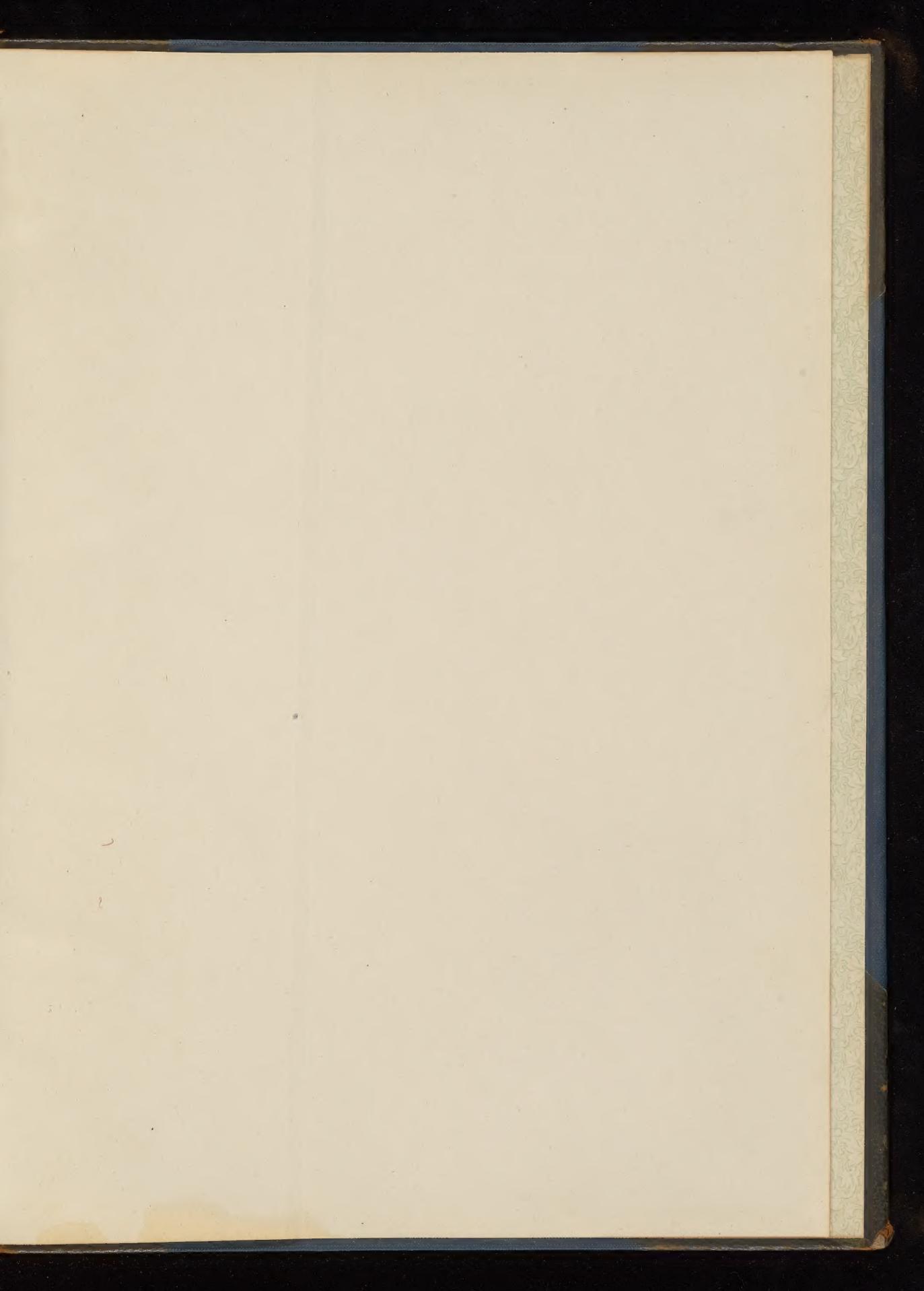
great confusion "Massa," "Missus" and "de young folks" were packing up. The family carriage was at the door, into which trunks and traps were thrown, when a moment after the family entered, and starting off in great haste were soon lost in a cloud of dust. Shells now fell thick and fast, and the negroes were at their wits' ends to find a place of safety. The cellar of the mansion was soon thought of, and in its gloom, with gray faces and distended eyes, they hugged the wall for safety, and listened to the turmoil outside. When the contest ended and the Rebel rear guard had limbered up its guns and clattered down the road to find a new position, for a time stillness prevailed. But the triumphant cries of the pursuing force were soon heard, and the frightened negroes left their place of refuge, and creeping up the stairs found the house filled with blue-coats—new faces—the much-talked-of Yankees.

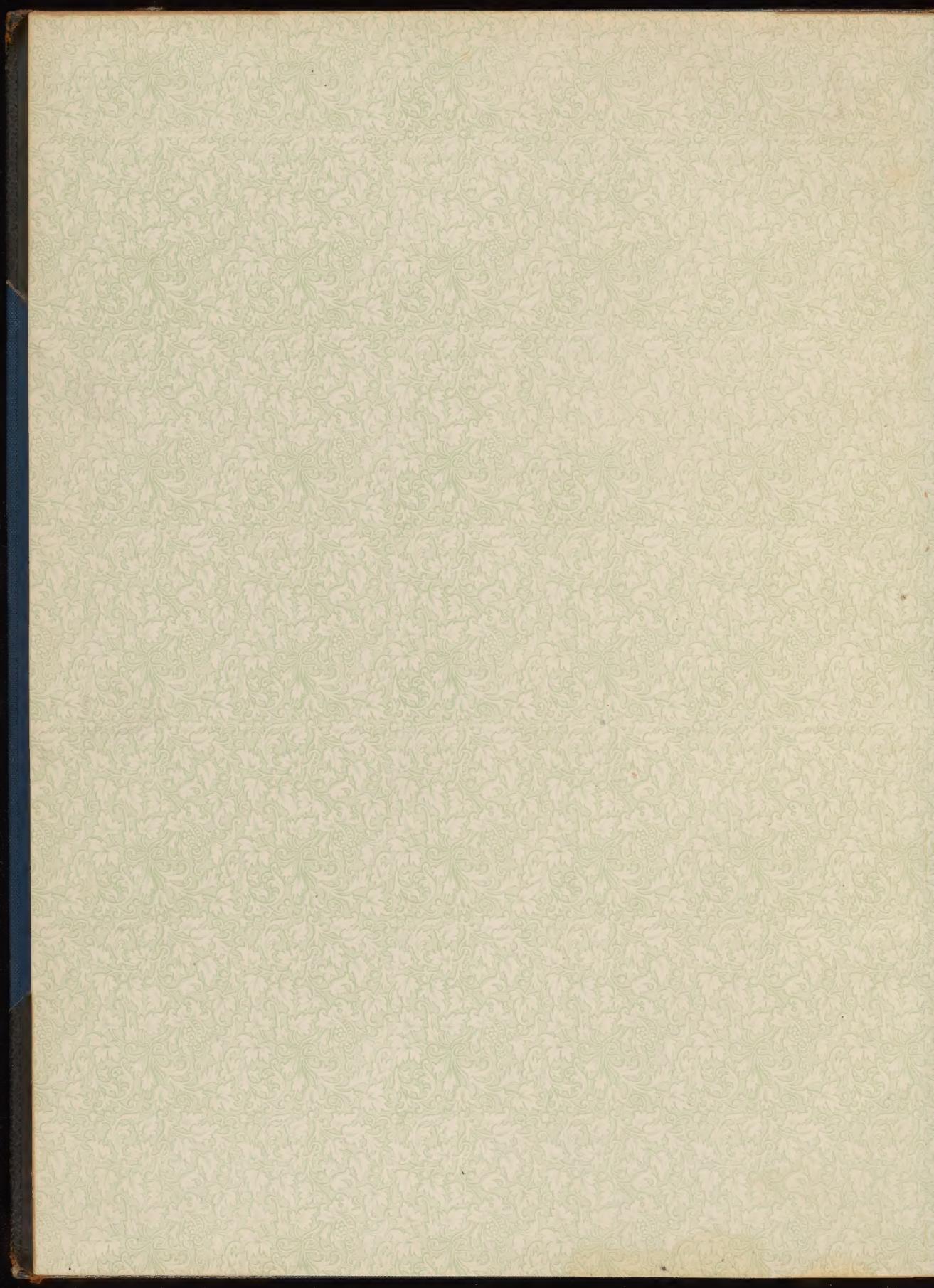
The new-comers were hungry, as soldiers always were, and on making their needs known, all available food was soon placed before them by the willing black hands. The main army shortly after appeared in sight, and as it surged down the main street the colored folks at first stood motionless and stared at the strange sights; but when a cavalry regiment appeared with its proud-stepping horses and flashing sabers, a shout arose that would do a patriot's heart good. And now all the negroes poured forth to join Sherman's army "marching through Georgia." Their few traps were packed and, abandoning the old plantation, they trudged along with the column, too happy in the sense of new-found freedom to apprehend danger.

Yes, the manacles have long since fallen from the hand of the slave, and in the words of Henry Ward Beecher, "he can now organize that little kingdom in which every human being has a right to be king, in which love is crowned,—the family." He can now choose his occupation, his rights of property are protected, the avenues of learning are open to his children, and he can keep and rear them as he pleases. In spite of the trials and tribulations the negro must yet endure on his road to manhood and acknowledged citizenship, his year of jubilee has come. "Bress de Lord!"











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